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Begin **P. G. Wodehouse's** best n

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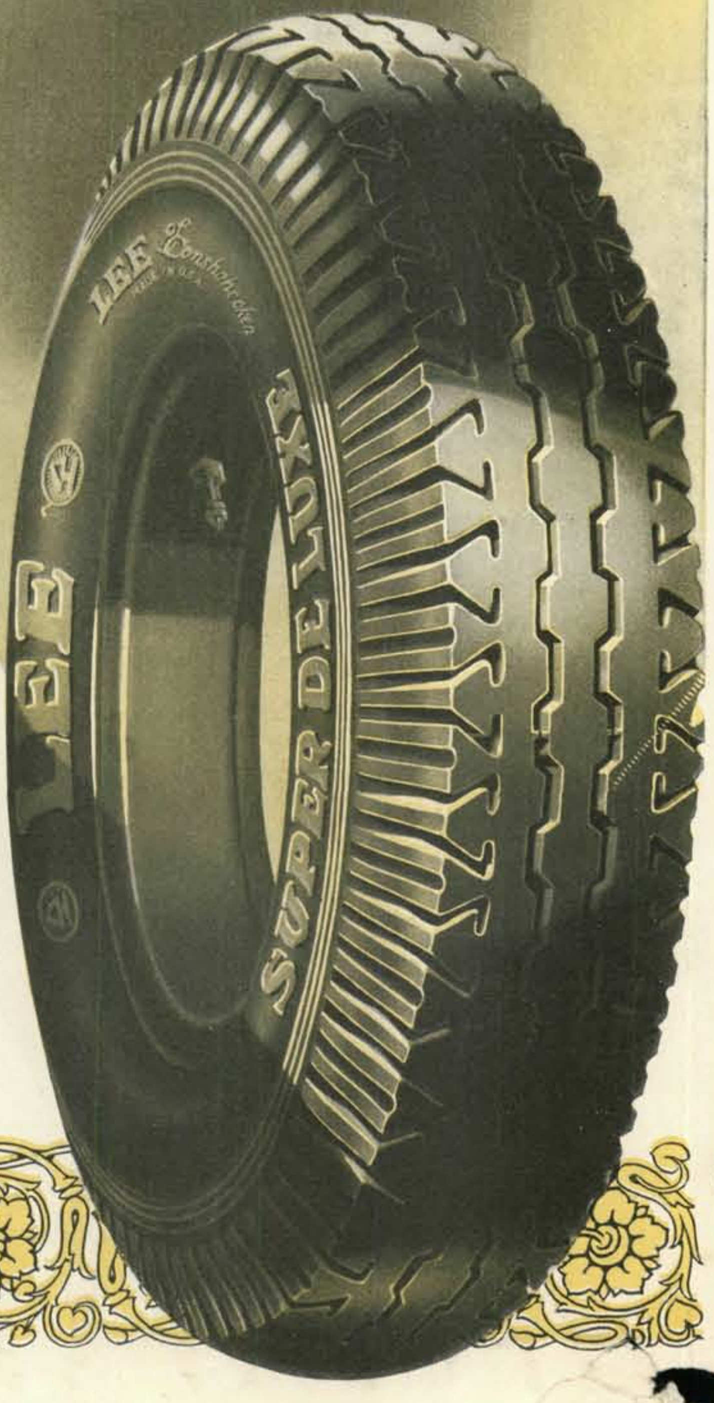

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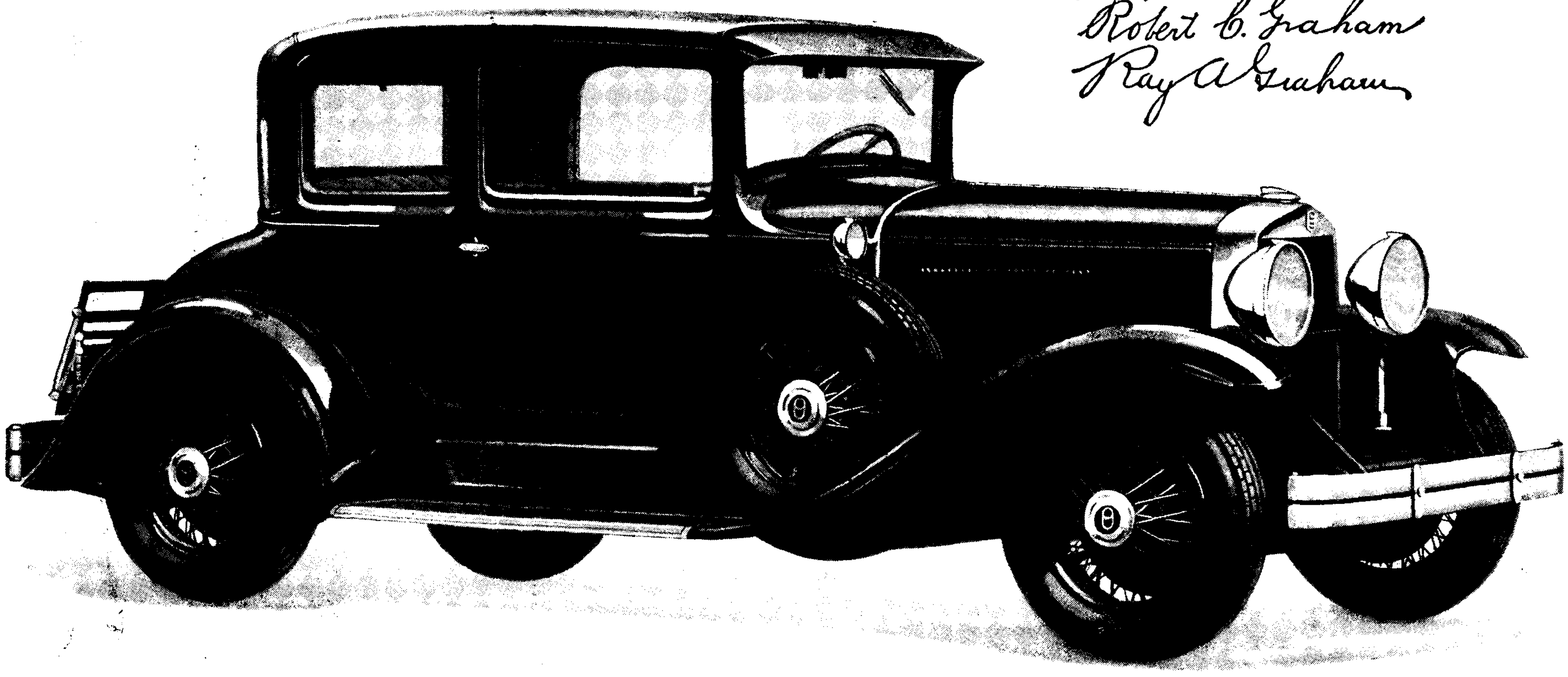

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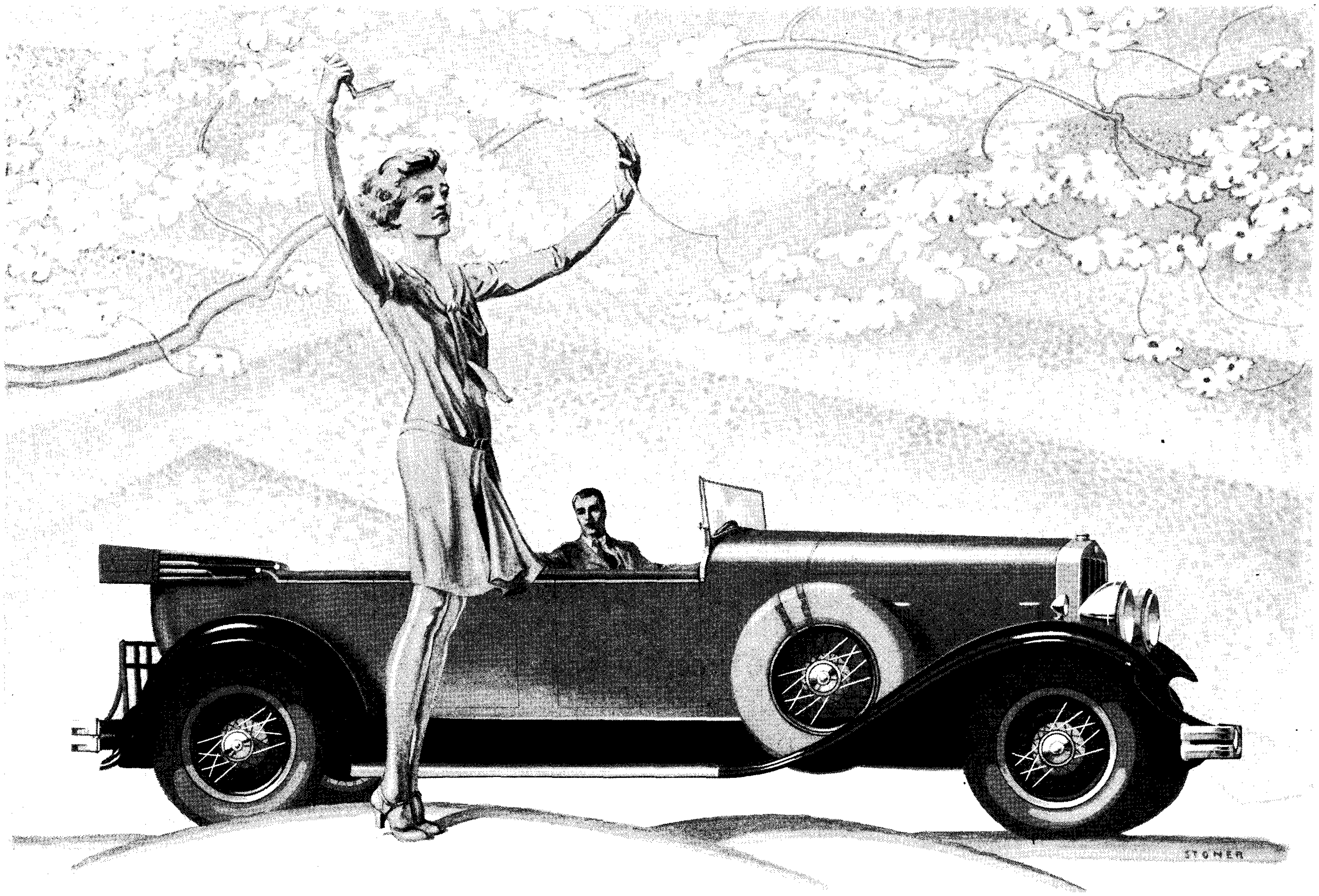

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FRANKLIN

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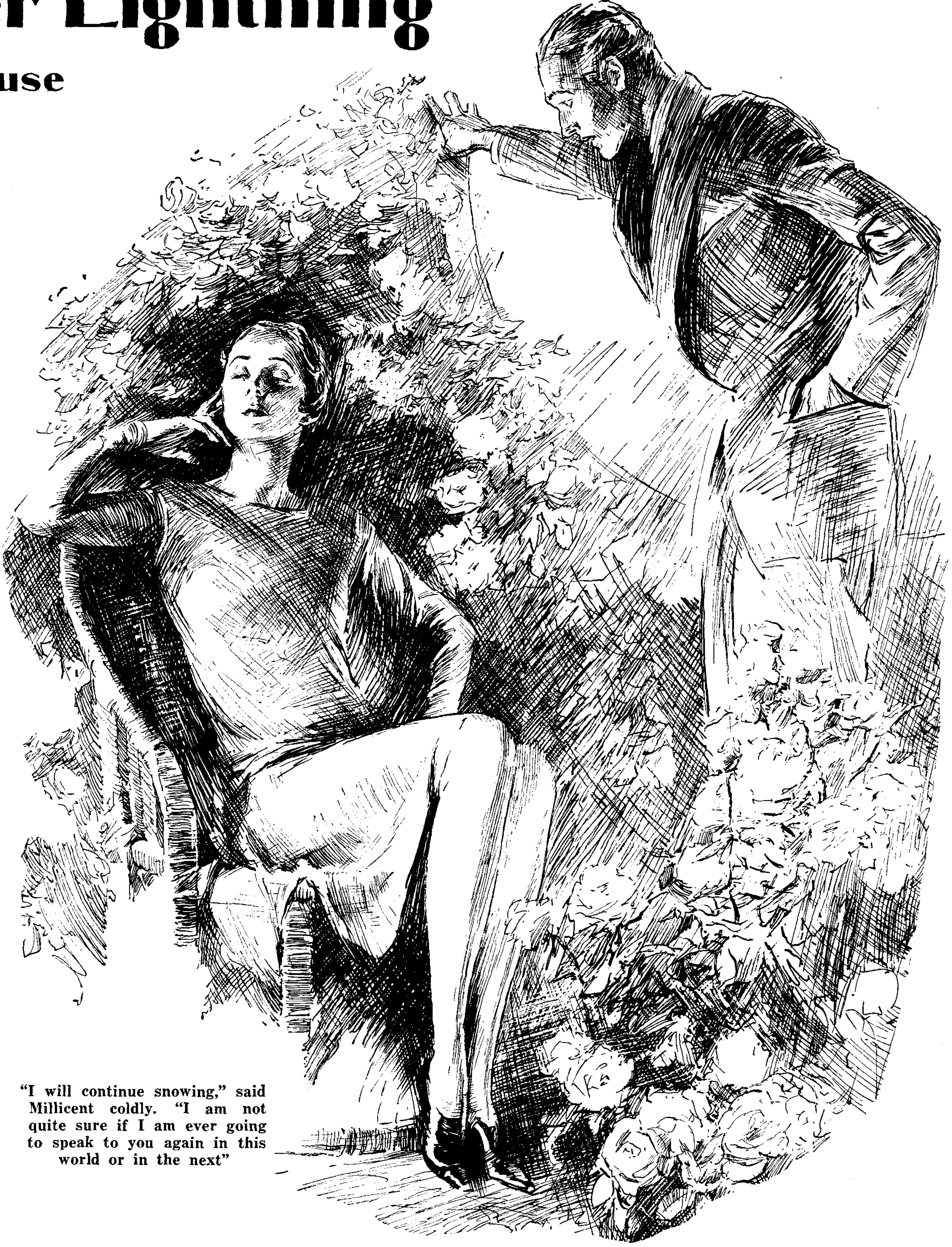
IOLA, KA

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse

Beginning the story of the two very devious love affairs that illumined the dark mystery of Lord Emsworth's pig



"I will continue snowing," said Millicent coldly. "I am not quite sure if I am ever going to speak to you again in this world or in the next"

BLANDINGS CASTLE slept in the sunshine. Dancing little ripples of heat-mist played across its smooth lawns and stone-flagged terraces. It was that gracious hour of a summer afternoon, midway between luncheon and tea, when Nature seems to unbutton its waistcoat and put its feet up.

In the shade of a laurel bush outside the back premises of this stately home of England, Beach, butler to Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, its proprietor, sat sipping the contents of a long glass and reading a weekly paper devoted to the doings of Society and the Stage. His attention had just been arrested by a photograph in an oval border on one of the inner pages, and for perhaps a minute he scrutinized this in a slow, thorough, popeyed way, absorbing its every detail. Then, with a chuckle, he took a penknife from his pocket, cut out the photograph, and placed it in the recesses of his costume.

At this moment the laurel bush, which had hitherto not spoken, said "Psst!"

The butler started violently. A spasm ran through his ample frame.

"Beach!" said the bush.

SOMETHING was now peering out of it. This might have been a wood-nymph, but the butler rather thought not, and he was right. It was a tall young man with light hair. He recognized his employer's secretary, Mr. Hugo Carmody, and rose with pained reproach. His heart was still jumping, and he had bitten his tongue.

"Startle you, Beach?"

"Extremely, sir."

"I'm sorry. Excellent for the liver, though. Beach, do you want to earn a quid?"

The butler's austerity softened. The hard look died out of his eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you get hold of Miss Millicent alone?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then give her this note, and don't let anyone see you do it. Especially—and this is where I want you to follow me very closely, Beach—Lady Constance Keeble."

"I will attend to the matter immediately, sir."

He smiled a paternal smile. Hugo smiled back. A perfect understanding prevailed between these two. Beach understood that he ought not to be giving his employer's niece surreptitious notes and Hugo understood that he ought not to be urging a good man to place such a weight upon his conscience.

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir," said the butler, having trousered the wages of sin, "that her ladyship went up to London on the 3:30 train?"

Hugo uttered an exclamation of chagrin.

"You mean that all this Red Indian stuff—creeping from bush to bush and not letting a single twig snap beneath my feet—has simply been a waste of time?" He emerged, dusting his clothes. "I wish I'd known that before," he said. "I've severely injured a good suit, and it's a very moot question whether I haven't got some kind of a beetle down my back. However, nobody ever took a toss through being careful."

"Very true, sir."

Relieved by the information that the X-ray eye of the aunt of the girl he loved was operating elsewhere, Mr. Carmody became conversational.

"Nice day, Beach."

"Yes, sir."

"You know, Beach, life's rummy. I mean to say, you can never tell what the future holds in store. Here I am at Blandings Castle, loving it. Sing of joy, sing of bliss, home was never

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like this. And yet, when the project of my coming here was first placed on the agenda, I don't mind telling you the heart was rather bowed down with weight of woe."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. Noticeably bowed down. If you knew the circumstances, you would understand why."

Beach did know the circumstances. There were few facts concerning the dwellers in Blandings Castle of which he remained in ignorance for long. He was aware that young Mr. Carmody had been until a few weeks back co-proprietor with Mr. Ronald Fish, Lord Emsworth's nephew, of a night-club called the Hot Spot, situated just off Bond Street in the heart of London's pleasure-seeking area; that, despite this favored position, it had proved a financial failure; that Mr. Ronald had gone off with his mother, Lady Julia Fish, to recuperate at Biarritz and that Hugo, on the insistence of Ronnie that unless some niche was found for his boyhood friend he would not stir a step toward Biarritz or any other blighted place, had come to Blandings in the capacity of Lord Emsworth's private secretary.

"NO DOUBT you were reluctant to leave London, sir?"

"Exactly. But now, Beach, believe me or believe me not, as far as I am concerned, anyone who likes can have London. Mark you, I'm not saying that just one brief night in the Piccadilly neighborhood would come amiss. But to dwell in, give me Blandings Castle. What a spot, Beach!"

"Yes, sir."

"A garden of Eden, shall I call it, Beach?"

"Certainly, sir, if you wish."

"And now that old Ronnie's coming here, joy, as you might say, will be unconfined."

"Is Mr. Ronald expected, sir?"

"Coming either tomorrow or the day after. I had a letter from him this morning. Which reminds me. He sends his regards to you and asks me to tell you to put your shirt on Baby Bones for the Medbury Selling Plate."

The butler pursed his lips dubiously.

"A long shot, sir. Not generally fancied."

"Rank outsider. Leave it alone is my verdict."

"And yet Mr. Ronald is usually very reliable. It is many years now since he first began to advise me in these matters, and I have done remarkably well by following him. Even as a lad at Eton he was always singularly fortunate in his information concerning these affairs."

"Well, suit yourself," said Hugo, indifferently. "What was that thing you were cutting out of the paper just now?"

"A photograph of Mr. Galahad, sir. I keep an album in which I paste items of interest relating to the members of the family."

"What that album needs is an eye-witness's description of Lady Constance Keeble falling out of a window and breaking her neck," observed young Mr. Hugo Carmody.

A nice sense of the proprieties prevented Beach from endorsing this view verbally, but he sighed a little wistfully. He had frequently felt much the same about the chatelaine of Blandings.

"If you would care to see the clipping, sir? There is a reference to Mr. Galahad's literary work."

Most of the photographs in the weekly paper over which Beach had been relaxing were of peeresses trying to look like chorus-girls and chorus-girls trying to look like peeresses; but this one showed the perky features of a dapper little gentleman in the late fifties.

Beneath it, in large letters, was the single word:

"GALLY"

Under this ran a caption in smaller print:

> The Hon. Galahad Threepwood, brother of the Earl of Emsworth.
>
> A little bird tells us that "Gally" is at Blandings Castle, Shropshire, the ancestral seat of the family, busily engaged in writing his Reminiscences. As every member of the Old Brigade will testify, they ought to be as warm as the weather, if not warmer.

Hugo scanned the exhibit thoughtfully and handed it back.

"Yes," he observed, "I should say that about summed it up. That old bird must have been pretty hot stuff, I imagine, back in the days of Edward the Confessor."

"Mr. Galahad was somewhat wild as a young man," agreed the butler with a sort of feudal pride in his voice. It was his opinion that the Hon. Galahad shed luster on Blandings Castle.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Beach, that that book of his is going to make no small stir when it comes out?"

"Frequently, sir."

"Well, I'm saving up for my copy. By the way, I knew there was something I wanted to ask you. Can you give me any information on the subject of a bloke named Baxter?"

"Mr. Baxter, sir? He used to be private secretary to his lordship."

"Yes, so I gathered. Lady Constance was speaking to me about him this morning. She happened upon me as I was taking the air in riding kit and didn't seem overpleased. 'You appear to enjoy a great deal of leisure, Mr. Carmody,' she said. 'Mr. Baxter,' she continued, giving me the meaning eye, 'never seemed to find time to go riding when he was Lord Emsworth's secretary. Mr. Baxter was always so hard at work. But, then, Mr. Baxter,' she added, the old lamp becoming more meaning than ever, 'loved his work. Mr. Baxter took a real interest in his duties.' Or words to that effect. I may be wrong, but I classed it as a dirty dig. And what I want to know is, if Baxter was such a world-beater, why did they ever let him go?"

The butler gazed about cautiously.

"I fancy, sir, there was some trouble."

"Pinched the spoons, eh? Always the way with these zealous workers."

"I never succeeded in learning the full details, sir, but there was something about some flower-pots."

"He pinched the flower-pots?"

"Threw them at his lordship, I was given to understand."

Hugo looked injured. He was a high-spirited young man who chafed at injustice.

"Well, I'm dashed if I see then," he said, "where this Baxter can claim to rank so jolly high above me as a secretary. I may be leisurely, I may forget to answer letters, I may occasionally on warm afternoons go in to some extent for the folding of the hands in sleep, but at least I don't throw flower-pots at people. Not so much as a pen-wiper have I ever bunged at Lord Emsworth. Well, I must be getting about my duties. That ride this morning and a slight slumber after lunch have set the schedule back a bit. You won't forget that note, will you?"

"No, sir."

Hugo reflected.

"On second thoughts," he said, "perhaps you'd better hand it back to me. Safer not to have too much written matter circulating about the place. Just tell Miss Millicent that she will find me in the rose garden at six sharp."

"Very good, sir. I will see that she receives the information."

FOR two hours after this absolutely nothing happened in the grounds of Blandings Castle. At the end of that period there sounded through the mellow, drowsy stillness a drowsy, mellow chiming. It was the clock over the stables striking five. Simultaneously, a small but noteworthy procession filed out of the house and made its way across the sun-bathed lawn to where the big cedar cast a grateful shade. It was headed by James, a footman, bearing a laden tray. Following him came Thomas, another footman, with a gate-leg table. The rear was brought up by Beach, who carried nothing but merely lent a tone.

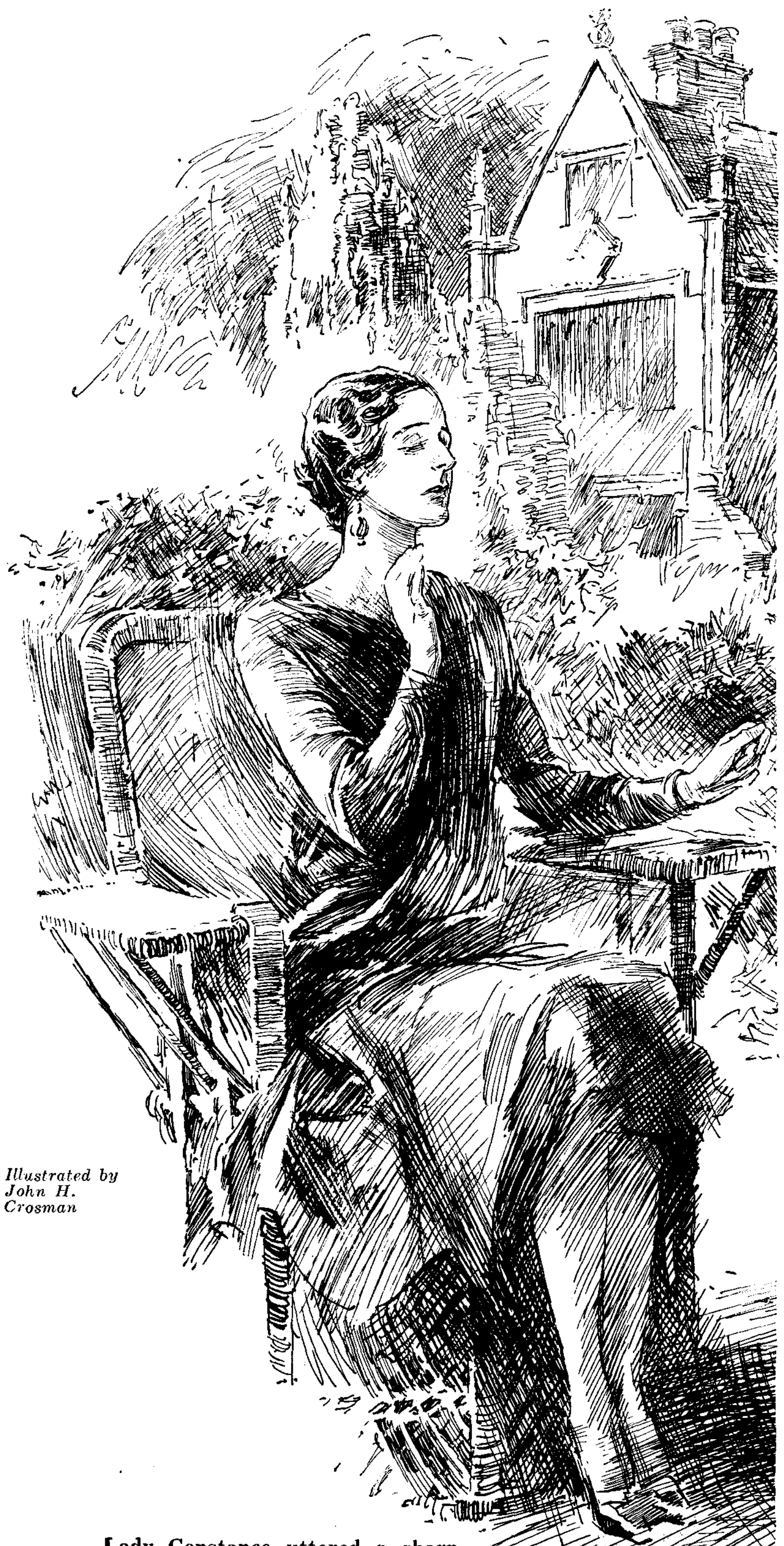
The instinct which warns all good Englishmen when tea is ready immediately began to perform its silent duty. Even as Thomas set the gate-leg table to earth there appeared, as if answering a cue, an elderly gentleman in stained tweeds and a hat he should have been ashamed of. Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, in person. He was a long, lean, stringy man of about sixty, slightly speckled at the moment with mud, for he had spent most of the afternoon pottering round pig-stys. He surveyed the preparations for the meal with vague amiability through rimless pince-nez.

"Tea?"

"Yes, your lordship."

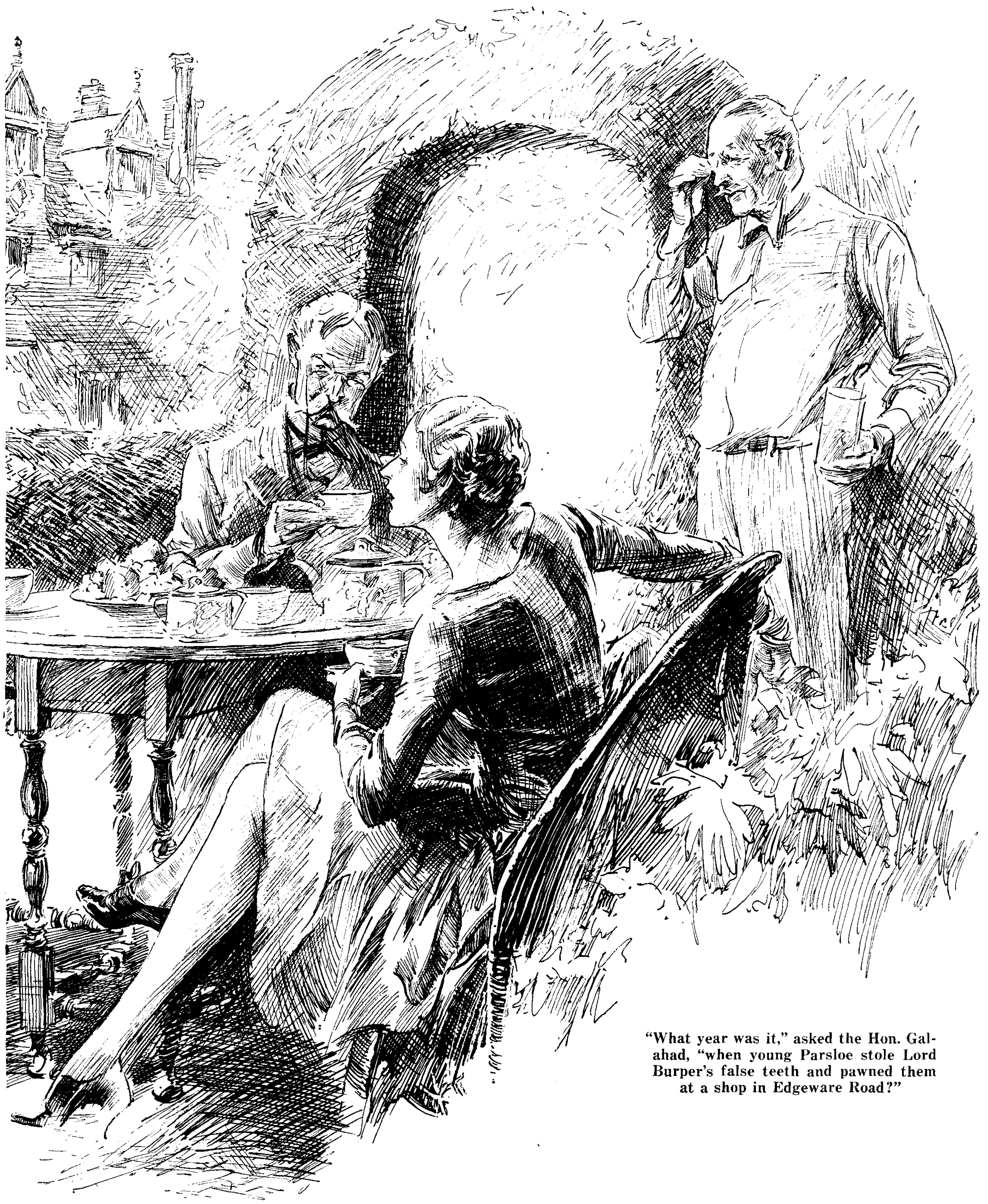
"Oh?" said Lord Emsworth. "Ah? Tea, eh? Tea? Yes. Tea. Quite so. To be sure, tea. Capital."

One gathered from his remarks that he realized that the tea-hour had ar-



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Lady Constance uttered a sharp cry. The sunlight had definitely gone out of her life. She felt as if foxes were gnawing her vitals



"What year was it," asked the Hon. Galahad, "when young Parsloe stole Lord Burper's false teeth and pawned them at a shop in Edgeware Road?"

rived and was glad of it. He proceeded to impart his discovery to his niece, Millicent, who, lured by that same silent call, had just appeared at his side.

"Tea, Millicent."

"Yes."

"Er—tea," said Lord Emsworth, driving home his point.

Millicent sat down, and busied herself with the pot. She was a tall, fair girl with soft blue eyes and a face like the Soul's Awakening. Her whole appearance radiated wholesome innocence. Not even an expert could have told that she had just received a whispered message from a bribed butler and was proposing at six sharp to go and meet a quite ineligible young man among the rose bushes.

"Been down seeing the Empress, Uncle Clarence?"

"Eh? Oh, yes. Yes, my dear. I have been with her all the afternoon."

Lord Emsworth's mild eyes beamed. They always did when that noble animal, Empress of Blandings, was mentioned.

THE ninth Earl was a man of few and quite simple ambitions. He had never desired to mold the destinies of the state, to frame its laws and make speeches in the House of Lords that would bring all the peers and bishops to their feet, whooping and waving their hats. All he yearned to do, by way of insuring admittance to England's Hall of Fame, was to tend his prize sow, Empress of Blandings, so sedulously that for the second time in two consecutive years she would win the silver medal in the Fat Pigs class at the Shropshire Agricultural Show. And every day, it seemed to him, the glittering prize was coming more and more within his grasp.

Earlier in the summer, there had been one breathless, sickening moment of suspense, and disaster had seemed to loom. This was when his neighbor, Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Matchingham Hall, had basely lured away his pig-man, the superbly gifted George Cyril Wellbeloved, by the promise of higher wages.

FOR a while Lord Emsworth had feared lest the Empress, mourning for her old friend and valet, might refuse food and fall from her high standard of obesity. But his apprehensions had proved groundless. The Empress had taken to Pirbright, George Cyril's successor, from the first, and was tucking away her meals with all the old abandon. The Right triumphs in this world far more often than we realize.

"What do you do to her?" asked Millicent, curiously. "Read her bedtime stories?"

Lord Emsworth pursed his lips. He had a reverent mind, and disliked jesting on serious subjects.

"Whatever I do, my dear, it seems to effect its purpose. She is in wonderful shape."

"I didn't know she had a shape. She hadn't when I last saw her."

This time Lord Emsworth smiled indulgently. Gibes at the Empress's rotundity had no sting for him. He did not desire for her that school-girl slimness which is so fashionable nowadays.

"She has never fed more heartily," he said. "It is a treat to watch her."

"I'm so glad. Mr. Carmody," said Millicent, stooping to tickle a spaniel which had wandered up to take potluck, "told me he had never seen a finer animal in his life."

"I LIKE that young man," said Lord Emsworth emphatically. "He is sound on pigs. He has his head screwed on the right way."

"Yes, he's an improvement on Baxter, isn't he?"

"Baxter!" His lordship choked over his cup.

"You didn't like Baxter much, did you, Uncle Clarence?"

"Hadn't a peaceful moment while he was in the place. Dreadful feller! Always fussing. Always wanting me to *do* things. Always coming round corners with his infernal spectacles gleaming and making me sign papers when I wanted to be out in the garden. Besides, he was off his head. Thank goodness I've seen the last of Baxter."

"But have you?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you ask me," said Millicent, "Aunt Constance hasn't given up the idea of getting him back."

Lord Emsworth started with such violence that his pince-nez fell off. She had touched on his favorite nightmare. Sometimes he would wake trembling in the night, fancying that his late secretary had returned to the castle. And though on these occasions he always dropped off to sleep again with a happy smile of relief, he had never ceased to be haunted by the fear that his sister Constance, in her infernal managing way, was scheming to restore the fellow to office.

"Good Lord! Has she said anything to you?"

"No. But I have a feeling. I know she doesn't like Mr. Carmody."

Lord Emsworth exploded.

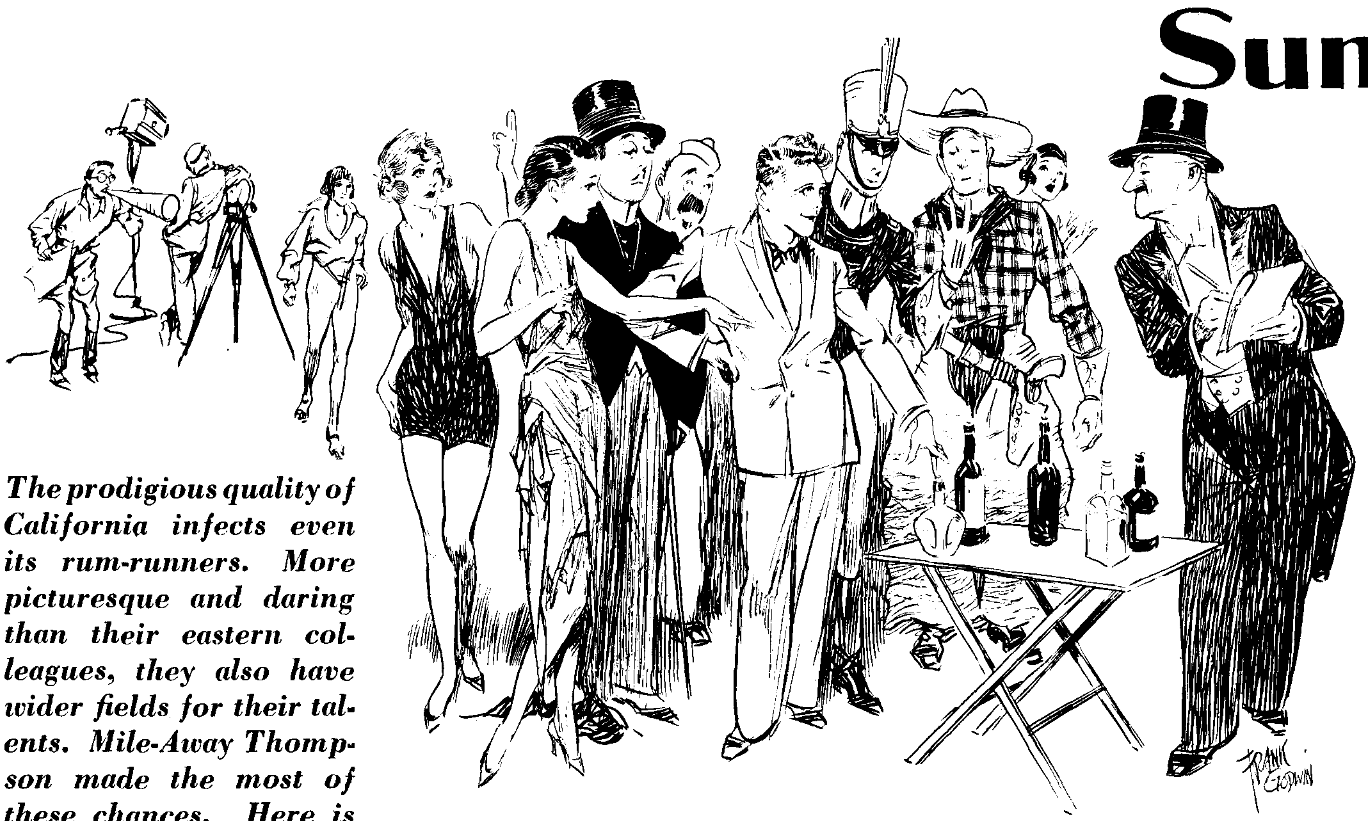
"Perfect nonsense! Utter, absolute, dashed nonsense. What on earth does she find to object to in young Carmody? Most capable, intelligent boy. Leaves me alone. Doesn't fuss me. I wish to heaven she would . . ."

He broke off, and stared blankly at a handsome woman of middle age who had come out of the house and was crossing the lawn.

"Why, here she is!" said Millicent, equally and just as disagreeably surprised. "I thought you had gone up to London, Aunt Constance."

Lady Constance Keeble had arrived at the table. (*Continued on page 59*)

Sun-Kissed



"Bootleggers serving movie stars would not dare sell bad stuff. The studios are very careful about whom they give the bootleg concession"

The prodigious quality of California infects even its rum-runners. More picturesque and daring than their eastern colleagues, they also have wider fields for their talents. Mile-Away Thompson made the most of these chances. Here is his story and that of his successors who now supervise the three-sided inundation of the state

IN MANY other ways Spotty Chu is a remarkable Chinaman, but we are concerned here with only one of the foibles which set him apart from his Mongolian brethren.

Spotty Chu is a public drunkard, an unashamed souse who, in his abandonment, scorns all the bland stealth and evasiveness that were his before the death of Mr. Mile-Away Thompson of California.

Mile-Away Thompson was a man to whom only the most extraordinary of humans could be at all loyal. But Spotty Chu loved him and—you may scoff all you choose—the fact stands clear that after the slaying of Mile-Away, Spotty, not content with his former week-ends, with his *heen pun* or opium-smoking layout and an occasional bowl of warm *ng-ka-py*, a rice distillate of even greater power than the Japanese *sake*, took frankly and immediately to Scotch, Bourbon and grappo. And quickly Spotty Chu became as dissolute as the worst of Mile-Away Thompson's former customers.

Today he may be seen in all his liquid misery upon the streets of Los Angeles. Or tonight, perhaps, seeking his gods know what, in a corner of Angelus Temple dozing through Aimee Semple McPherson's hoarse exhortations. He has even been seen at the Hallelujah Huddles conducted by the Rev. Fighting Bob Shuler, although no one testifies to hearing him ever lend his voice to the shouting-down of sin. Sin doesn't worry Spotty; it's the chill evenings.

For three years before an ignoble plot accomplished the fatal shooting of Mile-Away Thompson in a garage just outside of Los Angeles, Spotty Chu, who had been rescued from a hatchetman in San Francisco by Mile-Away, had driven high-geared motor cars for his master when the latter was just a two-car hustler. And from that simple business he followed Mile-Away into the hijacking racket and on, as a mourner, to Mile-Away's premature grave.

Then, numb with grief, he proceeded to administer the estate of his master, selling cached liquor and the three motor cars which were Mile-Away's and turning the proceeds over to the hard-faced lady whom Mile-Away loved in the manner of hijacking rum-runners, and who had, wittingly or unwittingly, betrayed her lover to his slayers.

California's Liquor Sources

As a rum-runner in Southern California (let's say that part of the Golden State below the Tehachapi Mountains) Spotty Chu's duties in Mile-Away Thompson's employ were simple and so conventional as to be quite typical of the traffic. Therefore we have in the brief review of Mile-Away's career a definite account of how Los Angeles and her stockingless brat, Hollywood, get their liquor. By the same process, of course, the other Southern California towns and cities are kept wet to saturation. Later we shall move north and include San Francisco's story—a far less complicated tale for reasons which shall be made apparent.

California's supply of liquor, not infrequently a price-smashing over-supply, is derived from several sources. Wines, of course, are plentiful and cheap—why shouldn't they be in a state which produces ninety-five per cent of all the grapes grown in the country? We shall set forth the vineyard situation in due time, but it is an unimportant element in the true bootleg scheme.

First you have the commonplace cellar products, the most conflagrating of which is grappo. Nice people will not drink grappo. Really nice people couldn't drink grappo. It is a distillation of the refuse of the winery vats—the pulp and hulls of grapes. This mash may be had for as little as two bits a barrel or five barrels for a dollar provided you furnish the haulage. If you are a daring person possessed of your own still and a trusting family you may cook your own grappo, which, properly impregnated with a small amount of a mysterious admixture known as Bourbon concentrate, becomes Bourbon. . . . Well, it sells and is consumed for Bourbon anyway.

But the simplest thing to do is to go down town and buy your grappo. It costs about four dollars a gallon. Drinking it is a feat which you'll have to practice before a neat job is reasonably sure. The gentleman who introduced me to grappo told me that it sits best when Scotch is taken as a chaser although steam beer, a ten per cent brew peculiar to San Francisco, may be substituted for Scotch.

Yes, grappo is a bit hard to take. It has its greatest popularity along the docks at fifteen cents a shock. Let us pass on to the higher-tone traffic which Mile-Away and his faithful Spotty Chu ornamented.

Here we behold a fine steady double stream. One flows north by land from Mexico; the other by sea from Canada, Asia, the South Seas and Europe. Any night you may behold the first on swift wheels roaring up the fine white roads of Southern California. Or if you love the sea you may witness the second inundating the silver strands of San Pedro Channel, Santa Monica Bay, Point Concepcion, San Luis Obispo, Santa Cruz headlands and the black shores of Sonoma.

Nominate your liquor. Anything from humble gins to stately champagnes—although gin is manufactured too cheaply on land to make importation remunerative and the Pacific coast can turn out its own champagnes too simply to warrant the smugglers handling it extensively. Yet we read the labels by the light of the Pacific moon: Krug Cuvée Brut, Pommery Sec and Cliquot. Thus read the labels. And you are told that these wines are fetched in to soothe the scorching brows of the great movie stars, directors and producers down in Hollywood. Any price from $90 to $125 a case.

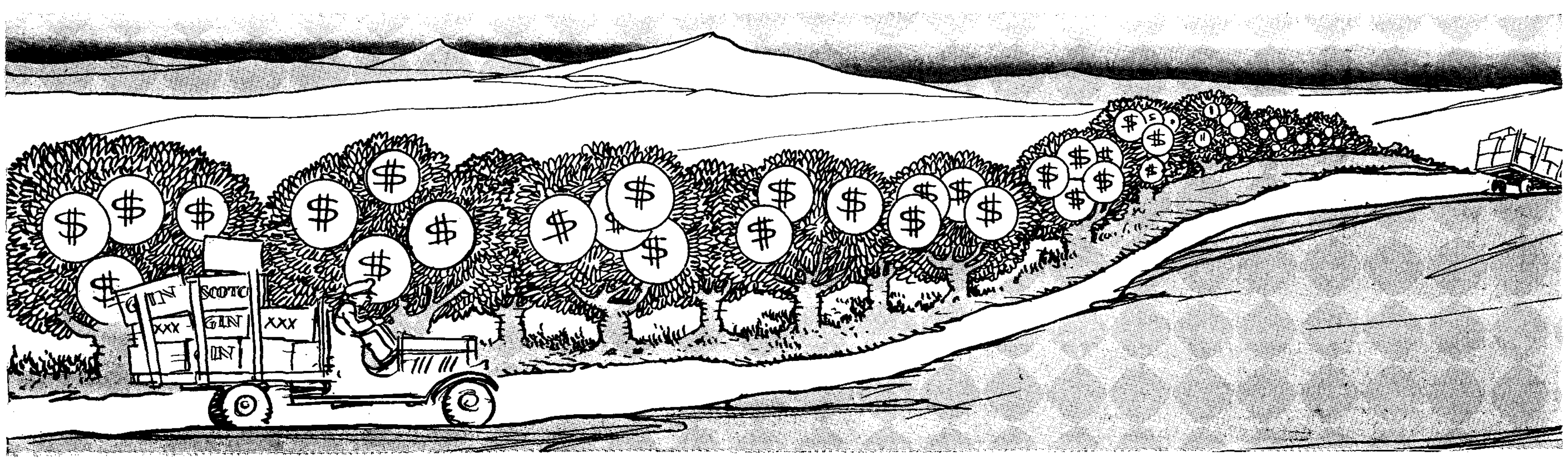
A Little Green—but Honest

And Scotch for sale at from $75 to $100 a case—Sanderson's, Dawson's, White Horse, Green Stripe, Haig & Haig. To say nothing of Canadian ryes, which, I was assured by the lad the crowd called Sam, "might be a little green but it's honest."

These I gathered were representative prices although it seemed to me that San Francisco pays less for her liquor than Los Angeles. And of course I cannot vouch for what lies behind the label. The angriest gentleman I have seen in some months met me in San Francisco.

At the almost tearful solicitation of a bootlegger whom he had come to trust, he had bought, by telephone, a dozen bottles of what the bootlegger had assured him was the finest sparkling Burgundy the ships had ever fetched. And he had consumed a whole bottle all by himself before he discovered that the labels spelled it Bergundy.

In a thin, dim serpentine line the California coast's Rum Row wallows



—and Everything

By Walter Davenport

from La Jolla on the south to Mendocino in the north. And there it seems to vanish, only to come to the surface once more off Heceta on the Oregon coast and Cape Disappointment, the Washington lip of the Columbia River's mouth. However, this reappearance of the fleet off Oregon and Washington is probably nothing more than the assembling of the Canadian fleet which comes from Vancouver.

Frequently the ships lie a hundred miles or more off shore. The liquor is lightered shoreward in fishing luggers which concentrate, on the south, upon the comfortable shallows of the Cortes Bank off San Clemente Island where, sixty miles or so from the mainland, flat-bottom sea-slippers—speed boats—whisk it on to the lonelier reaches of the gentle beach.

Here and there you'll find ships equipped with their own cutting plants wherein one gallon of hard liquor becomes four or so by the addition of water, redistilled alcohol and color. But the laying-to is rough and the cutting difficult. Usually the cutting is done before the ship arrives in the row.

I have it from the boys from the row that life out there is nothing to inspire one to hornpipes and chanties. The lads who man the speed boats and the cars that operate from shore to town have a monopoly on the fun.

Following that glistening beach for hundreds of miles, from San Diego to Santa Barbara and beyond, is one of earth's most joyous highways. Now and then it follows old trails inland and the sea is lost to sight, but not often. More frequently it runs along the shelves of the gray cliffs, high above the broad surf and from its height the long searching lights of motor cars sweep the sand, disclosing secrets.

The speed boats avoid these naked stretches as their crews would shun prison. To the north, they that cater to the thirst of San Francisco take to the clustered small islands; to the south, where the coast is less lacy, they unload upon the beaches farthest from the great coast highway.

And it is here that you'll find the rum corrals. Joe Parente, now doing enforced penance on McNiel Island, is given credit for inventing them.

A stretch of sand is paced off by the shore force of the smuggling band. At intervals thin poles are driven into the ground and connected, fence-like, with fine wire or even cord.

These compounds or corrals may be a half mile long and extend from the surf to the coast road. Here and there along the wires, small bells are suspended; here and there are breaks in the enclosure—perhaps two—to admit the rum cars which purr in and purr out without lights.

Within these enclosures the speedboat cargoes are piled and as quickly reloaded into the motor cars. If a wire is struck and a bell jangles, work is suspended until the stranger is identified.

The government cutters, being no match for the sea-slippers, can do little more than harry the lads thus engaged. The more valiant effort is bent upon preventing the liquor getting into the cities and towns, but I saw no evidence that even this effort was being crowned with success.

Crashing the Golden Gate

Under the frequent fogs of the San Francisco coast region and timing their dashes on the word of the rum intelligence department which operates ashore, the speed boats have a relatively easy time of it north of Monterey Bay. Not that all are bold enough to assail the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay itself, although some do; most of them run for Half Moon Bay, twenty-five miles below the Gate, and the rugged coast of Sonoma to the north where a thousand coves and guardian islands welcome them.

The most important contributor to this rum invasion of California's vast coast (there are more than 1,000 miles of it) is a syndicate which has its headquarters in Vancouver.

Until it became too careless of public opinion, this collaboration of mental and nautical agility had the whole-souled backing of several California bankers. Business was so prodigious and calamity so rare that these lightning-defying financiers began to lose perspective and to forget that, after all, there was a law against rum-running. When reminded of it they became very indignant and retired from business.

I am assured by a gentleman who has devoted at least twenty years of his life to the study of prohibition that a number of California's most legitimate business concerns found it necessary to remove their accounts from one of these wet banks, not because they objected to rum-running as a source of wealth, but because they found themselves snubbed by the banker.

"The bank was doing such a thriving business with the booze syndicate," said this gentleman, "that it found it necessary to open twelve windows for receiving and disbursing cash. And eleven of these windows were reserved—reserved, mind you—for the booze boys. That left just one window for all other accounts. And that annoyed us."

But now the syndicate has scattered its banking and is doing the bulk of its financing in British Columbia, in Vancouver and Victoria, where it occupies offices which are described to me as being the envy of Western Canadian business men.

Mexico's contribution to the merrymaking is chiefly overland. Mexicali, on the Latin side of the Lower California border, eighty miles or so east of Tia Juana, is the favorite jumping-off place for those hardy lads who sneer at mountain roads infested with hijackers and treacherous sand. It's a long drive but an inspiring one. Even at night the scenery warms the heart and fires the mind. Up you go, through the bewildering Imperial Valley, past the Salton Sea and the San Jacintos where steep defiles and grotesque caverns offer sanctuary to the weary or hard-pressed rum-runners. Incidentally these caves make excellent caches and make relay running possible and profitable.

The road leads to Redlands, Riverside and San Bernardino, through orange groves where, in the moonlight, the trees seem hung with golden coins. One doesn't have to be a rum-runner to enjoy it.

Besides, you may see Hello Loma Linda. They told me that even in California Hello Loma Linda is worth looking at. And that's praise.

You Can't Prohibit Weather

The lady holds forth in a neat white house at Loma Linda near the Southern National Highway, and rum-runners who are prompt in their weekly payments then receive her reports of the activities, if any, of the police and the prohibition enforcement officers.

From her windows, from her trusted friends in Redlands, Colton and San Bernardino and through sources more mysterious, she gathers her facts and writes her reports. Her reports are either telephoned or carried by motorcycle to spots south of Loma Linda and there rum-runners, heavily laden, pick them up and profit thereby.

"Warmer today and slightly cloudy." Which means that the officers are about and mildly active.

"Looks like rain." Whereat the liquor cars take to the low roads because Hello Loma Linda has information that the forks are heavy with enforcement men.

"Weather fine." You can guess what that means.

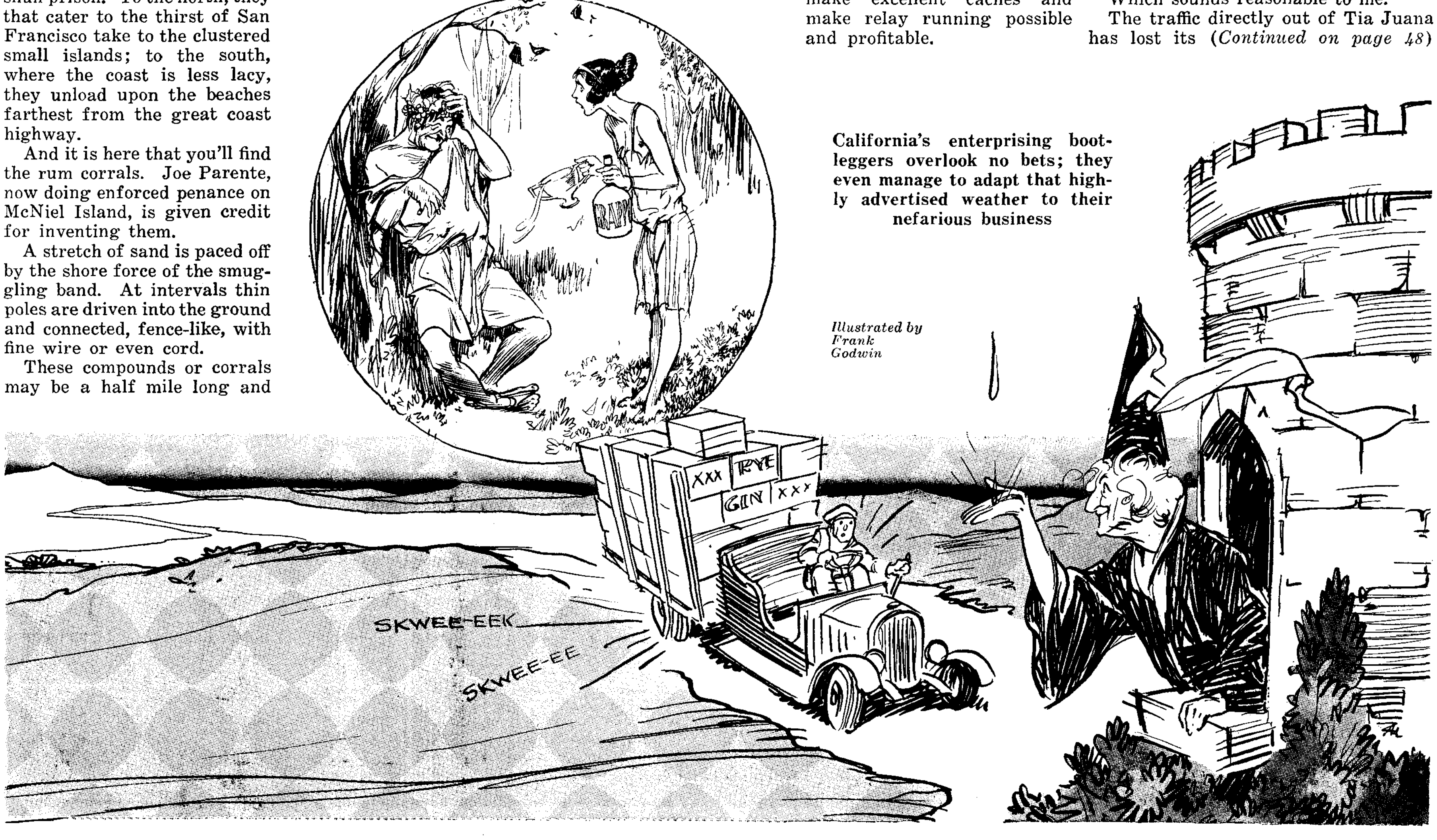
Of course I had to ask why Hello Loma Linda had never felt the hand of the law.

"What would the cops be doing with her?" was the reply. "Can't a lady talk about the weather? The police can suspect what they like, but you can't send a lady to jail for what you think of her."

Which sounds reasonable to me.

The traffic directly out of Tia Juana has lost its

(Continued on page 48)



California's enterprising bootleggers overlook no bets; they even manage to adapt that highly advertised weather to their nefarious business

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

The Ha'nt Hound

By Roark Bradford

When a person is a fool and acts like a fool, it is natural. But when a person is not a fool and acts like one, there must be some reason

HA'NTS had been bothering Spudge a great deal lately. Even Martha reported some "mighty strange doin's" in the path through the thicket that led from their cabin to the Pitard place.

"Me? I don't b'lieve in ha'nts," she told Spudge, "but hit was some mighty strange doin's down at de foot log. Mighty strange."

She wouldn't have lied to her husband for anything in the world. If a young woman sitting on the foot log, giggling and fishing, isn't "strange doin's," Martha would like to know why.

"Better stay away f'm dat path," she admonished. "Specially after dark."

Martha was older than Spudge. And wiser. She had had experience in being married before, and it was she who initiated the move that got Spudge married to her.

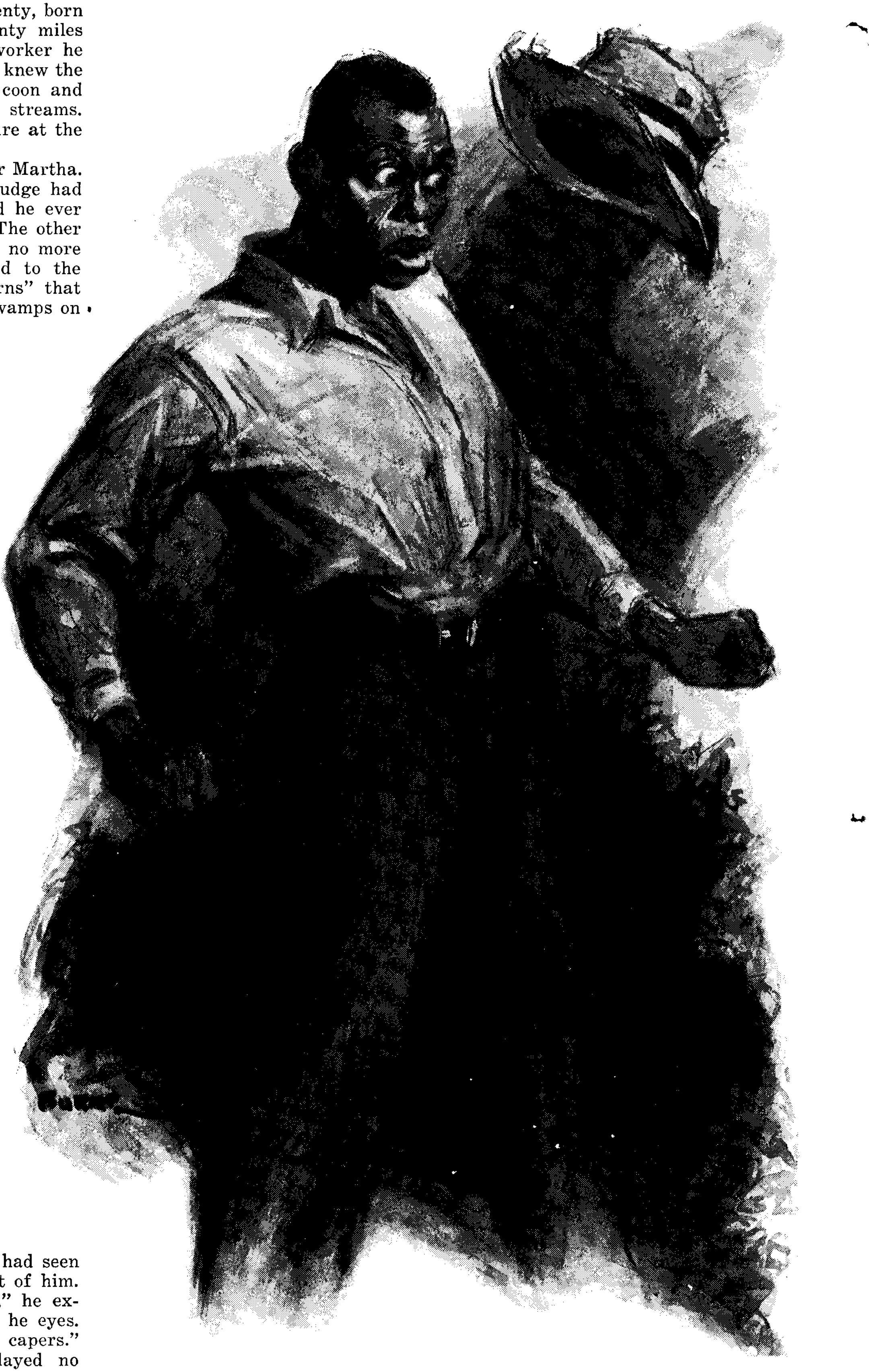
Martha always initiated the move that led to her marriages. All except one time. Or twice, if you counted as separate occasions the two times she married Lonnie. Four husbands she had married on her own initiative before she saw Spudge. Only once—or twice if you count each time separately—had the man taken the lead. That was when she was married to Copper Wire, up in Baton Rouge. Copper had him a job of working and everything was getting along fine, when suddenly Lonnie came along and changed Martha's good-looking mind. So she gave Copper the go-by and married Lonnie.

SHE had to go to work and support him, and Lonnie wasn't worth it. She quit him and married another man, but Lonnie came back and once more she fell victim to the handsome scoundrel's charms. Lonnie had a way—

"He ain't gonter change my mind no mo'," Martha promised herself. "I done left him too far behind." And that was just what she had done. She had left Baton Rouge and come twenty miles into the country to take a job of intermittent cooking at Judge Kenner's hunting lodge, down on the Amite River. Lonnie would never come down there to get her wages; it was too far, and the wages were too small.

At the hunting lodge she found Spudge, who functioned generally as a caretaker. Spudge was a huge, grinning, good-natured boy of twenty, born in the woods and never twenty miles from his birthplace. As a worker he was entirely worthless, but he knew the woods and the habits of the coon and opossum and the fish in the streams. He was an indispensable fixture at the lodge.

He was a simple problem for Martha. Up to the time she came, Spudge had never seen a ghost. Nor had he ever seen a woman like Martha. The other women that he had seen paid no more attention to him than he did to the phosphorous "jack-o-my-lanterns" that floated harmlessly from the swamps on dark, wet nights. But Martha paid attention to him.



"BOY, ain't you skeered to git out in de night by yo'se'f?" she asked him. The night chores had been done and the judge and his friends had retired to the big room. Spudge was about to leave the lodge kitchen for his cabin, a short quarter away.

"Skeered er what?" he asked.

"Ha'nts," said Martha. "Sperits er daid fo'ks which wawks about de yearth after sundown."

Spudge laughed softly. "I ain't never seed no daid somebody wawkin'," he declared.

"Well," explained Martha, with an assumed disinterest, "maybe I hyared hit all wrong. But hit sounded mighty straight to me."

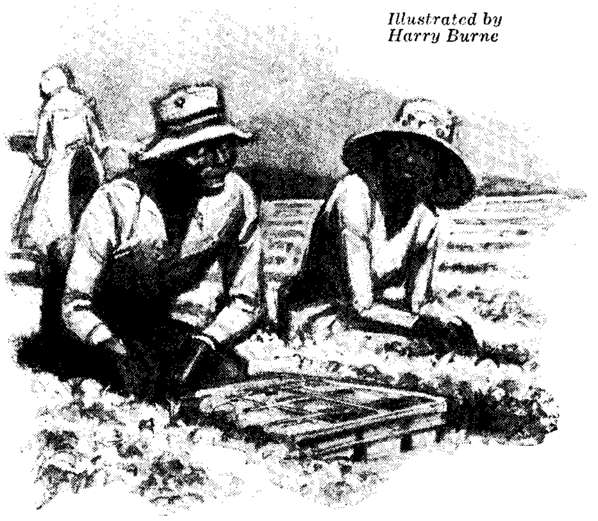
"Hyared which?"

"I hyared—" she began, but then stopped. "No mind. I guess maybe a gray-eyed man can't see ha'nts in de dark. I guess de word was wrong. Cou'se I don't know; I ain't gray-eyed like you is." She stopped talking and climbed to her room above the kitchen.

The vague conversation did its work. It took Spudge two whole days to respond, but on the morning of the third day he announced to Martha that he had seen a ha'nt running right in front of him.

"Look like a rabbit, sorter," he explained. "But hit had fire in he eyes. And was cuttin' some mighty capers."

Illustrated by Harry Burne



Martha displayed no surprise. "I hyared dey ack sorter like dat some times," she declared. "Cou'se, I don't b'lieve in 'em. But dem which do, say day ack jest about dat away."

The next morning Spudge reported two more ghosts. One whined just like old Spot, the coon hound, and if he hadn't known it was a ha'nt instead of his dog, he would have been badly fooled.

"Dey trick you," Martha confirmed. "I hyar dey make you think dey ain't no ha'nt when dey is."

"I couldn't see de yuther one," Spudge added, "but I c'd feel him."

"Wan't you skeered?"

"Kind er," Spudge admitted. "I was mighty nigh to de house, so I runned in and shet de door."

The following Saturday noon Spudge shelled a sack of corn, placed it on old Clipper's back, mounted up and rode over to Needmore to have it ground into some meal. And as it was early spring and wild turkeys were liable to fly over almost any time, he took his shotgun along.

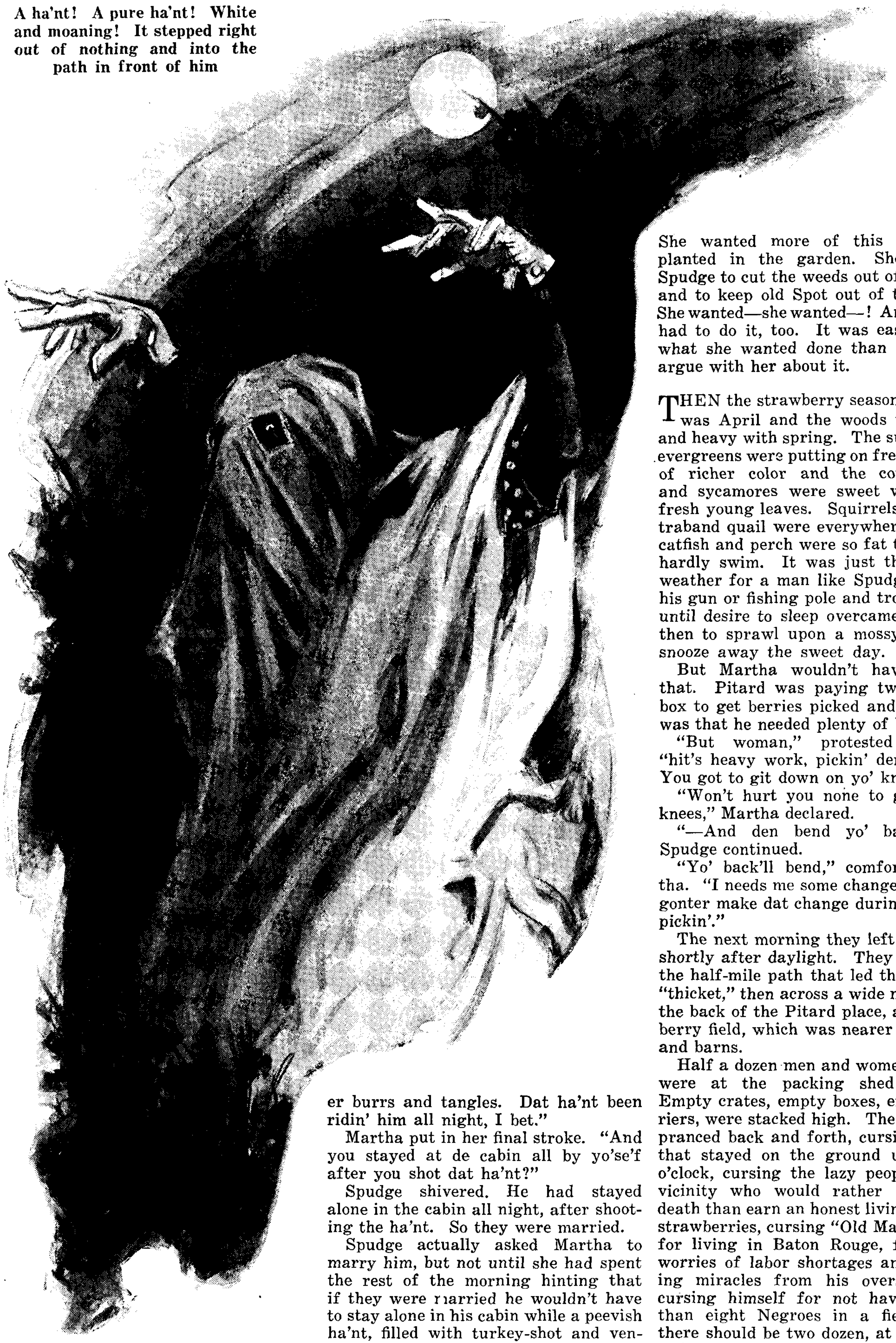
The afternoon sped past too soon and it was nearly sundown before he mounted the old horse with his meal and gun and started jogging homeward.

As the sun set he began to feel nervous about the ha'nts that would come with darkness. The country road was quiet and old Clipper was slow. A man never knew what minute a ha'nt would jump up and grab him!

He fingered the triggers of his shotgun nervously and looked up and down the road. Not a thing was in sight. He trotted on. Dark came rapidly. He looked both ways and saw nothing.

THEN suddenly and without any warning a ha'nt rose right out of the ground in front of him. Spudge was too excited to notice details other than that it was a huge one with white and black spots on it and it made a soft, sighing noise. Spudge shot it with both barrels before he knew what he was doing.

The next morning he recounted his experience to Martha.



A ha'nt! A pure ha'nt! White and moaning! It stepped right out of nothing and into the path in front of him

"And you shot de ha'nt?" she demanded.

"Yeah," confessed Spudge.

"And what did he do?"

"What did he do?" The question shouldn't have been asked. But since it had been, Spudge answered with all the truthfulness in his heart. "Dat scound'el beast crawled right up behind me on ole Clipper!"

"Naw! And what did you do?"

"I clumb down and let him ride," Spudge declared. "Clipper gittin' too old and stove up for me to fool wid when hit's a ha'nt around."

Martha was interested in the minute details. "Whar ole Clipper at, now?"

"He home, now," Spudge told her. "Got home dis mawnin'. Was standin' at de gate wid his mane and tail all full er burrs and tangles. Dat ha'nt been ridin' him all night, I bet."

Martha put in her final stroke. "And you stayed at de cabin all by yo'se'f after you shot dat ha'nt?"

Spudge shivered. He had stayed alone in the cabin all night, after shooting the ha'nt. So they were married.

Spudge actually asked Martha to marry him, but not until she had spent the rest of the morning hinting that if they were married he wouldn't have to stay alone in his cabin while a peevish ha'nt, filled with turkey-shot and vengeance, permeated the night-time. So that afternoon they hitched old Clipper to the buggy, drove seven miles to the nearest preacher, and were made one.

The first few days Spudge rather liked being married. In addition to being comparatively safe from ha'nts with Martha around, he found his wife was an energetic woman about the cabin. She prettied up this and that, mended and washed clothes that Spudge had given up as unusable and did about considerable. And while Spudge was piddling about in the vegetable garden, or hunting or fishing, Martha attended to the cooking and other domestic duties. Being married wasn't bad, he figured; in fact, it was pretty good, and he wondered why he hadn't been married a long time.

It had its drawbacks, of course. Martha wanted everything whitewashed. She wanted more of this and that planted in the garden. She wanted Spudge to cut the weeds out of the yard and to keep old Spot out of the house. She wanted—she wanted—! And Spudge had to do it, too. It was easier to do what she wanted done than it was to argue with her about it.

THEN the strawberry season came. It was April and the woods were lazy and heavy with spring. The subtropical evergreens were putting on fresh dresses of richer color and the cottonwoods and sycamores were sweet with their fresh young leaves. Squirrels and contraband quail were everywhere and the catfish and perch were so fat they could hardly swim. It was just the sort of weather for a man like Spudge to take his gun or fishing pole and tromp about until desire to sleep overcame him and then to sprawl upon a mossy bed and snooze away the sweet day.

But Martha wouldn't have it like that. Pitard was paying two cents a box to get berries picked and the word was that he needed plenty of help.

"But woman," protested Spudge, "hit's heavy work, pickin' dem berries. You got to git down on yo' knees—"

"Won't hurt you none to git on yo' knees," Martha declared.

"—And den bend yo' back low," Spudge continued.

"Yo' back'll bend," comforted Martha. "I needs me some change and us is gonter make dat change durin' de berry pickin'."

The next morning they left the cabin shortly after daylight. They traversed the half-mile path that led through the "thicket," then across a wide meadow at the back of the Pitard place, and to the berry field, which was nearer the house and barns.

Half a dozen men and women already were at the packing shed waiting. Empty crates, empty boxes, empty carriers, were stacked high. The boss man pranced back and forth, cursing a dew that stayed on the ground until nine o'clock, cursing the lazy people in the vicinity who would rather starve to death than earn an honest living picking strawberries, cursing "Old Man Pitard" for living in Baton Rouge, free from worries of labor shortages and expecting miracles from his overseer, and cursing himself for not having more than eight Negroes in a field where there should be two dozen, at least.

"Us wants a job pickin' berries," suggested Martha.

"Go to it," the boss man said, "and if you've got thirty-five or forty friends who want jobs, bring them around."

FINALLY, the dew dried off the vines and each picker took a tray constructed to hold eight empty berry boxes. On hands and knees between the rows they crawled, pinching the stem an inch above the berry and dropping the berries into boxes. It was weary, tedious work, but the berries were large and the boxes filled rapidly. When a tray of boxes was filled it was carried to the packing shed by the picker, and traded for a yellow ticket which in turn could be traded for merchandise worth sixteen cents at Needmore, or for sixteen cents in cash at the packing shed, if anybody wanted to wait until Saturday.

Spudge worked diligently, but his boxes filled slowly. His fingers could skin a catfish or pick a duck as quickly as anybody's, but they were all thumbs when it came to pinching off the berry stems.

"Whyn't you git a hump on you, Spudge," grumbled Martha. "Hyar I done got my boxes full and started off again, and you ain't hardly ha'f done wid yo' first tray, yit."

"I doin' as fast as I kin, Sweet," he insisted.

"Dat ain't fast enough," Martha stated. "Git faster."

The morning wore on like a weary dream. Spudge's back ached and cramped fit to break. But every time he raised his head, Martha was on him.

"Bring me dat ticket," she ordered, when his tray was finally filled and taken to the packing shed. And Spudge watched without interest as his hard earned sixteen-cent certificate disappeared into the large tobacco sack tied to Martha's neck. He didn't care anything about that ticket. He didn't care anything about anything. His back hurt too bad.

Toward noon Martha "knocked off," to go home and prepare dinner. But not until she had admonished her husband to "git a hump on yo'se'f and see kin you bring me in two mo' tickets time de dinner bell rings."

Spudge, however, brought only one ticket. He wouldn't have brought that one had he not been helped by the young woman who worked on the row to his left.

IT CAME about quite innocently, so far as Spudge was concerned. He had worked all morning, only vaguely conscious of the existence of anyone except Martha and himself. But when Martha left, the woman on the next row remarked casually, "Yo' maw sho' do b'lieve in you workin' hard, don't she, son?"

Spudge looked up. "My which?"

"Yo' maw," repeated the girl. "She been after you like you ain't hardly growed up, yit."

Spudge grinned. It was a good joke! His maw!

They babbled along, friendly. The girl's name was Della, she told him, and she lived on the Pitard place. She liked big men like Spudge and she didn't think it was right to make them pick strawberries.

When the bell rang she hurriedly finished filling her own tray and then contributed several handsful to Spudge's eight boxes. They walked to the packing shed together.

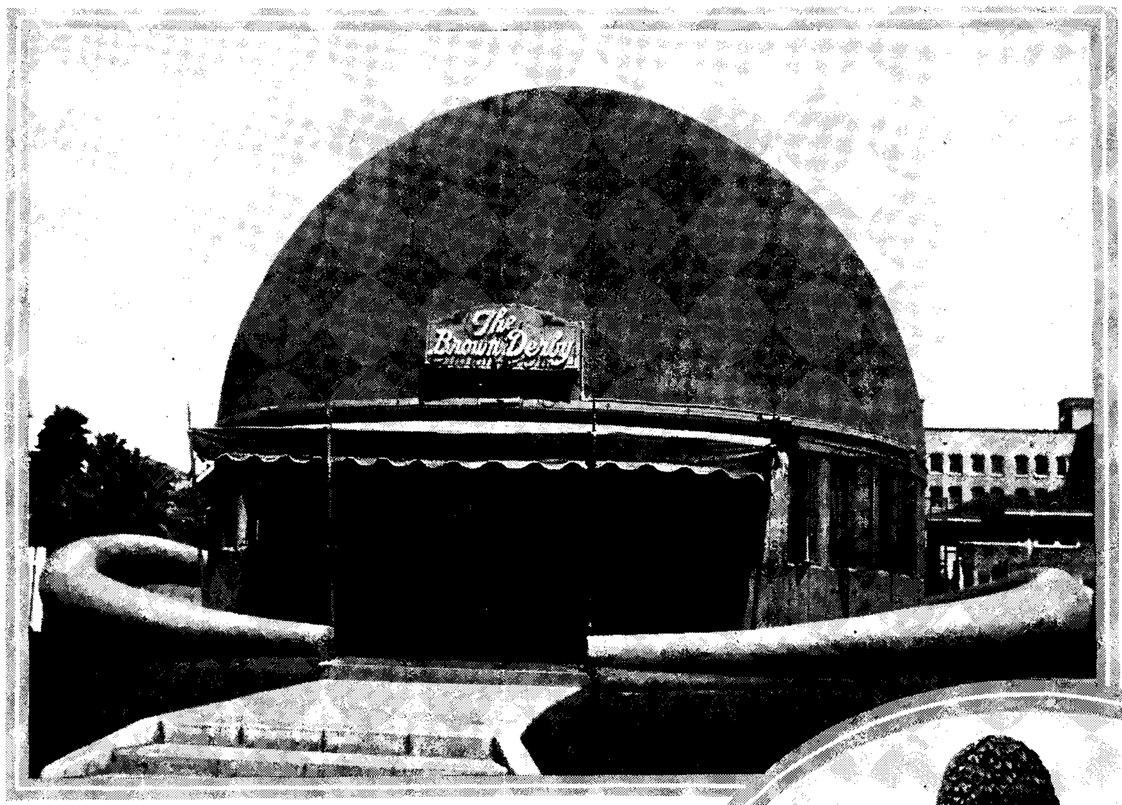
"Don't let yo' maw whup you when you git home," she taunted. "Tell her you worked hard and been a good boy." She laughed and ducked.

Spudge chuckled noiselessly all the way home. It was a good joke! She thought Martha was his mother! That was funny! (*Continued on page 42*)

The City of Make-believe

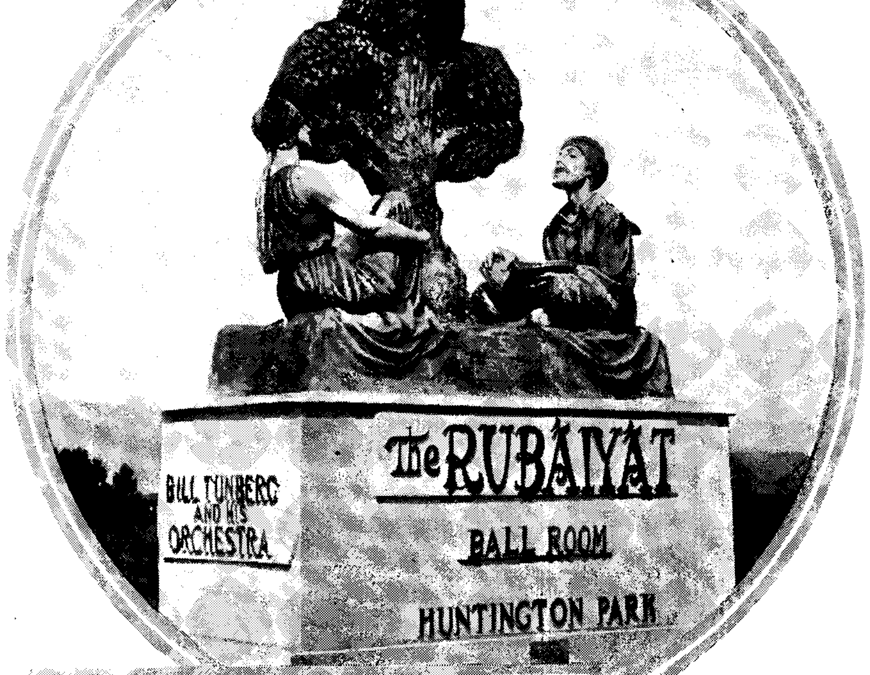
The influence of the movie-set builders and carpenters bobs up frequently as you motor along the highways of Los Angeles and environs. They can toss together a monument to anything from a hot dog to a ballroom

When you drive out to the Brown Derby for a dance and a snack of an evening, there's no danger of missing it. The slightly dizzy architect has seen to that

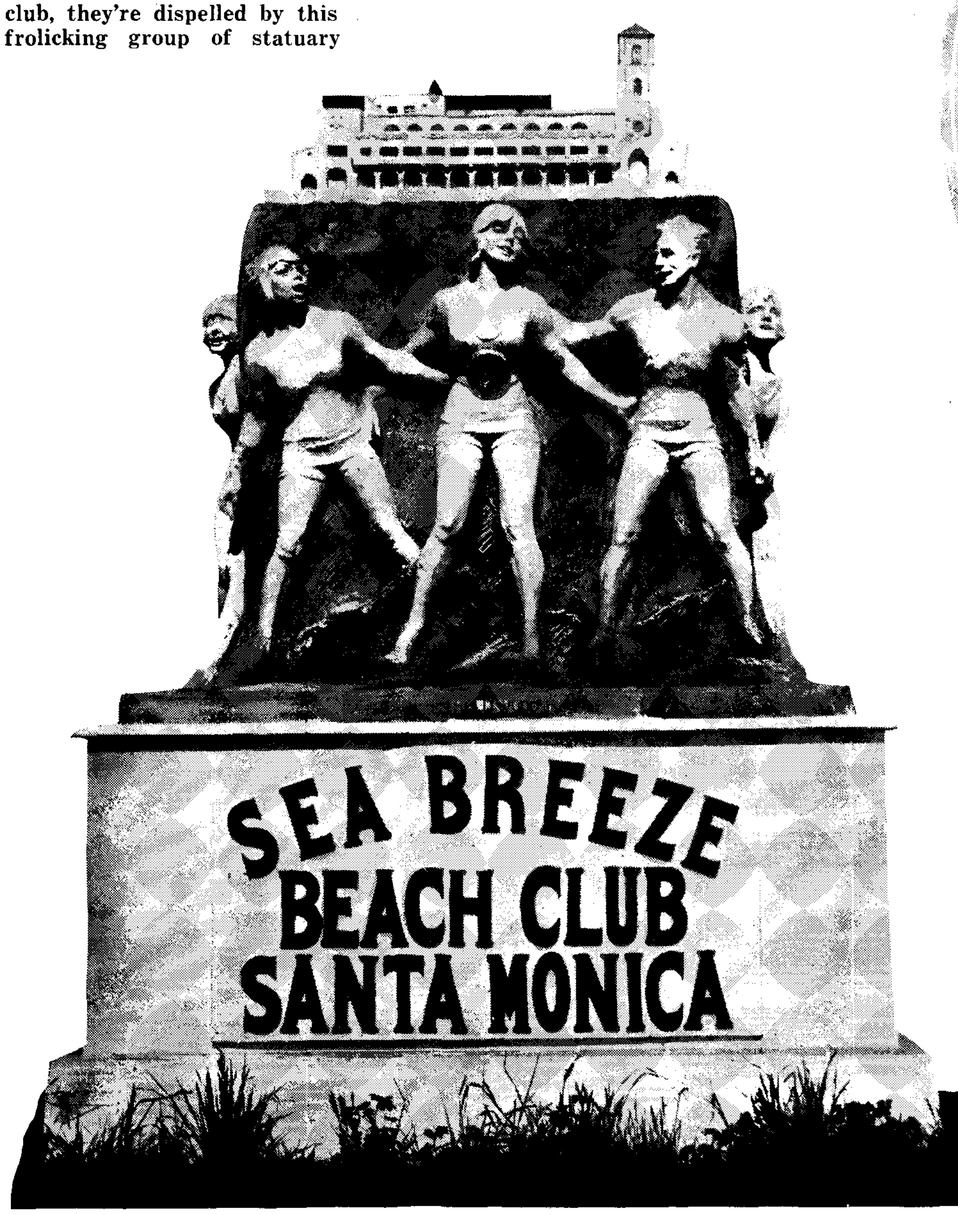

The Brown Derby

All photos by Brown Bros.

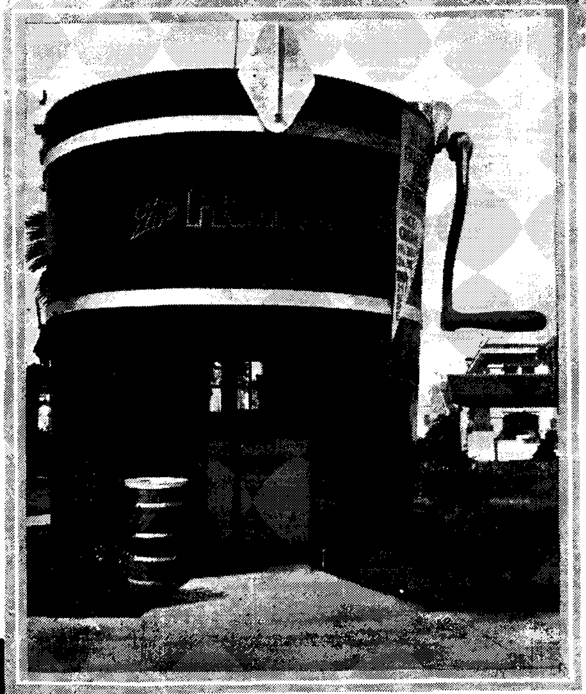
Right: Old Omar did more than help this ballroom out with a name. He conceived a neat little scene to help boost it and all it needed was the coöperation of a skillful plasterer or something of the sort

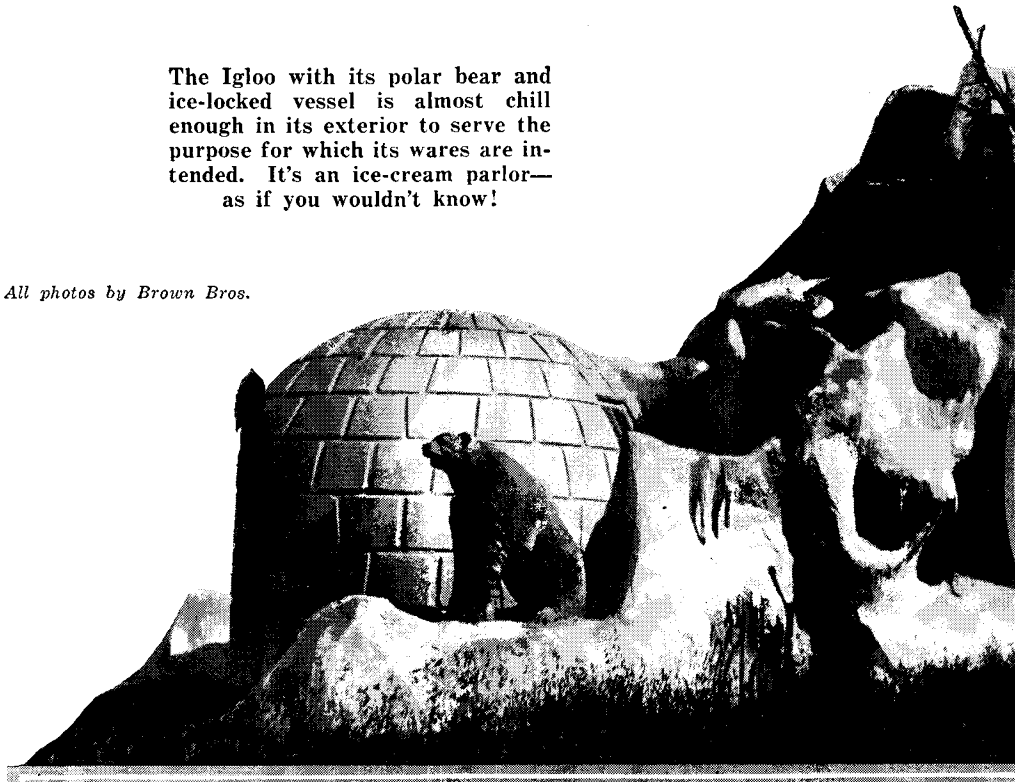

BILL TUNBERG AND HIS ORCHESTRA
The RUBAIYAT
BALL ROOM
HUNTINGTON PARK

And lest there be any doubts in your mind as to the exact functions of an up-to-date beach club, they're dispelled by this frolicking group of statuary


SEA BREEZE
BEACH CLUB
SANTA MONICA

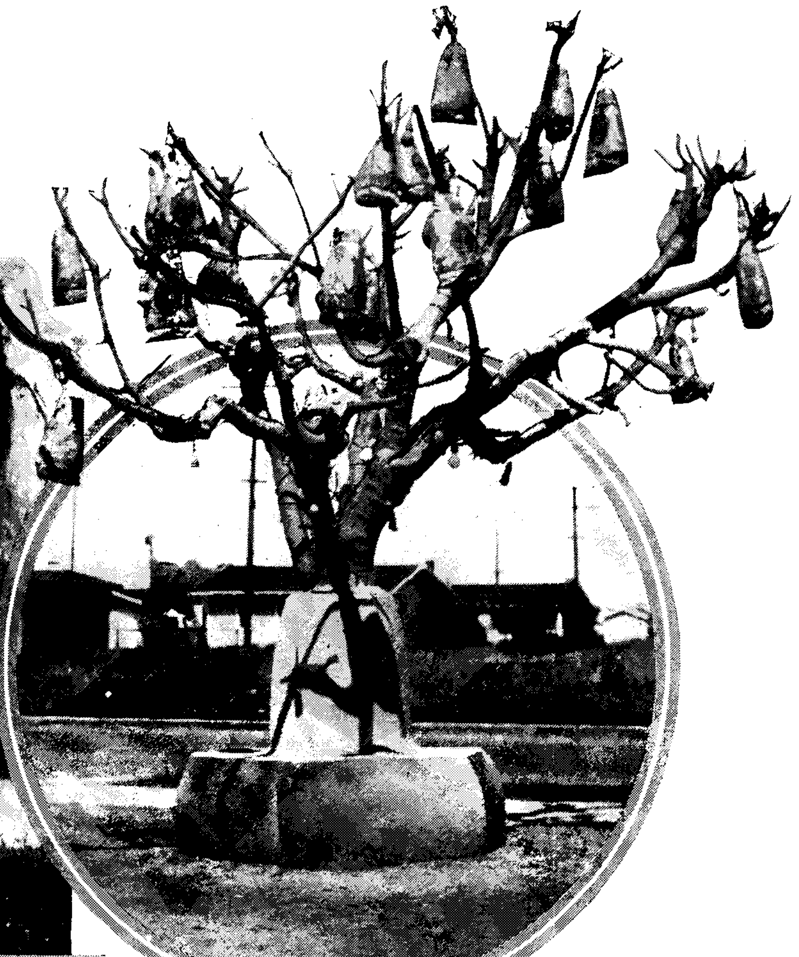
And what little boy or girl can guess the name of the delicacy which is handed over the counter to patrons in this circular and unique nook?



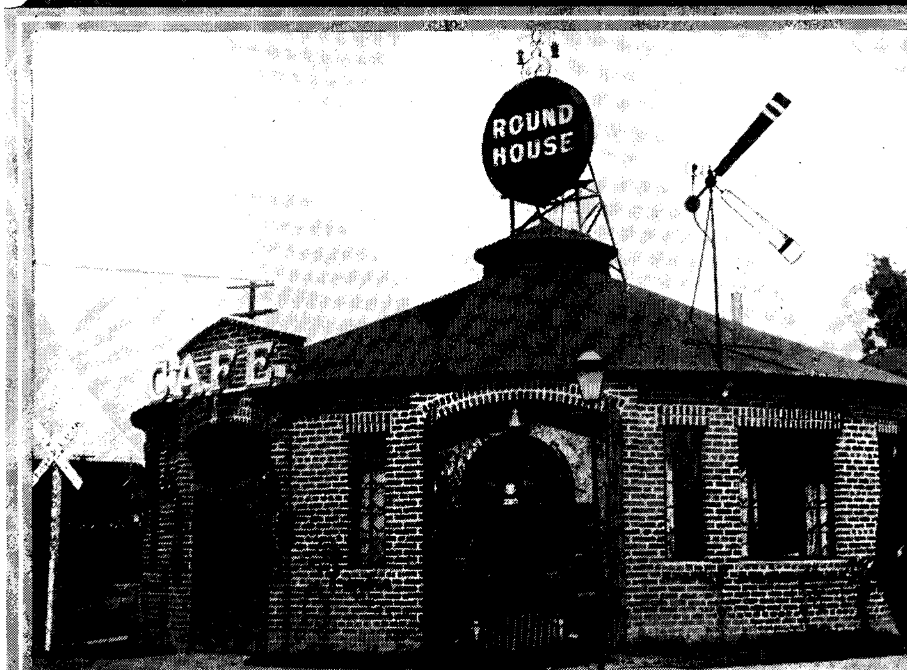


The Igloo with its polar bear and ice-locked vessel is almost chill enough in its exterior to serve the purpose for which its wares are intended. It's an ice-cream parlor—as if you wouldn't know!

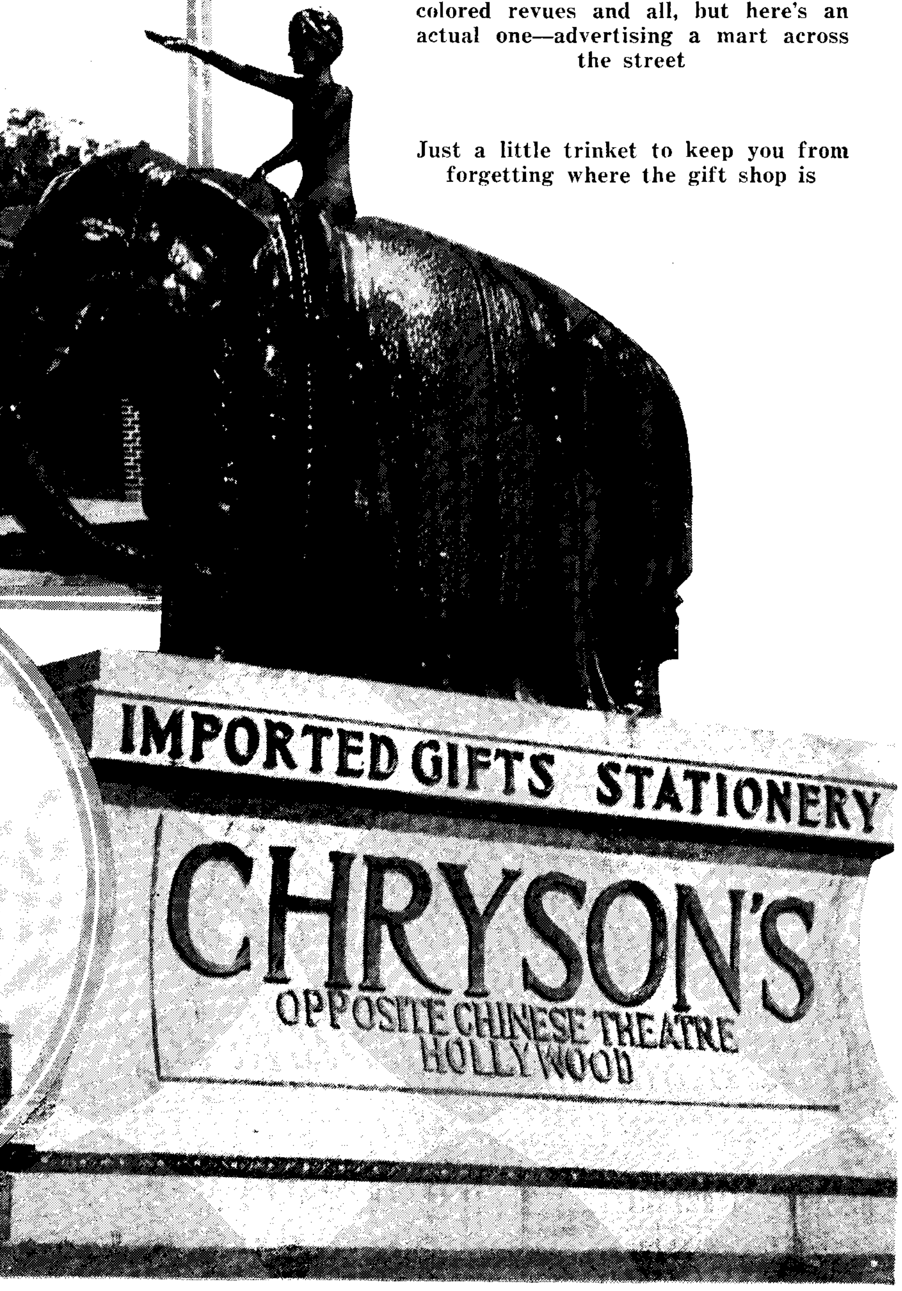
All photos by Brown Bros.



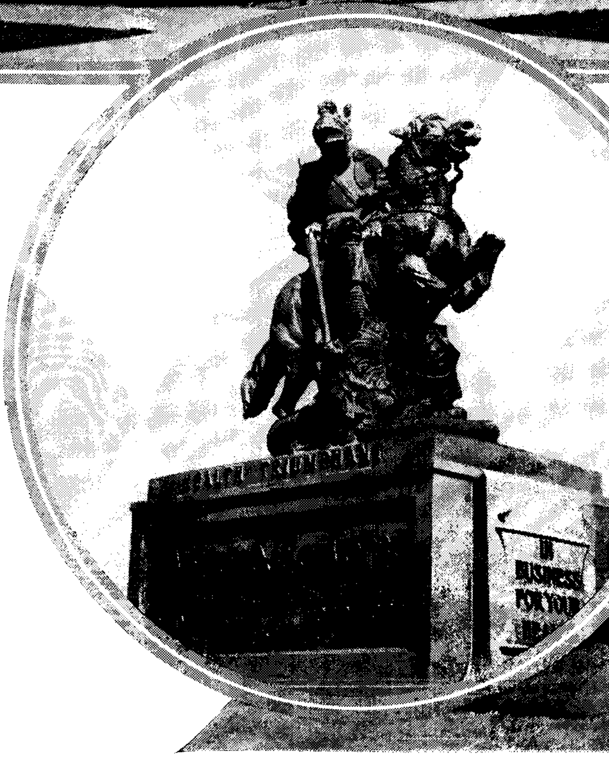
You hear plenty enough about ham-trees, what with the popularity of all-colored revues and all, but here's an actual one—advertising a mart across the street


ROUND HOUSE
CAFE

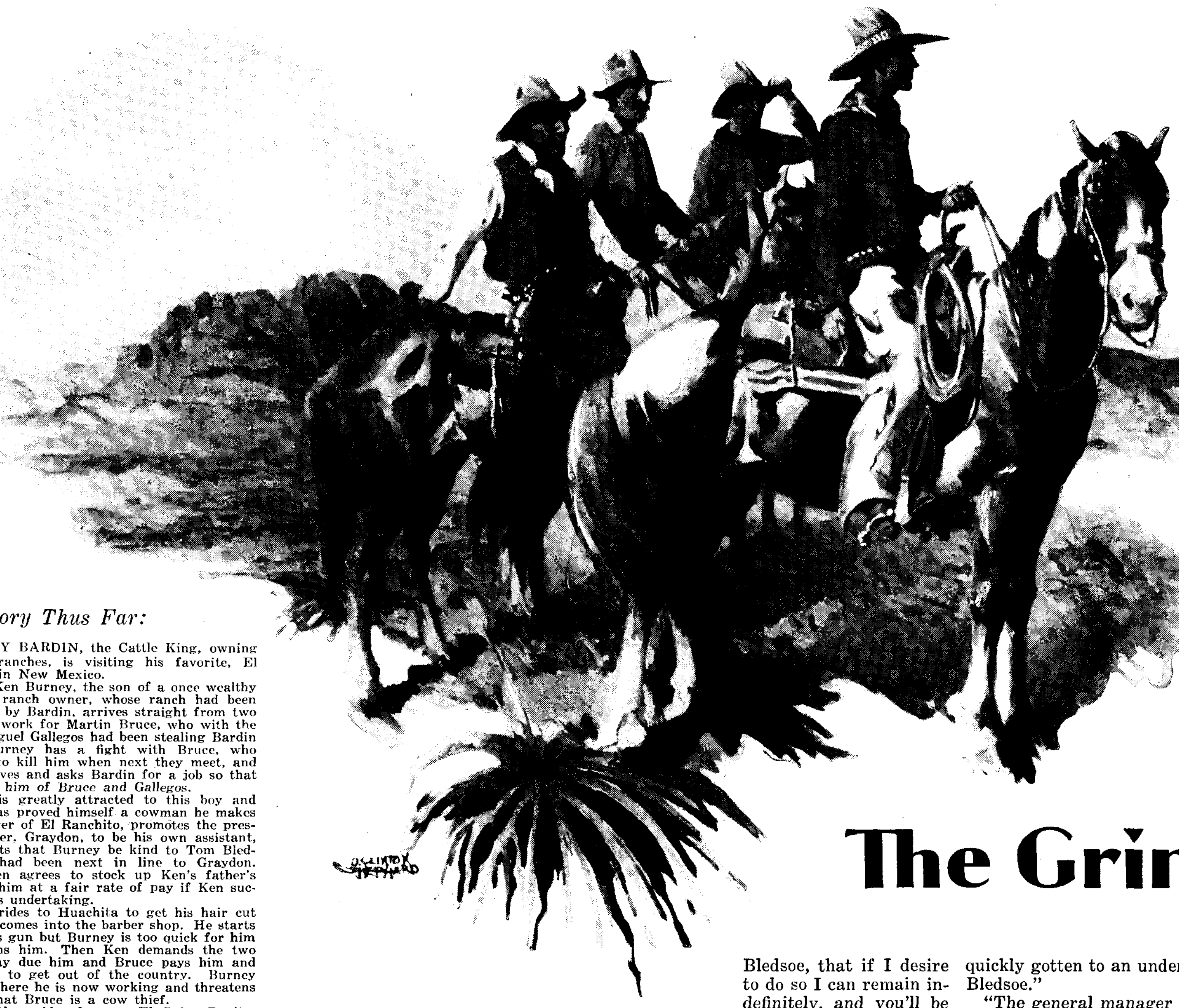
Toot-toot! One railroad crossing you may race over in safety—unless it's a bit of a meal you're in search of. In which case, it's an invitation to stop, look and eat


IMPORTED GIFTS STATIONERY
CHRYSON'S
OPPOSITE CHINESE THEATRE
HOLLYWOOD

Just a little trinket to keep you from forgetting where the gift shop is



This one required many a conference of great minds before "Health Triumphant" emerged to boost interest in a prescription pharmacy. And we've seen worse in more enduring stone in some of our public parks



The Gringo

The Story Thus Far:

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning many ranches, is visiting his favorite, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

Young Ken Burney, the son of a once wealthy California ranch owner, whose ranch had been taken over by Bardin, arrives straight from two months of work for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce, who threatens to kill him when next they meet, and Burney leaves and asks Bardin for a job so that he *can rid him of Bruce and Gallegos.*

Bardin is greatly attracted to this boy and when he has proved himself a cowman he makes him manager of El Ranchito, promotes the present manager, Graydon, to be his own assistant, and requests that Burney be kind to Tom Bledsoe, who had been next in line to Graydon. Bardin then agrees to stock up Ken's father's ranch for him at a fair rate of pay if Ken succeeds in his undertaking.

Burney rides to Huachita to get his hair cut and Bruce comes into the barber shop. He starts to draw his gun but Burney is too quick for him and disarms him. Then Ken demands the two months' pay due him and Bruce pays him and warns him to get out of the country. Burney tells him where he is now working and threatens to prove that Bruce is a cow thief.

Burney then rides down to El Cajon Bonita, the cattle range, marks some of Bardin's calves with quarter dollars so that he will be able to identify them if they are stolen.

In the meantime the king's lovely daughter, Muriel, has become interested in Burney and is indignant at her father's giving him a killer's job.

IV

EL RANCHITO had its own lighting system and a 110-candle-power light burned over the entrance to the ranch office. Ken Burney searched through desks until he found a package of thumb tacks, whereupon he went outside and posted on the bulletin board the formal notice of his appointment as general manager. After which, he retired to Art Graydon's private office, sat down on the cot prepared there and drew off his boots. For a long time he sat there, considering the various aspects of the abrupt about-face which life had executed for him within the past four days, when there came a peremptory knock at the outer entrance. Ken padded across in his bare feet and found Tom Bledsoe standing in the entrance.

"Come in, Mr. Bledsoe," he invited the riding boss cheerfully. "I've been anticipating a visit from you, but not quite so soon. I figured we'd have a conference in the morning, but since it's the mere shank of the evening now we'll fly at it."

Bledsoe came in and sat down on Graydon's desk. "I was settin' in front o' the bunkhouse, Mr. Burney, when I saw thee come into the office; then I saw thee come out an' tack somethin' on the bulletin board, so I drifted over to read what thee had tacked there. Then I made up my mind to call."

"And present to me your resignation as riding boss, eh?"

"Thee gets me mighty quick," Tom Bledsoe answered.

"And I dispose of your resignation just as quickly, Bledsoe. It's rejected. You're too good a man to leave the king's service and too old a man to go prowling around the sovereign state of New Mexico looking for another job. I doubt if you would find one as good as the one you wish to resign, and certainly you'll not find one with any decent future to it. So my orders to you are to withhold your resignation for about sixty days. By that time I will have completed my tour of service as general manager and you can come over and tack a notice of your own on that bulletin board. However, I believe in liberty, and if you insist on resigning, I suppose I'll have to get a new riding boss, but I warn you that, once you're out, you'll stay out."

TOM BLEDSOE'S dour face commenced to slip. Slowly a glad smile lighted it. "Thee means that, Mr. Burney?"

"Certainly. Haven't you known the king long enough to know that he never explains. He acts. And haven't you known him long enough to know he's just? He knows you're capable and that, by reason of long and faithful service, you have earned promotion. You are going to get it. He told me so tonight. I'm just here to plant Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos beneath the cactus and grama grass, and as soon as that job is done I'll be on my way, although I must inform you, Brother Bledsoe, that if I desire to do so I can remain indefinitely, and you'll be moved off to manage some small ranch of the king's."

"I want no small job an' I want no charity, Mr. Burney."

"I understand. You want your rights and you figure El Ranchito part of them. At present, however, cleaning up El Ranchito so it will be on the paying basis it should be is a job that would be repugnant to you, and the king knows it. So I'm to clean it up for you and after that it will run along under your management like a new red buggy."

Tom Bledsoe held out his hand. "I'm obliged to thee, young man."

"Not at all."

"Perhaps thee might need help on this cleaning job, Mr. Burney?"

"Yes, I'll require some help. I'll want about thirty good men who can shoot and aren't afraid to. They may have to do battle down in El Cajon Bonita, although I shall try to avoid that. However, I shall have to make a demonstration."

The Quaker's face had set again. "I will find thee such men, Mr. Burney, an' I will go with thee—for war or demonstration. It is not sinful to protect that which is thine."

Burney stared at the man. "Whose bread I eat his song I sing, eh?"

Tom Bledsoe nodded. He was of the old school of cowmen. His employer's joys, sorrows and perplexities were his, too.

"Ever itch to ride down into El Cajon Bonita and clean out this Bruce-Gallegos faction, Mr. Bledsoe?"

"I tell thee this. It would have been my first act as general manager."

"How fortunate you and I have so quickly gotten to an understanding, Mr. Bledsoe."

"The general manager calls me Tom, Mr. Burney."

"Tom goes with me. Where can you find me thirty good men and true?"

"They will be thine own men, Mr. Burney. Old hands."

"I understand Gallegos has not, as yet, done anything openly overt; that he merely looks dangerous. Do you know that he and his men brand our calves?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I can't prove it, but I find calves on that range with the ends of their tongues slit an' wearin' the Triangle B brand."

"I HAVE never had any experience heretofore with rustlers, Tom. Tongue-slitting is a new one on me. Why do they do it?"

"So the calf can no longer suckle its mother an' will have to start rustlin' a livin' on grass right off."

"Oh, I see. That means the calf will leave its mother and, of course, once it has done that, there is no way of identifying it as that cow's calf. To all intents and purposes it's a maverick and the assumption is that the first man who finds it is free to use his iron on it."

Tom Bledsoe nodded. "Bad for the cow's udder to have her calf forcibly weaned before due time, Mr. Burney."

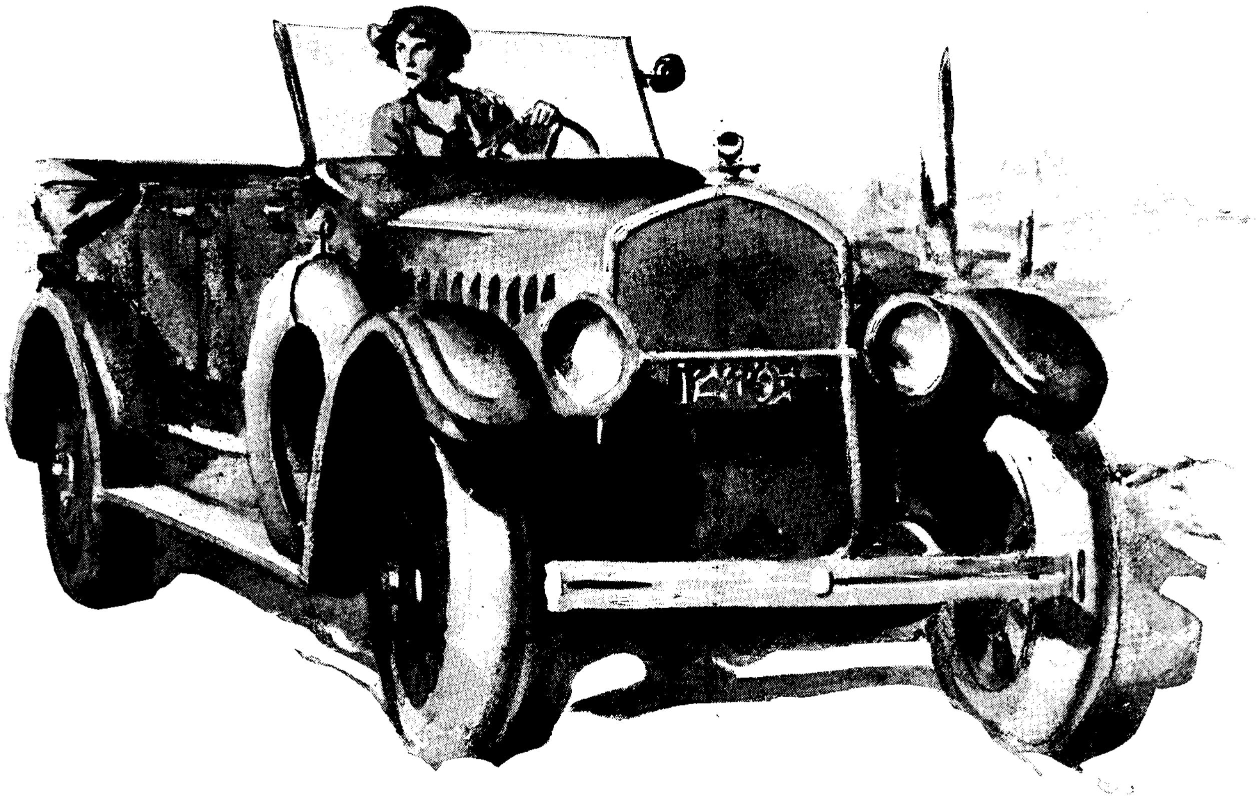
"Are the same tactics followed on our cattle north of the Line, Tom?"

Bledsoe nodded. "Not to such an extent, however. We can watch our cattle closer an' Bruce daren't take the chance he does in El Cajon Bonita, where he is immune from United States law."

"The hyena! Who is Miguel Gallegos?"

"A half-breed Irishman. His mother

"My father says you're not to kill Miguel Gallegos today," she cried excitedly



Privateer

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

was an Italian, an' he became a naturalized citizen of Mexico. During the Madero rebellion he was a general an' more recently he's become a sort o' bandit, but claimin' to be a patriot. He's the law in that part of Mexico an' after eighteen year o' war an' riot, about all the Mexican government can do is handle the tough ones an' leave the little ones alone until they get too bad. He's got the local federal officials buffaloed, an' they're sort o' caterin' to him in the hope he won't organize a revolution again 'em. He does about what he pleases."

"Has Mr. Graydon complained to the Mexican federal officials about him?"

"No, sir. Ain't had nothin' to complain about. All we got is suspicion. Martin Bruce don't own a hectare o' land in Mexico, but the king's got a sound title to El Cajon Bonita an' we figger Bruce wants it, an' has set Gallegos up to makin' things so uncomfortable an' unprofitable there we'll pull out to save loss an' bloodshed; then Bruce'll take it over an' range his cattle on it. I wouldn't be surprised if Gallegos is his silent partner, doin' the dirty work for his share."

"Well, as a cattle range, El Cajon Bonita is certainly worth fighting for, Tom. It's well watered and I never did see such a thick growth of grama grass anywhere else. So the situation has resolved itself to this. We've got to keep a force of men down there sufficient to stand off Gallegos. That's too expensive and dangerous. To leave our cattle there alone and unprotected means that presently every head of stock we've got there will disappear. That's too expensive, also. So the third alternative is to go down there and wipe this fellow Gallegos and his men clear off the map. And that's the plan I've adopted."

"Ain't no other out," the gloomy Quaker assented. "But Art Graydon, he never suggested that an' the king couldn't on account o' bein' responsible, if he did, for the killin' of a lot o' his good men. An' then there's the international complications to consider. Mr. Burney, the situation has sure had the king goin'."

"Well, he isn't sending me down there. I've volunteered and he isn't going to know when I start or when I finish, until he gets the news of the clean-up. I figure that with thirty good men I can take care of two hundred of the Gallegos followers, but to be successful we must be superbly equipped, superbly mounted, well trained and have a definite plan of campaign from which we must not diverge, once the action is joined. Once we wipe out the Gallegos gang, Martin Bruce will keep clear of El Cajon Bonita and it will be long before another bandit adventurer undertakes to start something with us. I expect to get the law on Bruce in this state and jail him."

"HE'S too smart to be caught branding the king's calves himself."

"A master is responsible for the acts of his servants, Tom, and the servants will be easier to catch than the cautious Mr. Bruce. Once I get an indictment voted against him in this state he'll remain in Arizona; then some night we'll sweep down on his headquarters on the Triangle B, burn it, and run his criminal riders off the range, unless, by doing good detective work, we are able first to land most of them in jail.

"This situation doesn't present any insuperable obstacles, Tom. All it requires is some resolution, a definite plan and a ruthless follow-through. Before I get through with Martin Bruce he'll sell his range and all his cattle to the king and pull out of New Mexico forever."

"All the king has ever needed is the right general manager an' in thee he has found the man, Mr. Burney. I'll be right proud to help out."

"Thanks, Tom, I know you will. I expect to clean the situation up in thirty days, although unforeseen complications may require more time. It wouldn't be fair to have a good man like you marking time on the same old salary, so from the first of July your salary is upped fifty dollars a month."

"Thanks. That makes me the highest-paid ridin' boss on the Bardin payroll, don't it?" Bledsoe replied pridefully. He rose. "Well, I reckon I'd better be off. I'll tell the boys of thy plans an' select the dependables."

Ken Burney watched him depart into the night. "Good old sergeant-major," he murmured. "And what a blood-thirsty old Quaker you turned out to be." He picked up the telephone and called the king. Muriel Bardin answered. "I want to speak to His Majesty," he announced.

"About Tom Bledsoe?" she queried.

"Good guess."

"His Majesty has retired and may not be disturbed. I'll take the message."

"Very well. Tell him, please, that I have raised Tom Bledsoe's wages fifty dollars a month, because I have discovered in him a man after my own heart. If the king had been acquainted even remotely with Tom Bledsoe, I wouldn't be his general manager tonight."

"How interesting! Well, why not turn the job over to Tom Bledsoe right away, Mr. Burney? I'm sure it is not going to be one you are going to enjoy."

"That's where you are greatly mistaken, Miss Bardin. I'm going to enjoy it immensely. Tom Bledsoe's going to help me, though."

"I'm disappointed in you, Mr. Burney. I thought you were a gentleman."

"Oh, no, no, no. Nothing like that, Miss Muriel. No gentleman ever gets the thrill out of life that I do. I know, because I've been a gentleman. Now I prefer to be a roughneck."

"That's much too bad, Mr. Burney. Good night." And she hung up.

"Poor old king," Ken Burney murmured, "she must be giving him a rough ride about me. As if it's any of her business," he murmured and switched off the light.

At the same moment Muriel Bardin stood beside the king's bed and delivered his general manager's message. Whereat His Majesty smiled a satisfied smile.

"I'm not going to invite him over to dinner after all," Muriel announced.

"Jake with me," said the king. "Good night, honey."

Immediately after breakfast Tom Bledsoe reported to the new general manager. "Well, I have thirty good men signed up for thee, Mr. Burney," he announced.

"Fast work. How many saddle horses have you got in the remuda?"

"About three hundred."

"Cut me out six bays; two buckskins with black points; five light bays with blazed faces and white socks; five blacks or very dark bays, five chestnuts, two palaminos; one sovieno and two black-and-white pintos. Here's the list to aid your memory."

"Guess we can fill that bill, Mr. Burney. We got all colors in that remuda, an' they're all good horses."

"Thanks. Send over to me three of your fastest wing shots with pistols, wearing two guns each. I'm going to Huachita in the general manager's automobile and these three are to be my bodyguard. Hand-pick 'em, Tom. While I'm gone take a few men and round up the horses I require."

Within ten minutes the trio reported. One of them, it developed, was Art Graydon's chauffeur when he was not otherwise engaged, and he had to report that Mr. Graydon planned to use the ranch car that day.

KEN BURNEY telephoned the king. "Well, what now?" His Majesty demanded.

"I want to borrow your car for the day."

"Sorry, Ken. I haven't one, but I'll ask my daughter to loan you hers. Wait a minute."

The minute passed and then Muriel Bardin came on the line. "Father tells me you want to borrow my car, Mr. Burney?"

"If you please, Miss Muriel, provided it's a five-passenger one."

"It is. What do you want it for and where do you wish to go?"

"Want it for a murder car. I'm going into Mexico," he replied jestingly.

"You can't have it."

"Not to save me a forty-mile ride on horseback to Huachita?"

"No."

"You have a heart of stone," he replied and hung up. Half an hour later she saw him, on his pinto horse accompanied by three heavily armed riders, pass down the road in front of the king's castle. He waved at her; she shook her small fist at him, whereat he drew a carbine from the saddle boot and exhibited it. "I may never come back," he called.

"Who cares?" she cried back.

"I do," the king, from his seat on the eastern veranda, reminded her. "Seems to me you're unnecessarily nasty toward that boy."

(Continued on page 66)

Leading Ladies

By Grantland Rice

Above: Helen Meany, Olympic and National diving champion, began to swim at five years of age

Does a girl have to begin swimming at 5 if she wants to be a champion? Possibly not, but both Martha Norelius and Helen Meany did. Training for a championship is as long and exacting for women as for men. Here's the story of female stars, risen and about to rise

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG had just been introduced to Martha Norelius as this famous young swimmer emerged from the ocean at Palm Beach.

"Have you by any chance," he said, "just fallen off a frieze on the Parthenon?"

Having a highly artistic eye for beauty and symmetry of form Mr. Flagg was still doubtful even after Miss Norelius confessed that she had never climbed the Parthenon.

Martha Norelius is one of the most famous of all the young women stars who have been breaking records faster than palsied waiters can break crockery in a cheap restaurant. When she celebrated her twentieth birthday not long ago, she was the holder of eleven world's records for distances ranging between 200 and 500 yards. Yet at twenty Miss Norelius is a veteran with fifteen years' swimming service.

"I started swimming when I was five years old," she said, "and although I was only sixteen when I broke my first record that still meant that I had been working hard for eleven years before I finally arrived."

"How many records have you broken?" I asked.

No One Can Crowd Her

"I haven't the slightest idea," she said. Which was somewhat amazing when one figures what a world's record means in the life of most competitors. She broke her first one at St. Augustine about four years ago. Only a few weeks ago she returned to the same pool and clipped four seconds from the present 500-yard record.

I happened to see Miss Norelius at Palm Beach where she said she was confident she could reduce the 500-yard record she then held by four seconds before the year was over. She took away four seconds at her next official start, just three weeks later at St. Augustine. That is calling the turn. To the second.

Another young lady who has done fairly well in the aquatic domain is Helen Meany, Olympic and National Fancy Diving champion.

"When did you start diving?" I asked Miss Meany.

"At the age of five," she said. Apparently if a young lady wishes to break a record or win a championship in this water game the first essential is that she start at the age of five. Six would be just a year too late. I watched Miss Meany, of Greenwich, Conn., give a fancy diving exhibition. I would describe it in detail if I had been born a Keats or a Shelley. From the first balance on the toes to every body turn in the air there was flawless smoothness and perfection of form, what you might call a living poem if you were so inclined. But again it is well to remember that it took Miss Meany about twelve years of hard work, or pleasant play, to win her first title.

Each spring in sizing up the feminine contingent it is impossible to get around or climb over one name however much one may desire to avoid a charge of repetition. This is Helen Wills, who has developed the knack of hitting a tennis ball harder than any other woman that ever played.

Two or three years ago it looked as if lack of agility would soon bring Miss Wills in reach of some improving rival. But in place of slowing up as she passed from the late 'teens to the venerable age of twenty-two she suddenly began to show a noticeable increase in foot fleetness. And there doesn't seem to be anyone in the game today who can crowd her at any stage.

There are still those who believe that the Suzanne Lenglen of a few years ago could have beaten the Helen Wills of 1929. I don't believe so. For Miss Wills gave Mlle. Lenglen quite a battle three years ago and the Miss Wills of today is a vastly improved tennis player over her standard at that time.

No champion is ever as safe in golf as he or she is in tennis. It is an entirely different game, shifting as suddenly as light and darkness at dawn in the tropics.

Miss Glenna Collett won her third women's championship last fall and she played a brand of golf that would have made Bobby Jones step along. But there is a young Long Island girl by the name of Helen Hicks who will be heard from before many championships have slipped by. Miss Hicks last summer, at the age of seventeen, went to the final round of the Long Island championship. This last winter she won the Bermuda title by beating such a strong golfer as Maureen Orcutt in the last frame. Later on she celebrated her eighteenth birthday at Miami by leading a field of eighty women golfers with the extended margin of eleven strokes.

Helen Hicks, seventeen years old, will be heard from before many championships have slipped by

Photos by Wide World

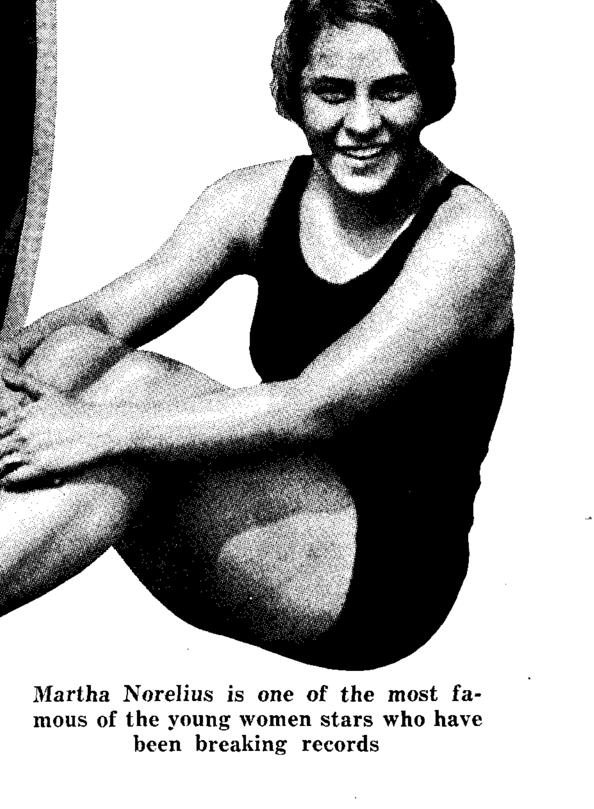
Miss Hicks is strongly, even powerfully built, for an eighteen-year-old girl. Or any other girl. She hits a golf ball as if she meant to hit a golf ball and knock part of the paint off. Yet she has a smooth, firm-looking swing that only needs more experience in tournament play. If she were only a tennis player, Miss Wills would soon have a worthy rival. As it is, Miss Hicks is in a field that has more than a dozen stars, including Glenna Collett, Mrs. Harry Pressler, Mrs. Miriam Burns Horn, Mrs. O. S. Hills, Virginia Van Wie and many others.

New Heights for the Ladies

And it will take a lot of golf to stop Glenna Collett. She was invincible at Hot Springs in her last championship start. And Johnny Farrell, Open Golf champion, who played with her this last winter on the Pacific Coast, says she has improved since then. "Her iron play is more compact," Farrell says, "and her foot action is much better. By foot action I mean that she is in better position to hit the ball in the right way with her weight where it ought to be. She is longer from the tee than I have ever seen her. She can drive 240 yards, and in addition to sounder iron play her putting is much better than it used to be. She is quite capable of playing a hard course in 72 or 73, and that's good enough for anybody, male or female."

By next September Miss Hicks will have drawn enough experience to make a fine showing, even against such a star as Glenna Collett. But as the case stands today Miss Collett is certainly the best woman golfer in the United States, with the best chance to win in any given start. The main idea of this symposium is that few realize how many brilliant women stars have arisen in the last few years. From the old days of almost complete inefficiency women have attained new heights in sport, and masculine superiority can be measured only by greater physical strength and stamina, not by form and style.

The female of the species has become at least as efficient as the male along the lines of form.

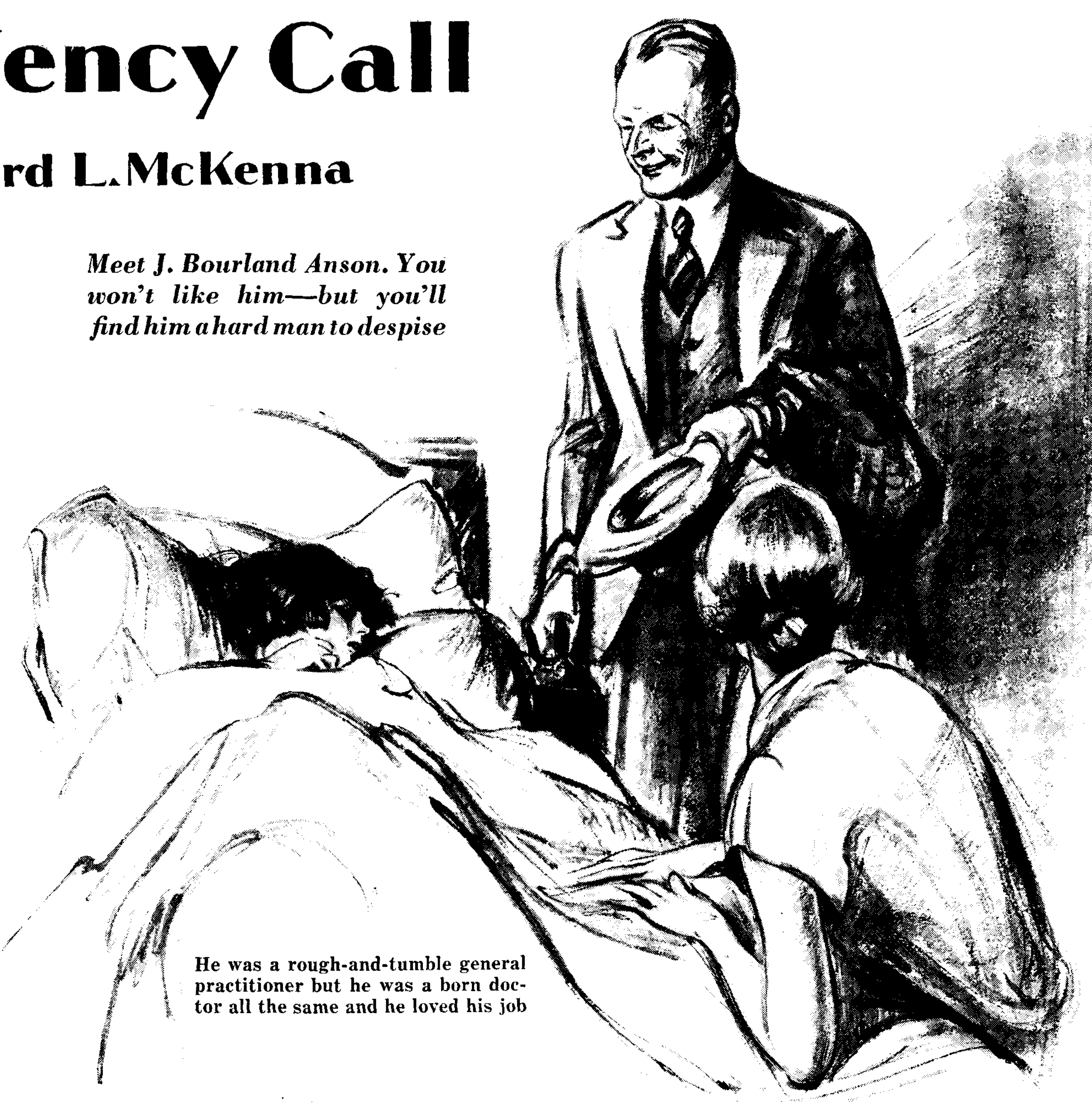


Martha Norelius is one of the most famous of the young women stars who have been breaking records

Emergency Call

By Edward L. McKenna

Meet J. Bourland Anson. You won't like him—but you'll find him a hard man to despise



He was a rough-and-tumble general practitioner but he was a born doctor all the same and he loved his job

WHEN James B. Anson matriculated at the university he began to remold life to his heart's desire. His first move was to sign himself J. Bourland Anson, and his family was startled to find that his fraternity brothers called him by his middle name. He had no nickname; one could see that he wouldn't have—and that he'd be just as well satisfied.

Bourland was a Rho, principally by virtue of birth. There had been Ansons who were Rhos that had left Harvard College to fight in the war of 1812—in the navy, one trusts. There were so many Ansons who were Rhos that it was virtually impossible to refuse to extend an invitation to the latest increment of the family, whatever he might be. The brothers had Bourland around for dinner, shrugged their shoulders, and bid him.

He wore glasses, and expensive quiet clothes, and always looked as if he had just come from the barber's. That wasn't the fact, for he always shaved himself, and would gladly have cut his own hair. Some big roughneck who sat next to him in History A—since under an alphabetical system these unfortunate contacts can't be avoided—remarked that he thought it would do that little mamma's boy Anson a lot of good to get dirty and full of perspiration just once. But Bourland never heard of it, and in any case would have dismissed it as the insolent facetiousness of an inferior.

He admitted having a good many inferiors and was familiar with few people. Those he would have selected didn't seem to find him fascinating. He wasn't an athlete or good company on a party; he didn't know any good telephone numbers. Poker bored him, and nobody played bridge in those days, even at the Rho house. He was a good chess player, but he found most of the chess players at the university were impossible—so many, ah, foreigners, you know.

Just what it was upon which he prided himself was a puzzle to many people. His family was good, certainly, and some of its members Crœsuses. All of the Ansons who worked at all were lawyers or doctors.

Though anything but a hard worker as an undergraduate, Bourland was a good student, but his determinedly blasé and detached air made many a scholar or almost-scholar on the faculty squirm with resentment.

Bourland's stock went up when his brother, Alexander B., came to school. Alexander was usually known as Alex, Al, or Turk. He played right tackle for two seasons, and was president of the class his senior year, as well as head of the house. Everyone knew Alex, and he knew everybody. He didn't wear any glasses, and if you'd seen him in the Dartmouth game, which was played in the mud, you'd know he could get good and dirty—and like it. He had a reedy, piping voice like a fox terrier's yip, and there was the same high spirit behind it. Alex wasn't nearly the student that his brother Bourland was, but he could work hard, and he never irritated the profs by smiling at the wrong time, so he got by very nicely.

They were curiously polite to each other, for brothers. They'd seem to be in earnest conversation, Bourland doing most of the talking, till somebody else joined them, then he would shut up. Many a man voiced his wonder at the way Alex could stand his brother; some thought he humored him, kidded him along, but, then, Alex could do that to almost anybody. He never seemed to get used to the Bourland stuff. "J. B." was the closest he ever came to it. "J. B.," he'd say, and maybe his eyes would twinkle; it was hard to say. Anyhow, he had no monopoly on the amusement, in public, at any rate. Bourland would frequently look at him in a way that suggested kindly condescension or fatherly tolerance.

IT'S a known fact that, after they got to medical school, Bourland virtually dragged his brother through the chemistry courses and perhaps others also. Bourland was in his third year then, and was making a good record for himself, after a bad start. You've heard of those medical students who faint at their first dissection or racy lecture. Well, Bourland was one. But he was back again the next day, white-faced and self-conscious and haughtier than ever. It's not on record that he has ever fainted since.

What ever made him think of being a doctor? That's hard to say. Liked analysis. Liked scientific work, liked exactness, precision; possibly thought he'd find these things here. His father had been a doctor, of course, but Bourland was certainly more like his mother. She'd been an artist, in a refined, ladylike, uncommercial way. Maybe he considered the alternative of quitting and going to work in a broker's office. Maybe he used his own dainty expressions to say to himself, "I'm not going to let this thing throw me." He didn't; he was graduated in the first third of his class, and promptly got a job in Washington with the Pure Food Bureau. A research job. It didn't involve contacts with people, or saying, "Stick out your tongue; say 'Ah.'"

Perhaps he was pretty lonesome in Washington. He wasn't so old—twenty-five; he didn't have much money, very little more than he'd had at school; he wasn't deluged with social invitations, despite his eminent correctness. He'd do his eight hours of food analysis and bulletin preparation, and then eat his solitary dinner and go home. Go home to read, to do chess problems, to get on with his embroidery, maybe. Somebody certainly told the story that he wore a mandarin bath robe around the house.

His reading wasn't medical books. It was philosophy, memoirs, foreign travel, belles-lettres. He didn't care for fiction, except the fiction of Anatole France or Flaubert or De Maupassant, and he wouldn't have been found dead reading them in English. There wasn't any fiction in America, he said. Well, Edith Wharton, yes; Edgar Saltus, possibly. And no author ever made more than one error in grammar, for Bourland; one slip and he'd go on the Index.

THUS his life continued, with a handsome raise of two hundred dollars a year, while his brother Alex was breaking his neck trying to get through the medical school without him. Oh, he got through, all right; was graduated well down in the last third of his class. Then, after six months on the back of an ambulance whose route was principally South Boston, Alex decided that he'd like to see the case that would stump him. So he set out for Bridgeport, or Norwich—it doesn't matter which—they're not so different, except that there are more sailors in Norwich. Call it Bridgeport.

He wasn't lonely; probably never was lonely in his life. Didn't have much money. Didn't starve to death either, or lack for amusement. Got this little case and that little case. People began to notice him; he was a stock figure for a small-town doctor—big, red-faced, firm of foot, self-confident. He was a rough-and-tumble general practitioner, but he was a born doctor all the same, and he loved his job.

At the advanced age of twenty-seven he became engaged to the daughter of one Gates, who, during the summer time, was proprietor of what is known as a pitch-till-you-win in the A-B-C Carnivals. A pitch-till-you-win is not entirely a game of chance. It's a quick-lunch restaurant, serving hot dogs and ear corn and hamburgers and 35-cent meals. They say there's a man who has the Polo Grounds concession who's made a million at it. He's the only one.

Molly Gates had the figure of a spear carrier and the boisterousness of a blizzard. She didn't have a nickel, and she was a lady only in the technical sense. Alex picked her up on the streets of Bridgeport, so it is rumored. Well, he picked up a prize. It ruined him; it put him in a treadmill; it stopped his chance of ever being anything but an overworked M. D. What of it?

Naturally, Bourland didn't think the engagement was good news. His first horrifying intimation of it came in a hectic telegram from his Aunt Agatha, and an overcasual letter from Alex which followed did not reassure him. Straightaway he left the bacteria to shift for themselves, and set out for

Bridgeport to protest against the approaching nuptials: to cajole, to plead, nay, to forbid them.

Alex listened to him patiently quite a while. At last, after working through the slow and the majestic passages, the old family name, the prospects, the ruining of the career and what not, Bourland made the error of galloping too fast to the finale. He said something slighting about Molly Gates. The most complimentary remark concerning her in his Aunt Agatha's telegram had been that she was a snake charmer. She never had been, any more than she was any of the other things imagined by a prim old lady, but Aunt Agatha had conveyed an impression to Bourland, and he made use of an injudicious word.

That was enough. Alex knew a few words himself. He too said a lot of things he might have left unsaid. But there was only one of them that kept beating into the brain of his brother for days and years afterward. It was the last thing *he* remembered hearing Alex say, for they never met again.

Snob. Dirty little snob. Womanish little snob. Rotten snob. Profane snob. Obscene snob. All delivered in his brother's high, carrying voice.

He never knew how he got out of Alex's cheap little office. He remembered walking down the street and looking for the nearest saloon. Got to have a drink, he told himself. Got to get a drink, quick. Feel sick. . . . Then he must have had the good sense to take a drawing-room on the Central; he recalled the conductor coming in and being sympathetic while he told him about his little brother. Fancy that; how drunk he must have been—a conductor!

ALL of the Ansons were at Alex's wedding except Bourland and his Aunt Agatha. She was too ill to come, it was explained.

Perhaps she was. She died the following January, and her will was something of a surprise. Most of the money went to a hospital for crippled children, *with the stipulation that the name Jasper B. Anson be placed over the door.* It had formerly been called the Hospice of the Pitiful Saviour. She left her loving nephew, James Bourland Anson, the income from a trust fund, amounting to $5,200 a year. To her nephew, Alexander B. Anson, she left the sum of $5, and explained her reasons; the law gives the testator that droll privilege, it appears.

Whereupon Bourland promptly resigned his position in Washington and went to live in the celebrated capitals of Europe. He tried to forget that he had ever been Dr. J. Bourland Anson, and not without success.

IT WASN'T long before he could distinguish the difference, say, between Romano-Conti, 1902, and Champagne-fine, 1802. He knew all the six good pictures in the Louvre and which of the lions in St. Marks had the most mutilated ears. He could tell you whether Rip was better than Rops or Cami than Sem. He could whistle twelve different Strauss waltzes and never confuse one with another and he could hum whole bars of Debussy and Ravel. In short he became a connoisseur of all the melancholy arts. To make an end, he was even writing familiar essays and sending them hopefully to the better magazines.

Was he happy? With all this, was he happy? Why, sure, he was; at least, he was as happy as an intelligent man can be. Nothing too much—not too much liquor, or food, or music, or reading.

No grand passion disturbed him. He was interested only in unusual women, and not one such ever gave him a coy glance. After he realized this it saved him a lot of trouble. He had few friends of either sex, and it didn't seem to annoy him. His manners had lost their appearance of effort; he no longer suggested a poseur. Some of his acquaintances surmised that he was a bank cashier who had skipped from the United States with the contents of the till.

And in the meanwhile Alex B. Anson, M. D., was having one, two, three, four children. He had office hours from 9 to 12, and from 6 to 9 in the evening, and they were crowded. Alex could distinguish between Milwaukee, 1914, and Hoboken, 1924, with the needles in it. He could recognize pictures of Clara Bow and Lillian Gish. He read the Lancet and the Bridgeport News, and he never wrote anything but prescriptions.

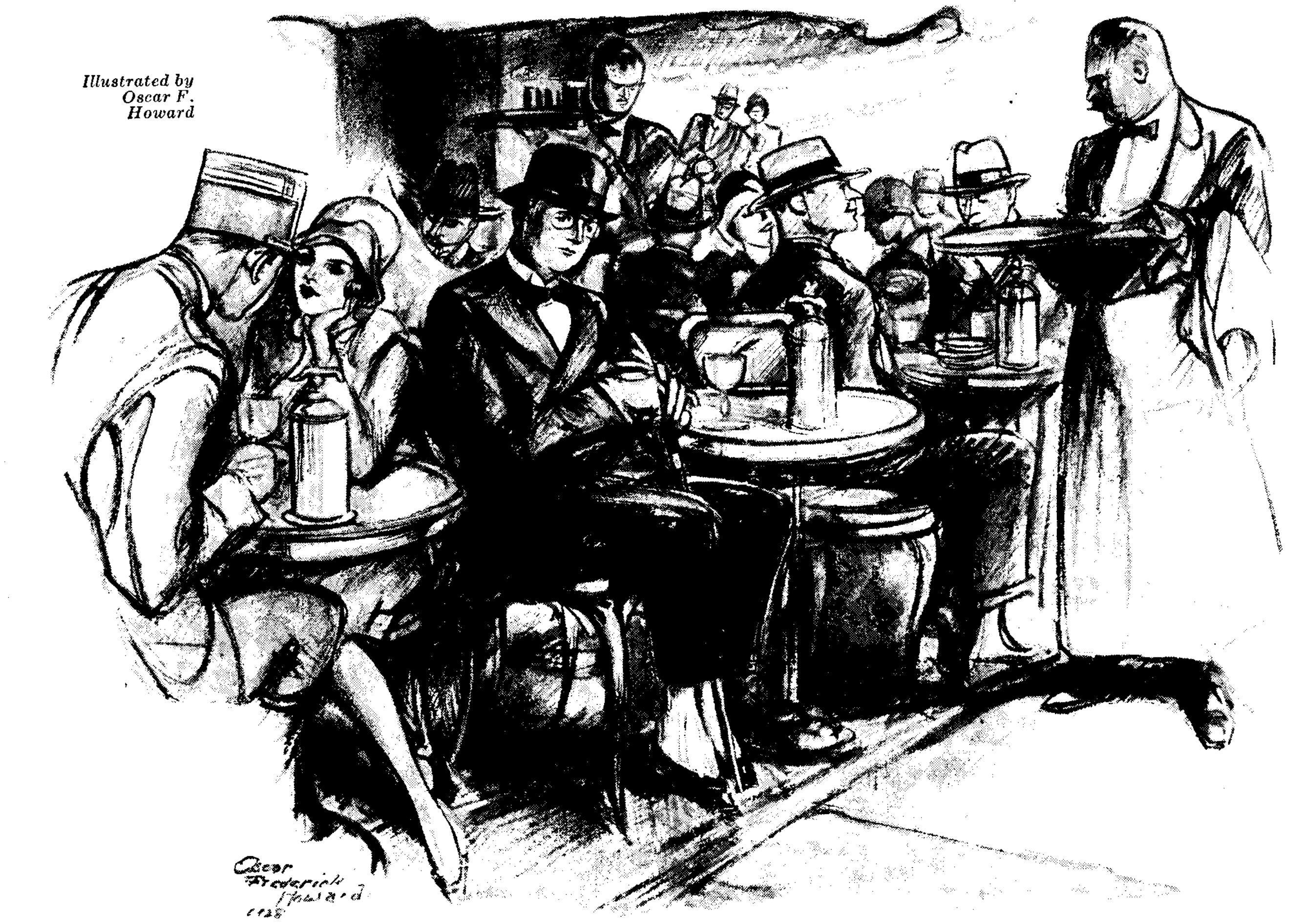
He could also discuss critically the question: Who has the best left hand and the sweetest right cross among the bantams, lightweights, middleweights and welters? He never went to see the big boys; he knew better. When he went clomping down the street, dozens of people would say, "Hello, Doc," and grin, and he wondered whether the time would ever come when he'd cease to get a kick out of lifting a telephone receiver and hearing that rising voice that means relief in an anxious wife or father: "Dr. Anson speaking"; "O-h—Doctor!"

For, "Oh, Doctor," was the reënforcements, all right, the regulars galloping up. He may not have been much in the medical school, but he was a wow with his little black bag or without it. He was making $8,000 a year, or clearing it above the bad debts, and he was spending it with his husky, rough-house carnival wife and his two sons and his two daughters, one of whom looked a lot like her uncle Bourland, whom they'd never seen.

If you lived near by, you could tell when the doc came home, when his afternoon calls were over, just by listening. Molly Anson had a voice that was trained outdoors, and all of the Bridgeport Ansons spoke as if someone in the house were deaf. They laughed the same way. The whole family looked like an ad for yeast cakes, and there was scarcely room for them in the car on Sunday afternoons.

When Molly Anson said "The Doctor," she said it as the poor relations of a city magistrate say "The Judge." It was only when they were by themselves that she'd say "Old pill roller"—and she'd say it much deeper in her throat. Alex never said a smarter thing in his life than he did the day when he said, "Ah, there," to her, in front of a Bridgeport butcher's shop.

Illustrated by Oscar F. Howard



He went to Paris and tried to divert himself

Well, at the age of thirty-six, Alex died. He killed himself. Killed himself by getting out of bed nights, by not going to bed nights, by working four hours, six hours, eight hours at a stretch until someone's Little Stranger arrived, by answering telephones, by being "right over."

That's the way they do. It's a fine thing to see them, with a beard on them that they haven't had time to shave, and their poor little handful of dirty bills, and their cheerful air, the minute they get a chance to relax. It's a fine thing to see a man and know that he's just come off watch, and these babies never take their side arms off. Lots of them love to play cards, and they'll sneak in and play a few hands when they can. Tinkle-tinkle. "Dr. Doe? Is Dr. Doe in the club?" Slap go Doc's cards. . . . "Dr. Doe speaking. . . . Yes. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Hot water bags, uh-huh. . . . Oh, sure. . . . Be right over." . . . "Good-by, boys"—and over he goes, and no band plays for him. What a job for a man!

Yes. Dr. Alex killed himself, all right. He's only one.

THE news came to Bourland in Vienna. It upset him a good deal. So much so that he got drunk three or four times in the next week, which was by no means his habit. You see, it was one of those things that Bourland had been trying for years, for all his life, to avoid. Drink takes the edge off introspection for some people. Here came his brother, his dead brother, knocking at his door.

"Let me in, J. B. You let me in. It's me, it's Alex. . . ." "Nonsense," said Bourland. "It's all right, it's nothing, have a little drink, Bourland, have another drink."

On the eighth day he went to Paris and tried to divert himself. One week later he sailed for New York. He didn't stay there any longer than it took to get the next train for Bridgeport.

He had to look up his brother's address in the phone book. Maple Street. A large woman dressed in black opened the door for him.

"I'm—I'm Alex's brother," he said. He had been very pale; now his cheeks were splotched suddenly with color.

She put out her hand. "Yes. Come in, Jim," she said. " 'Ja bring your bag?"

"No. I—huh—"

"Oh."

"I haven't got any bag. I came right over," he said. Bourland wouldn't have traveled from New York to Brooklyn without a bag.

"I was wondering if you'd come," she said. "Come in— Uh. My name's Molly, Jim."

"Yes." He blushed again. "Well—I—I came to see how things are."

"Well, I'm awfully glad to s— glad you've come. There's a couple of things—you might like to have. Chemistry books, with your name in 'em, that you gave to Alex." She said Alex quite firmly, almost achieving casualness.

"I—not now, please. Not now. Later on."

"Sure. Byme by." She looked at him suddenly. "I didn't know you were, uh, uh— Well," she went on hastily, "the children will be in soon. My goodness, they're getting so big—Jim's in the fourth grade."

"Jim?"

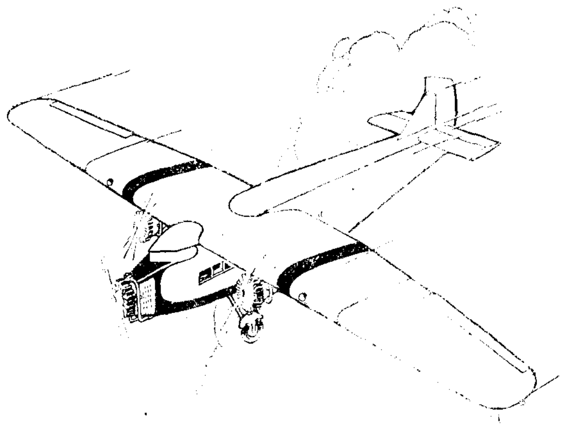
"Yes. He's the oldest. That was your father's name, wasn't it? He's the oldest, and there's Alex and Molly and Annabelle."

"Annabelle," said Bourland to himself. "Oh! Why, this woman is trying to make this easy for me. She's trying to put me at my ease. 'I didn't know you were fond of Alex'—is that what she was going to say? I wonder—"

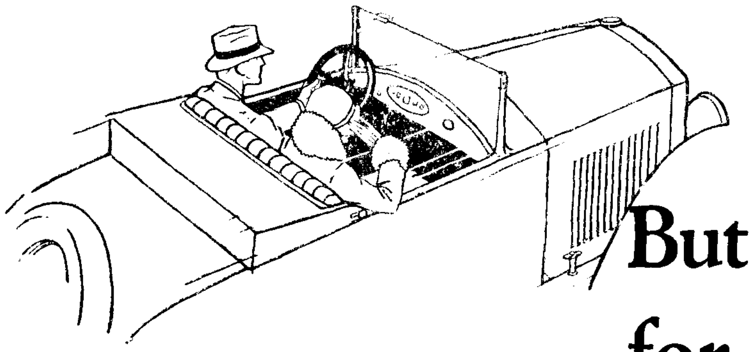
(*Continued on page 62*)

Your car isn't an airplane–

It isn't a laboratory–



It isn't a specially-adjusted racer–



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There, in your own crankcase, let the New Mobiloil tell its own story, and stand or fall on its performance *for you.*

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Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

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GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Mr. Hoover asked for More

By Mary E. Rattley

LOREN STOUT

Mrs. Rattley, genial product of South Maryland, has ruled over the Hoover kitchen for eight years and she knows how to prepare the dishes that will tickle a Presidential palate. If you'd like a meal literally fit for a President, try some of these

I CALL it Mr. Hoover's Favorite Breakfast Omelet. The only way I know he likes it more than other dishes is that he eats more of it. A cook doesn't have to have an engraved testimonial to assure her that her choice of dishes and her preparation of dishes pleases.

In the years I've worked in Washington I've cooked for a number of distinguished personages and I enjoy doing it. The bigger they are, the easier they are to please. For seven years I've been cook for Mr. and Mrs. Hoover and the only time Mr. Hoover even approached anything like criticism was when he sent word one day that he liked his eggs boiled a little harder; he doesn't like them soft.

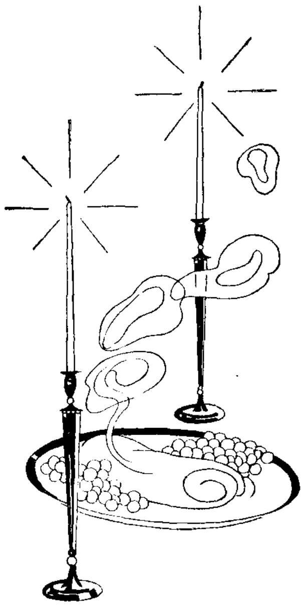
I like cooking. Always have. Before I went to work I studied domestic science and since then I've always been on the lookout for suggestions for dishes or improving old ones. It's kind of fun working out new ways, yourself, and nice ways of garnishing dishes and making them look pretty.

One of Mr. Coolidge's Favorites

Now you take Mr. Hoover's Favorite Breakfast Omelet. That's a ham omelet, that I make right out of my head, and it's different from the way most people make ham omelets.

Here's the way:

Take two teacups of minced ham. Heat slowly in a buttered pan on top of the stove. Beat six eggs, all together, have a buttered pan hot and put in the eggs. Cook slowly and set in a hot oven for about three minutes. Take out and fold in one half of the ham in the center of the omelet. Roll over very carefully until it is the size of a good-sized bottle. Garnish with the remainder of the ham around it. Pour a little melted butter over the top *and send to the table at once.*



Promptness in serving dishes is important. You don't want to let anything stand around too long; that spoils a great many otherwise well-prepared dishes. I never have any trouble with that because the Hoovers are always so punctual at their meals—especially Mr. Hoover.

Would you like to know my recipe for Maryland Broiled Shad—one of Mr. Coolidge's favorites?

Here it is:

Take one Potomac shad free from bones (I'm not going to tell you how to bone a shad; any good cook knows how and I'm trying to confine this little article to all new recipes and my own). Place the shad in hot buttered pan. Salt and pepper to taste. Place roe with the shad. Spot with bits of butter. Baste with chicken stock that has been well boiled down to make it good and strong. Broil slowly until very brown and place in the oven for ten minutes. Baste with the stock that remains in the pan. Garnish with parsley and lemon and serve immediately.

I said that Mr. Coolidge liked Maryland shad. How do you suppose I knew that? Well, when you work as a cook in Washington circles there are ways of finding out the tastes of different distinguished persons whom your employers are likely to entertain. The butlers who work around at the different houses as extra help for dinner parties are the best source. They tell me what dishes the different important people favored at meals which they served. It's sort of like a game trying to keep your records straight and complete.

And what dinners we serve! They're pretty elaborate affairs sometimes. And a cook has to know not only how to make different dishes but how to balance her menus. Here is the menu of a dinner we served at the Hoover home one night when the Coolidges were guests:

Wide World

Mrs. Mary E. Rattley jots down one of her famous menus

Consommé
Curled Celery
Rolled Toast and Salted Almonds
Brook Trout with Tartare Sauce
White Potato Curls
Cucumber Aspic
Chicken Supreme with Spanish Rice
Sweet Potato Croquettes
Grassed Beans Clarified Apples
Hearts of Lettuce and Assorted Cheese
Toasted Crackers
Vanilla Ice Cream in Molds
Pink Crystal Pears
Homemade Pound Cake
Candies, Fruits and Coffee

There is a cucumber and whipped-cream sauce that I make which goes well with the shad recipe.

This is the way I make it:

Chop one large fresh cucumber. (Don't grate it—grating makes it too watery.) Drain it in a wire sieve until quite dry. Have ready one and one-half cups of whipped cream to which you have added one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vinegar and two tablespoons sugar. When ready to serve, add the cucumber, folding it in carefully. That's the most delicious sauce you ever tasted with fish. I call it jokingly my "Black Cow" sauce, because it seems a funny combination yet it turns out so well, like the joke about a black cow eating green grass and giving white milk!

Mr. Hoover is very fond of Virginia Ham. Here's my recipe:

Select a Virginia ham, not too old. Soak a night and a day. Scrub and scour thoroughly and place in a ham boiler, skin side down. Cover with cold water. Add two cups of brown sugar, two whole carrots and two cups of vinegar. Bring to a boil and push back on the fire so that it will boil very slowly. Cook until the skin puffs on the back a little, remove from the fire and let stand in the water until nearly cold. Remove skin, trim off fat, rub with homemade currant jelly, sprinkle with cloves and very fine bread crumbs. Brown in the oven about ten minutes and serve hot or cold.

Now for a dessert cake by way of a finish. This I call Perfect Cake—and it *is*, when it's properly made. You can serve it in twenty-five different combinations. First you take two eggs, one-third cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup milk, two small cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla extract.

Cream the butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs together, adding milk and flour alternately (the baking powder, of course, has been sifted in with the flour) and last add the stiff-beaten whites of the eggs. Turn it into a well-buttered round mold and bake for thirty-five minutes in a slow oven.

One way of serving this cake is to fill the center with whipped cream and pour hot chocolate sauce over the whole thing. Or you can put fruits in the center if you prefer.

I don't like to close without telling you my recipe for Clarified Apples:

Take one quart of granulated sugar, three pints of water, the shredded rind of one orange and one lemon. Boil until it hairs. Have ready eight delicious apples. Pare and cut each apple in four parts, cut with a fancy knife and place in syrup. Cook slowly until the color of gold, add the juice of one lemon and one orange and serve cold on a flat dish with kumquat roses in the center and green leaves around it.

This makes a delicious and very beautiful dish served with chicken, turkey or lamb.

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Buick leadership is leadership that lasts!

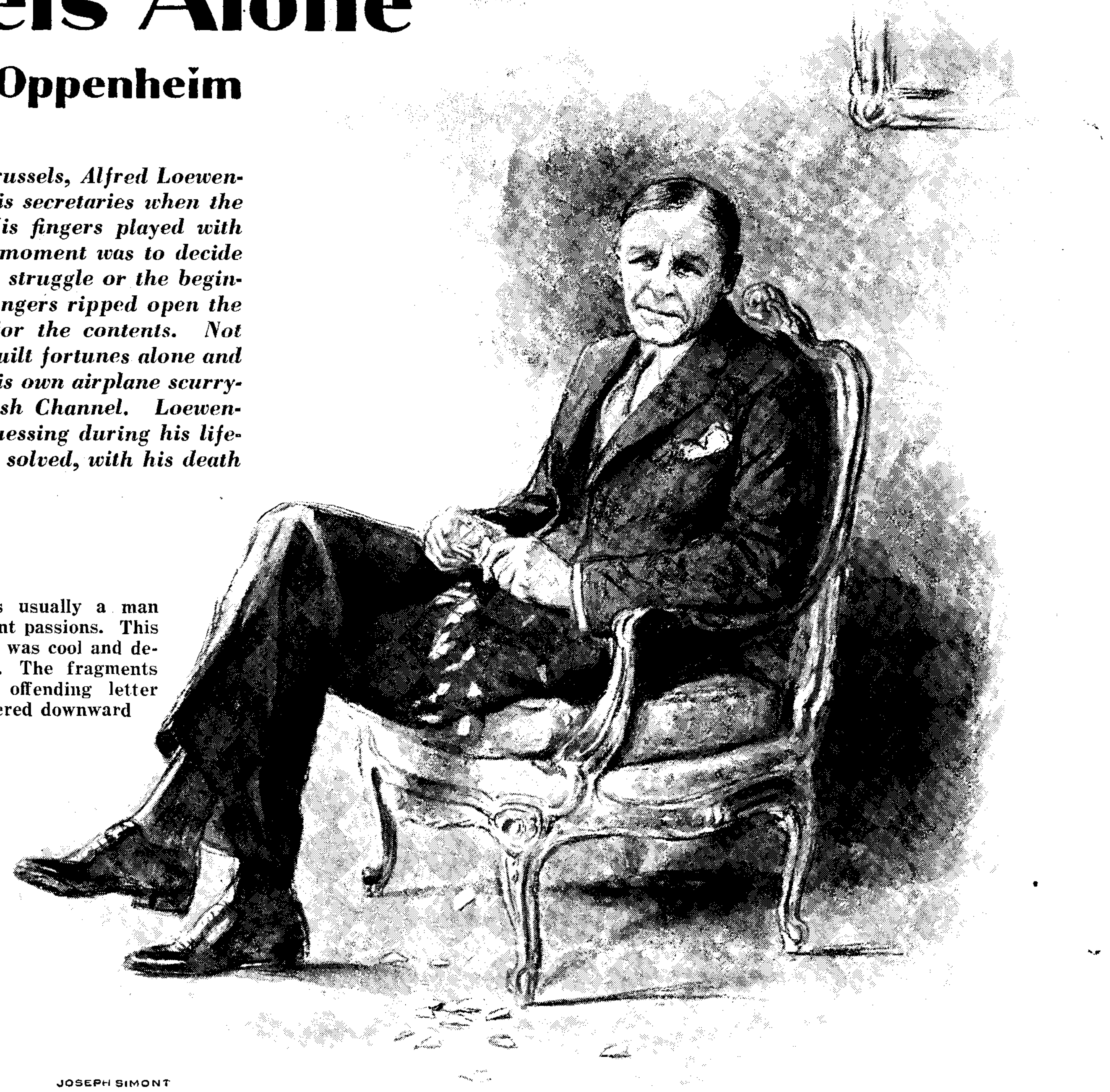
Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Who Travels Alone

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

In a room of his great mansion in Brussels, Alfred Loewenstein sat alone. He had dismissed his secretaries when the messenger brought in the letter. His fingers played with the seal. What he was to read in a moment was to decide whether this was the end of his great struggle or the beginning of fresh triumphs. His blunt fingers ripped open the envelope. A glance was sufficient for the contents. Not many hours later this man who had built fortunes alone and unaided dropped into the sea from his own airplane scurrying across the clouds over the English Channel. Loewenstein had set a good many persons guessing during his lifetime; he left the world a riddle to be solved, with his death



He was usually a man of violent passions. This time he was cool and deliberate. The fragments of the offending letter fluttered downward

III

THERE is no doubt whatever that as he neared the end of his career Alfred Loewenstein, although he was still a great figure in the world of finance, was forced to realize the fact that his successes had been bought at the sacrifice of a good deal of personal popularity. He possessed amazing gifts of concentration, of persuasion, of perseverance, but he was impatient and rude to those whom he failed to convince, and had not the slightest sympathy with those who were unable to quickly follow his own particular train of reasoning. The other fellow's point of view meant nothing to him. He saw only his own side of the question.

Lack of agreement, even on a disputable point, was an offense to him. He gave way frequently to violent outbursts of anger. One of the most recent of these was when he quarreled with his fellow directors of the Sidro Company as to the prospects and possibilities of Brazilian Traction—a famous and successful company, long before it came under his control. He lost the day, and for once the resilience of his mentality failed him. He went away to a Continental spa, accompanied by his physician, and he was, without a doubt, for a short time on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him—a new scheme for the merging of two companies, hitherto at loggerheads. Away went his cables in every direction. Within 24 hours, he was surrounded by his usual entourage of secretaries and typists. The threatened nervous attack passed as though by magic. The foundations were being laid for another huge combine, and Loewenstein was himself again.

A Genial Thunderbolt

During the last few months of his life, Alfred Loewenstein was to face once more something in the nature of a serious reverse. He found himself often hampered in the operations which he conducted in his own city by a rival bank of at least equal standing to his own. He had been so successful as a merger of industrial companies that he conceived the idea of an amalgamation with the bank in question. It was probably one of the most unwise schemes upon which he ever embarked.

He must have known that he had little to offer in the way of inducement, but his amazing self-confidence triumphed over his judgment, and he set forward his propositions. He not only set them forth, but he failed to do what any prudent man would have done—keep them secret. The news must be known, and whispered about the Bourse! Loewenstein's was to become the senior bank of the city. The more he pondered upon the idea, the more it dazzled him.

Without his being in any way embarrassed, the time had certainly arrived when he needed money, and here was a marvelous way of helping himself to whatever he required. He did not even take trouble to make friends with the directors, with some of whom he had quarreled in earlier days. Secretaries consulted ledgers, and brought him sheaves of figures. The typewriters clicked. Loewenstein dictated his terms, keeping copies which were actually handed to his friends. The genial thunderbolt was launched in the shape of an official visit to the bank in question.

The result must have done more than anything else in life to strike a mortal blow to Loewenstein's undoubted vanity. His proposals were firmly, even bluntly, rejected. There was no question of terms, no debate as to conditions. In plain words, the reply was simply this—that an amalgamation with the House of Loewenstein would not be considered. The directors of the bank, to his bitter disappointment and unrestrained anger, refused to even discuss his proposals with either himself or his agents.

The morning when the great courtyard gates of the Loewenstein mansion in Brussels rolled open to receive the messenger in the familiar livery of the Brussels Bank, bringing with him that fatal sealed envelope, was perhaps a psychological climax of Alfred Loewenstein's life. With possibly some premonition of what that envelope might contain, he motioned away the two secretaries and the typist who were in the room. Even when he was alone, one may imagine that his fingers lingered for a moment around the seal.

The Uncrowned Money King

What he was to read as soon as his fingers had torn open the envelope was to decide whether this was the beginning of the end of his great struggle, or the beginning of fresh triumphs.

Some gift of that second sight which even the least psychic of us are supposed to possess at rare intervals might have come to him at that supreme moment. He may have seen himself the uncrowned money king of the world, the envied and commanding figure in every bourse in Europe and America, the Jehovah of social and financial life—Alfred Loewenstein, to greet whom even kings stretched out their hands.

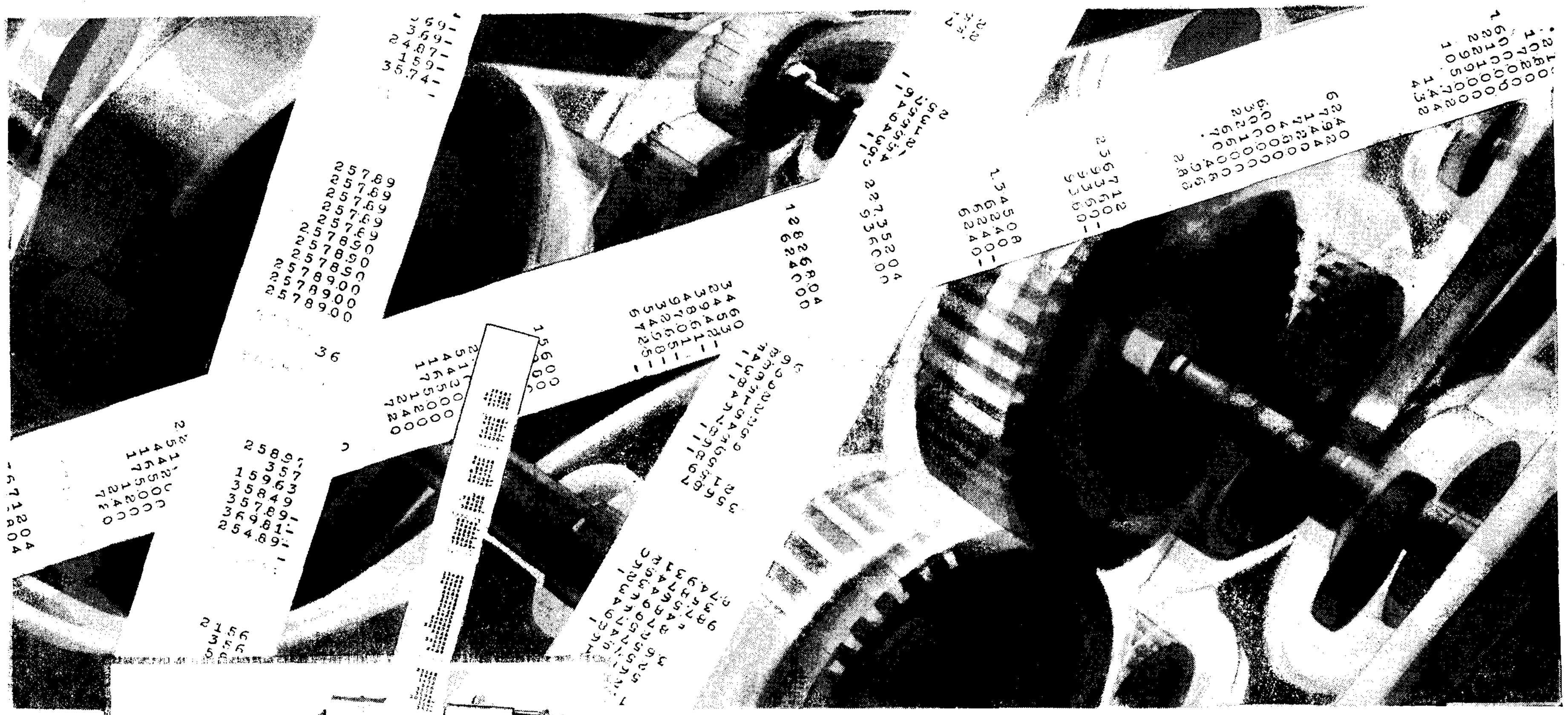
He would sweep round Europe and across to America, collecting his tribute, building up—always building up—always accepting the homage of the men whom he had passed by the way, never forgetting the men who had sought in earlier days to pull the ladder from beneath his feet.

A knock at the door! He made no reply—a sign that he was not to be disturbed—but the train of his thoughts was broken. He was back in the aching uncertainty of the present. His blunt fingers tore open the seal. He drew out the stiff, broad sheet of paper, and he read, even at a glance, the message which, unless a miracle occurred, must mean his doom. He was usually a man of violent passions. This time he was cool and deliberate. He tore into small pieces the offending letter. The fragments fluttered downward.

Perhaps it was a vision of his wife crossing the lawn which inspired him, and his courage for a moment flamed up. A parcel of brainless, unimaginative plodders along the broad ways of finance! Were they to check him in his progress? He was still Alfred Loewenstein. He was still the man of miracles. A few more added to the list of his enemies upon whose head retribution some day should fall! What did it matter? There were other gold mines to tap, other paths which would lead him to the coveted place. He would show them! He was still Alfred Loewenstein, still the great money conjuror of Europe. A fig for them all!

He touched lightly four times the ivory bell button which stood upon his study table. The appointed secretary glided in. Without words, he placed a long slip in his employer's hand. Loewenstein read in silence the terse, typewritten comment which headed the list of figures. He read the first:

(*Continued on page 24*)



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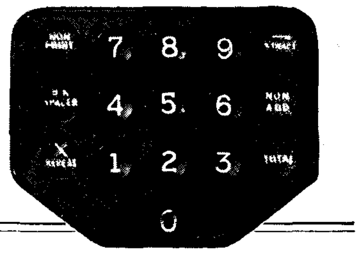

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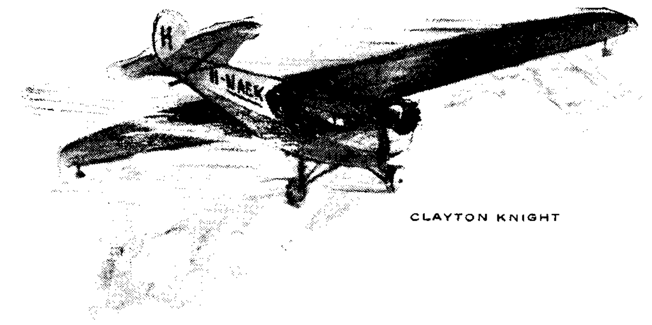

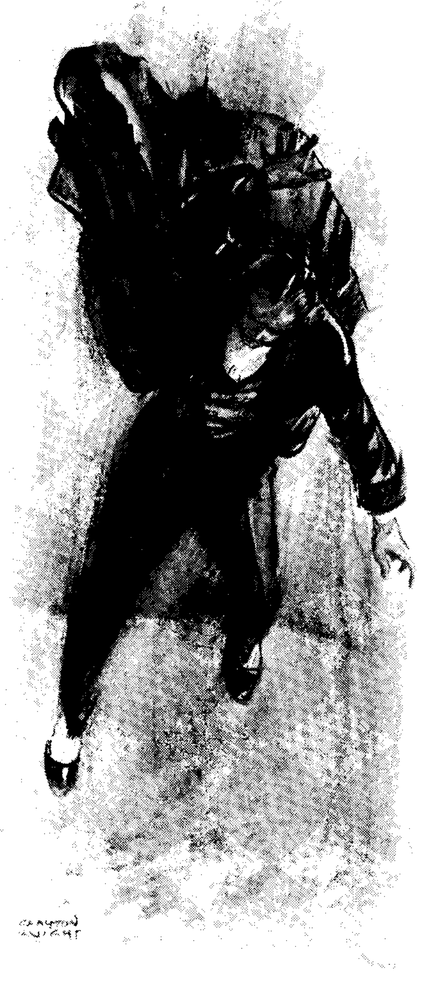

Off on his terrible quest, all dreams and fears dead in those first seconds

BERLIN—Considerable weakness was shown from the opening of the markets in Loewenstein securities.

International Holdings declined ten points, and Hydroelectrics four, on account of rumors of financial trouble in Brussels.

He crumpled up the slip, and turned to the next one, also handed to him by the pale-faced young man without comment:

LONDON—International Holdings and Hydroelectrics were the weaker openings of the market.

Persistent selling from Brussels is causing considerable anxiety.

Firm prices are difficult to obtain as jobbers are shy of dealings; International Holdings may be reckoned ten points down and Hydroelectrics five.

The young man silently handed up the last slip. It also was translated into English for Loewenstein, though an excellent linguist, preferred all financial news in one language:

PARIS—The Bourse opened amidst considerable excitement. Owing to disquieting rumors from Brussels, and adverse selling in London, International Holdings and Hydroelectrics dropped heavily.

The Farewell Visit

The last of the slips! Loewenstein's type of courage was, after all, of the bull-dog quality. His little exclamation as he waved the young man away was almost contemptuous.

"We'll send buying orders out later in the day," he announced. "Telephone to the airdrome for a ship at three o'clock. I shall need a full staff."

Two hours later, Loewenstein crossed the Channel to England. At Croydon he was met either by his agent or a representative of the banking house who dealt with his affairs in England. The greater part of the next day he spent in the city. There was a certain amount of routine work always to be done on his frequent visits, which he accomplished in his usual methodical manner. In the evening he traveled to Leicestershire, and spent most of the following day going round his stables.

It is significant of the man, in the light of later happenings, that he should have chosen to spend his last complete day amongst the only surroundings which appealed to him outside his work. He had within the last few years spent a fortune in improvements upon the house, installing a private Turkish bath, and luxurious suites of apartments, in one wing for his guests, in another for his secretaries. He had laid out a private steeplechase course, two miles in length, upon a portion of the estate.

His airdrome, which was constructed in less than two months, was perfectly equipped, and the largest private one in the country. He had spared no money in any direction to make the place unique. He had even, for several years, leased the old Crofton Park race course from the Duke of Rutland. Notwithstanding all this reckless expenditure, however, there was a touch of the gewgaw quality about the whole establishment.

At night he dined with the Master of Hounds, Major Burnaby, at Baggrave Hall. His host's account of the visit is worth repeating in his own words:

"I have never seen Mr. Loewenstein in better form than he was on Sunday night," said Major Burnaby. "Contrary to his usual custom he talked throughout dinner. He was witty, and in jovial mood. He jokingly asked my advice on financial matters, as he usually did and he told me how successful the International Holdings had become notwithstanding fluctuations in price. He insisted upon it that the temporary slump was an affair of no consequence. He concluded with his invariable dictum—that International Holdings were an investment, not a speculation."

Yet at that moment the shares of the Hydroelectrics, the company, next to International Holdings, nearest to his heart, had fallen from 86 to 65, and were becoming almost unsalable. Today they stand at under 30. He affected to the end to disregard the falling markets all over the world. It was a brave gesture, but hardly a convincing one. At the back of his mind he must have realized that there was scarcely an important bank in London, Paris, Brussels, New York, or Berlin where the chiefs were not penciling out their calculations, watching the diminishing margins which meant the extinction of credit.

Alfred Loewenstein traveled up to town the next morning to meet with further bad news in every direction. He probably spent most of the day with his agent, and possibly in seclusion, for scarcely anyone in the city seems to have been aware of his presence. The attitude of the city must have seemed gloomy enough, for there were continual reports of heavy selling of the Loewenstein securities in Brussels and Paris, and rumors of financial disaster were to be heard on every side.

A Gallant Poseur

The few people with whom he came into contact during that fateful day—mostly business associates, and men whose sympathies at least were with him—speak continually of his cheerful demeanor. That was probably part of the innate courage of the man.

Just as he was a poseur before the world, in the exaggerations of his entourage, in his methods of traveling, in his flamboyant prodigality, so, in those days of looming disaster he was something of a poseur, although a gallant one, in the cheerfulness and *bonhomie* of his manner, his pressing invitation to the head of the firm of Sir Henry Holt, his agents in London, to spend the weekend with him in Brussels, his continual allusions to the slump as being universal, a useful weeding-out, a warning to speculators.

He seems to have been particularly careful, however, to have sent a message to a young lady, who was to have crossed with him in his airplane to spend a few days at his house in Brussels and visit the horse show with him, to cancel her visit. He mounted into the plane at Croydon with the hum of the city still in his ears, soon to be replaced by the roar of his engines.

He was alone now with his little retinue of secretaries and typists. The necessity for concealment was passed. His farewell smiles had left his mouth a little drawn, his face a little haggard. Nevertheless, there must have been relief in his mind. He was alone, to face his own problems, free from the curious eyes of a speculating world. He sat alone, and he sat close to the window. For the last time he looked down upon the great city, almost hidden under its pall of smoke—the city in which he had never been entirely popular, but in which he had achieved some of his greatest triumphs.

The Fateful Voyage

It was to be his farewell to the vital spots of life. Perhaps he knew it. There is always doubt.

Imagine that airship four thousand feet above the sea, a speck in the skies, the latest scientific achievement of man, tearing across the clouds, from one world's capital to another, at the bidding of its owner. There was nothing about the commencement of the voyage to indicate the terrible tragedy so close at hand. Alfred Loewenstein was traveling as no other man in the world has ever traveled, with all the paraphernalia with which he loved to surround himself—a French and English typist, his valet, his private secretary, his own pilot driving his own airplane. No one seems to have noticed anything unusual in his manner at the commencement of or during the voyage itself. One person seems to have spoken of a slight restlessness, but it was the man's nature to be restless, and the financial storm through which he was passing was certainly quite enough to have upset the nerves of even a stronger man. He left the saloon, naturally enough—and never reappeared. If only one could have hung upon the edge of a cloud within sight of the plane for the next few moments! Was there, perhaps, for a single second, a furtive glance through the window down toward the vast gulf below, a shuddering pause, the last effort of a master mind to grapple with the problem he was so soon to solve? Then a shoulder against the stoutly resisting door, through the merest crack of which must have come the sobbing and the roaring of the wind, drowning even the beat of the great engines. Last of all, the man himself, swaying for a moment upon that difficult threshold, then off on his terrible quest, his body hurtling through space, all dreams and fears dead in those first few seconds, a shapeless mass, falling through the clouds into the white-capped carpet of a merciless sea. The wheeling sea gulls may have seen, but no human being. Down into the trough of the sea went the body and brain of a man of great achievements, of great courage, whose manner of living in the world bore, after all, some curious similarity to his manner of leaving it.

(*Continued on page 64*)

DURANT

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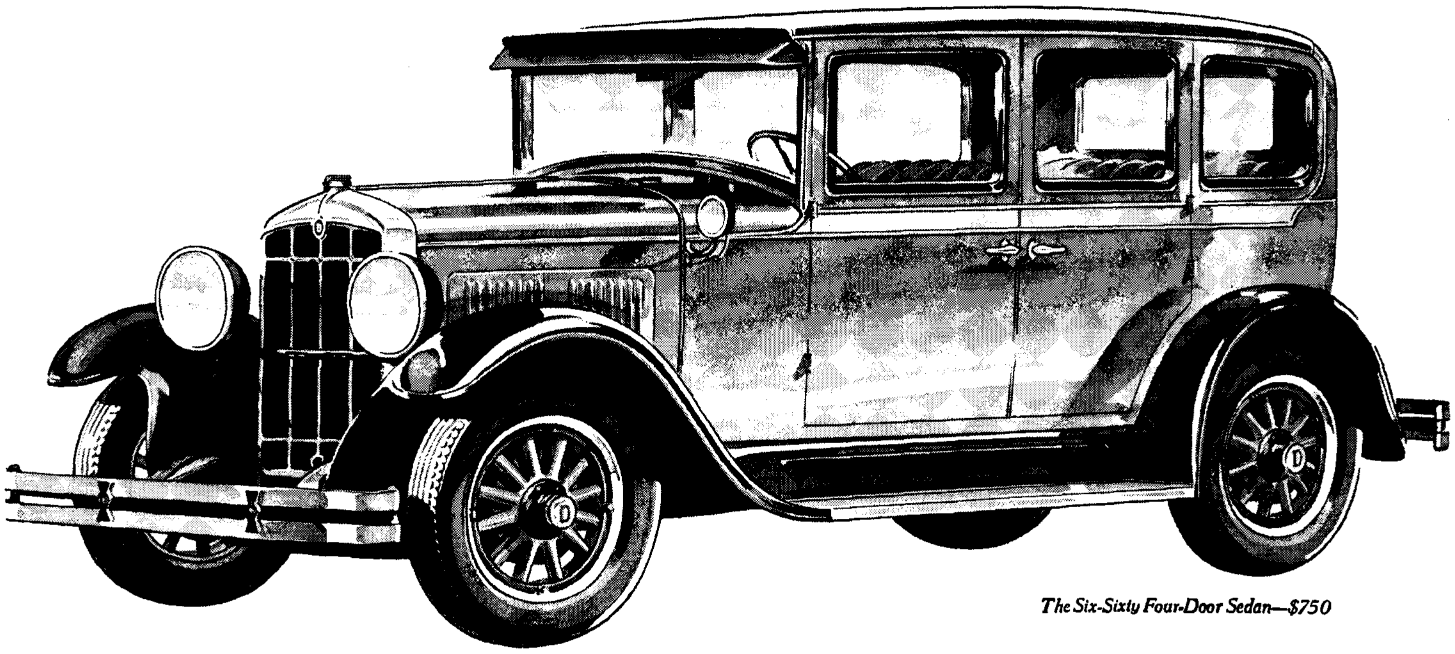

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The Four-Forty	- -	$595 and upward
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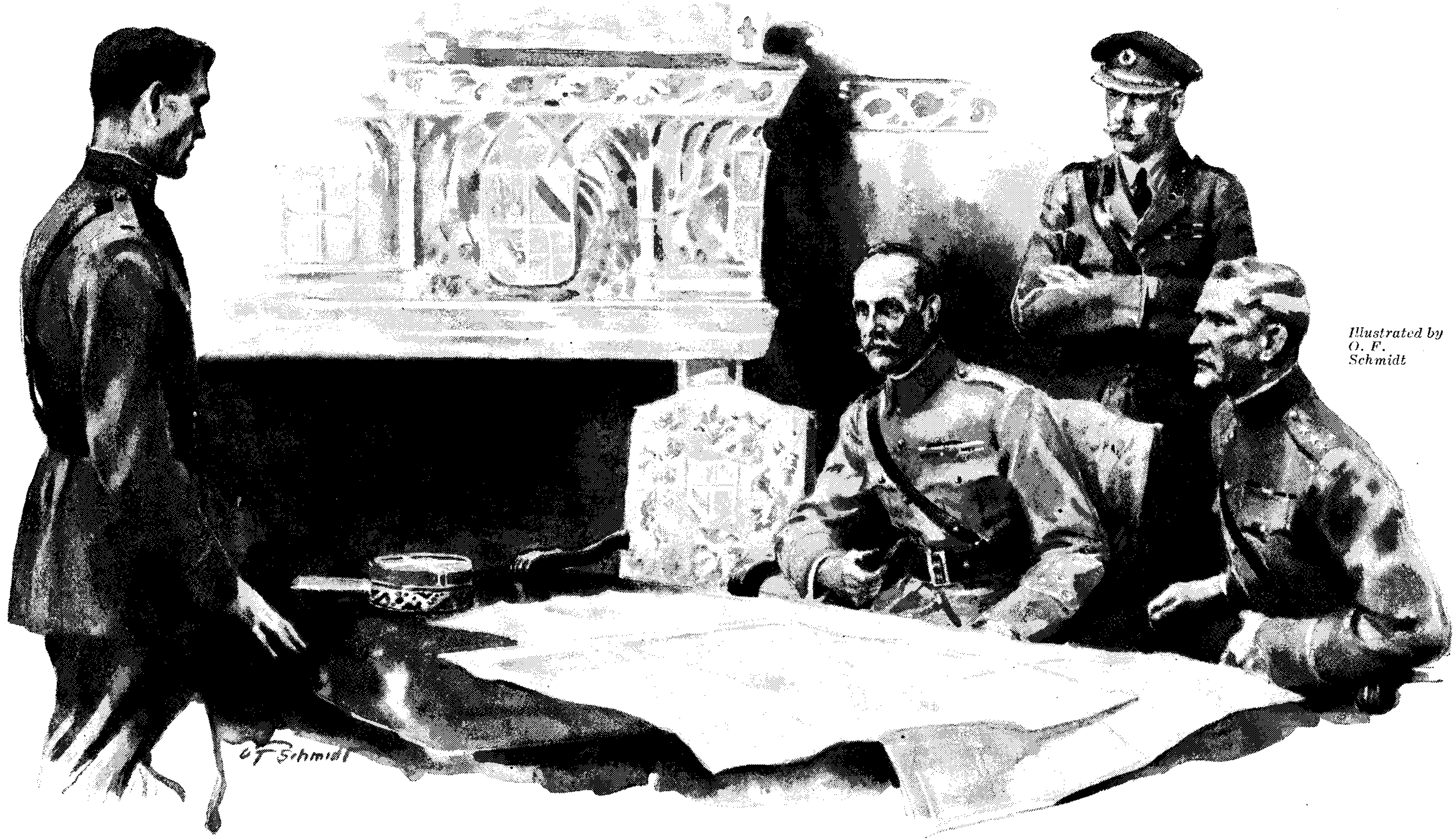


Delavan turned to Marshal Foch. "Yesterday I flew over the lines," he said. "The Germans are concentrating there in tremendous force"

Illustrated by
O. F.
Schmidt

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge, made by Captain Lastry, of striking a superior officer, Lastry himself, and cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and introduces him to his brother, Judge Henrichs, who is scheduled to be sent to Switzerland as head of the United States Intelligence there. The Judge offers Mill the job of preceding him and doing some advance work on his own.

At Judge Henrichs' home Mill meets Joyce Van Deusen, with whom he falls in love, and Baroness Mitzi von Seidler, a German spy though not apprehended.

In Switzerland Mill, because of his excellent German, gets an appointment to the German Intelligence and finds himself working with Mitzi. She thinks he is a German spy and in reality, of course, Mill is gaining information for the Judge.

For the next few months Mill gets himself into many a scrape, working for the Allies and pretending to work for the Germans until at last at Meaux, where an Allied conference is going on and Mitzi and Mill are supposed to be gaining information, Mill is arrested by Major Morin, a British officer whom he had taken prisoner to Germany really to keep him from giving information to Mitzi. Morin had escaped. Captain Lastry also arrives at this unfortunate moment looking for Lieutenant Anderson whom Mill is impersonating.

Joyce Van Deusen, at Meaux with the Red Cross, knows of Mill's arrest and takes for granted his execution as a spy.

Lastry and Morin take Mill to the Hotel de Ville where Lastry leaves them.

Conclusion

AFTER Lastry had left the Hotel de Ville, the clock on the wall of the office solemnly ticked for nearly a minute before Major Morin spoke again.

"I've just been reading your letter," he said to Delavan, "the one to Miss Van Deusen. You tell her that you have really been working for your own country—that Judge Henrichs will explain what you mean. The first statement, I think, we can take with a grain of salt. It's a very consoling sentiment for the lady to believe. But do you mind explaining, please, your reference to Judge Henrichs?"

At first Delavan didn't care whether he explained or not. But then he guessed that the major might not, and probably would not, deliver his letter if he thought it contained any hidden message.

"Judge Henrichs is an old friend of mine—in New York," he said.

"But how could he explain your statement to Miss Van Deusen?" persisted the major.

"Because he was chosen by the Secretary of War to take charge of the Intelligence Department over here," Dell patiently replied. "And because he sent me ahead to make preliminary report of what the Germans were doing in Switzerland."

"Where is he now?" asked the major quickly. "Can you get in touch with him?"

"His appointment wasn't confirmed," said Delavan more patiently than before. "Miss Van Deusen told me this the other day. And so I became a Secret Service worker without a superior officer—a dangerous occupation, as you see."

"Well, I'm damned!" muttered the major to himself.

"Why?" asked Delavan, raising his head—his voice—for the first time.

"BECAUSE for a moment—just for one fleeting moment, mind you—call it weakness if you wish—I felt inclined to believe you."

"I don't wonder that the moment passed," said Dell, catching his first glimpse of hope. With added life in his voice, he continued, "But let me tell you first why I was thrown out of the American army. Because, you see, everything follows from that."

Tacked on the wall was a small sign "*Tarif des Pemis*"—about as large as a playing card. Delavan removed the tack and as though by magic the card disappeared.

"You see?" he said, showing how he had concealed it between the backs of two fingers. "Now you see it—and now you don't. No matter how quickly I turn my hand, I can keep the card out of your sight. When I was in the army, I sometimes amused the mess with this, and other card tricks.

"The night they said I was cheating, Lastry was also in the game. We had previously had a row. He was a grafter, and I let him see that I knew it—"

"Pardon me; a 'grafter'?"

"Yes; he would approve anything for a manufacturer if he were paid for it. That night, he was drinking—some syrupy drink that smelt of burnt orange peel—"

"Curaçao," nodded the major.

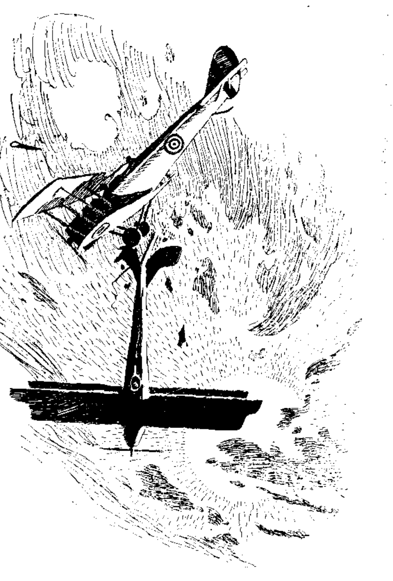
"Whatever it was, it was sticky. It got on the cards," continued Delavan. "In poker, you probably know, a hand consists of five cards. I thought I had a winning hand. But two of my cards were stuck together, and instead of having five cards I had six. Lastry called me a cheat, and I nearly killed him. But—well—they knew I could do tricks with cards—and I wasn't popular like Lastry—with his easy money and his ready drinks."

"I thought he seemed unusually eager to have you shot," nodded the major.

"And that's how I left the army. Judge Henrichs, though, knew I wasn't cheating and he suggested that I work for him in Switzerland. I made friends with the German Intelligence people there. They thought I was bitter against America because of my dismissal from the service—and, the first thing I knew, I was in Germany, getting a line of interesting data ready for the Judge when he should arrive—"

"BUT just a moment now—just a moment, please," interrupted the major. "Will you explain in simple language, without any palming of words or sticking together of sentences, how you thought you were serving the Judge by kidnaping a British major, knocking him on the

(*Continued on page 51*)



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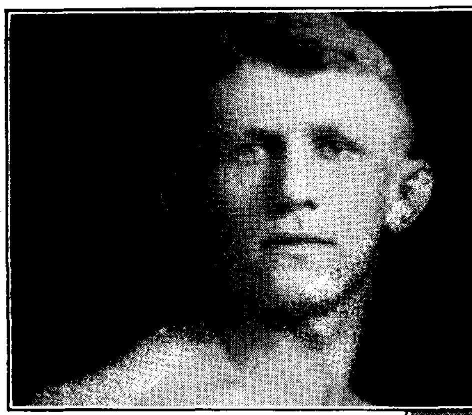
The Olympic Reducing Garment slips on and off in a jiffy. Made of specially-processed rubber, it fits so loosely and comfortably you forget you have it on. For convenience, it is made in two parts—either of which can be worn separately. This way you can reduce hips faster than upper body if you wish—or vice versa.



"A REVELATION," SAYS EXPERT

No less an authority than I. L. Winters, 20 years coach at Yale and Director of the Roosevelt Health Institute, at Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y., and New Life Health Farm, West Haven, Conn., says: "With my own eyes I have seen it aid in taking off 40 pounds overweight! In my opinion there has never been anything like this garment."

IT WORKS WHILE YOU PLAY

Wear the Olympic Garment while indulging in your favorite sport. It multiplies the benefit of exercise 3 to 6 times.

SPEEDY RESULTS THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

When you step into the Olympic reducing suit, every movement you make helps bring about a reduction in weight. Bulky figures are often diminished so quickly that it is utterly baffling to those who see the transformation taking place.

REDUCES WHILE WORKING

It's so easy to slip into the Olympic reducing suit and wear it while doing household tasks. No simpler way to lose weight has ever been discovered.

. . . brings weight-loss of 4 to 6 pounds a week when worn few minutes a day!

HERE is the first news of an unusual development of science—a discovery that takes off *pounds* of flesh without danger, discomfort or effort. It has been proved so effective that physical culture experts have been literally amazed by results.

Just imagine a light, loose fitting garment that you can slip into for just a short time each day, and yet lose 4 to 6 pounds a week! True, it sounds almost incredible, but the fact remains! In actual tests, losses of 4 to 6 pounds a week (and even more) have not been at all unusual. In many cases, as much as 20 to 30 pounds of excess flesh have been removed within an astonishingly short period of time!

But best of all, this remarkable new garment offers a method of weight reduction that is not only lasting but *safe!* It involves none of the hazards of starvation-diets, gland pills or chemical baths.

Why It Makes Fat Go!

The healthful way to get rid of fat is through increased circulation. Active circulation helps oxidize fat solids so that they are carried off in the blood stream. The watery part of fat is given off through the pores as perspiration.

Up to the present time, strenuous exercise has been the commonest means of accomplishing this. But strenuous exercise is harmful to many people whether over-weight or not. Frequently, it not only overtaxes the heart, but is also slow, tiring and tedious.

How It Works

With the Olympic Reducing Garment—made of specially-processed rubber—you lose fat two ways, just as you do with exercise—but *without* the same exertion.

As you wear the Olympic Reducing Garment, however, you need indulge only in the mildest exercise. Because of its composition, this garment excludes air from the body and aids in increasing oxidation to a remarkable degree. This allows you to reap much of the *benefit* of strenuous exercise without indulging in it . . . For example, when wearing the garment, the mere act of walking a few city blocks gives you a definite weight reducing result, when ordinarily this small amount of action without the garment would accomplish almost nothing at all. Even such simple, everyday movements as stooping, bending, sweeping and dusting are transformed and multiplied so they fight fat. The result is frequently the loss of a pound or more each time you wear the garment!

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Right now—to introduce the Olympic Reducing Garment to the public for the first time—we are making an extremely generous trial offer. This offer allows you to test the benefits of this remarkable discovery in your own home without risk. Send for details and free illustrated book today. No obligation. Just fill out the coupon and mail it now! The Olympic Reducing Garment Co., Dept. 24, 116 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

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Door into Eden

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

If you think that your head is wiser than your heart, you may be right—but you aren't in love

ANNE HAZARD'S little Meadowlark Tavern, happy discovery for hungry wayfarers, sat white and snug at the foot of a green hill about which the main highway swerved. A few hundred yards below was the village; and beyond, fifty miles beyond the last roll of hills and yet almost visible, so powerful was its presence in the minds of everybody in Great Meadows, was the city of Baltimore.

From the window of her own chamber in the white tavern and with a haze of evening distance in her gray eyes, Anne Hazard's gaze went fondly down-valley along a railroad embankment and a double line of rails which pointed the direction from Great Meadows to Baltimore. She refused to be aware that several deserted freight cars standing faded and hideous near the station scarred the serene white and green beauty of all that place. She refused to be aware of the ominous look of occasional top-heavy motor trucks which hammered towards her down the highway to spoil the swift and silent passage of so many cars. Where was everybody going? Who was coming? For the valley and village and her tavern and Anne herself must remain ready until he came.

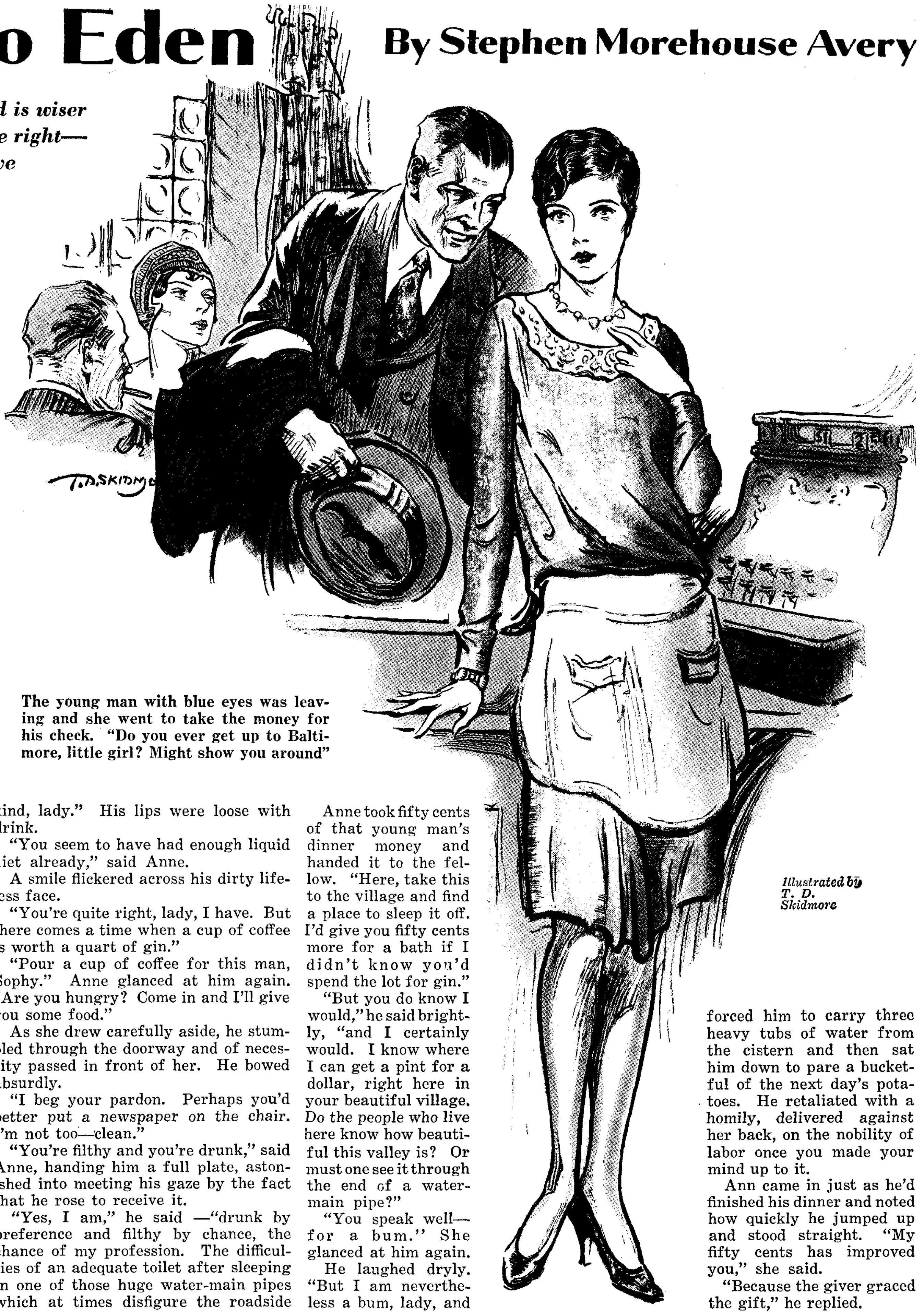
It was not hard for Anne to be ready herself. There was always a beauty in her, in her slender, firm, beautiful body. There was softness and loveliness, also, in her brown hair and her gray gaze and a sure beauty in her direct, honest, fearless manner of speech and thought. Her other possessions were two aunts, who lived by little things; one uncle, staunch, good, hard-headed; her university degree and her Meadowlark Tavern, and she had still further a hope which was almost a knowledge that, probably in one of these groups of travelers who filled her tiny dining-room every evening, she would find him.

Her small white apron sat jauntily upon her frock as she went downstairs and turned into the room so murmurous with talk and strange voices. Ellen and Martha were serving the soup, and Anne went through the small corridor back towards the kitchen because she wanted to see how many plates the shoulder of lamb was going to serve. Yes, she had seen him, that young man in the corner with the challenging blue eyes and such white teeth. Perhaps he had come. But so often he who would come, had come—and gone.

SHE went on into the kitchen. A timid knock at the door sounded above the bubbling and sputtering of the cook range. "See who that is, Sophy," he said.

"Let 'em knock, Miss Anne," advised Sophy, still stirring in her saucepan. "It's only them tramps again."

Anne Hazard opened the door herself, disclosed the drooping thing which stood there in the general shape of a man. A shapeless hat, through which a lock of matted blond hair projected, covered his head. A grimy white sweater, safety-pinned at the neck, and a pair of tattered and too-short trousers, safety-pinned at the waist and elsewhere, clothed him. A bare toe stuck out ludicrously from the remains of a shoe.



The young man with blue eyes was leaving and she went to take the money for his check. "Do you ever get up to Baltimore, little girl? Might show you around"

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"A cup of coffee, if you will be so kind, lady." His lips were loose with drink.

"You seem to have had enough liquid diet already," said Anne.

A smile flickered across his dirty lifeless face.

"You're quite right, lady, I have. But there comes a time when a cup of coffee is worth a quart of gin."

"Pour a cup of coffee for this man, Sophy." Anne glanced at him again. "Are you hungry? Come in and I'll give you some food."

As she drew carefully aside, he stumbled through the doorway and of necessity passed in front of her. He bowed absurdly.

"I beg your pardon. Perhaps you'd better put a newspaper on the chair. I'm not too—clean."

"You're filthy and you're drunk," said Anne, handing him a full plate, astonished into meeting his gaze by the fact that he rose to receive it.

"Yes, I am," he said —"drunk by preference and filthy by chance, the chance of my profession. The difficulties of an adequate toilet after sleeping in one of those huge water-main pipes which at times disfigure the roadside are too much for me."

"Eat and don't talk," said Anne, departing for the dining-room. The young man with the blue eyes was leaving his table and she went to take the money for his check. That tramp had hazel eyes if one cared to notice.

"Do you ever get up to Baltimore, little girl?" The young man was smiling at her. "Might show you around."

So he was not after all the one who would come. "No, I never do," said Anne. She went back to the kitchen and that foolish tramp stood up as she entered.

"Your dinner is excellent," he said, and, glancing at Sophy's broad back, which showed very clearly what she thought of tramps, "—I have just complimented the cook."

Anne took fifty cents of that young man's dinner money and handed it to the fellow. "Here, take this to the village and find a place to sleep it off. I'd give you fifty cents more for a bath if I didn't know you'd spend the lot for gin."

"But you do know I would," he said brightly, "and I certainly would. I know where I can get a pint for a dollar, right here in your beautiful village. Do the people who live here know how beautiful this valley is? Or must one see it through the end of a water-main pipe?"

"You speak well—for a bum." She glanced at him again.

He laughed dryly. "But I am nevertheless a bum, lady, and not a masquerading artist seeking first-hand material. No artist would drink the poisonous stuff I drink. Of course, I did take a Master's degree at ——" (he named a great university) "and that ought to guarantee me passable English."

"Master's degree!" Anne was forced to laugh. "Come on, now," she said "you'll have to clear out. You're a liar and you're still drunk."

"I must be," he said, bowing himself out of the door, "for in sober reality you couldn't be—true."

Like Abou ben Adhem's angel the next night he appeared again shaved, washed, sober—but not subdued. He had come back, he said, to pay his party call, and Sophy, with grim delight, forced him to carry three heavy tubs of water from the cistern and then sat him down to pare a bucketful of the next day's potatoes. He retaliated with a homily, delivered against her back, on the nobility of labor once you made your mind up to it.

Ann came in just as he'd finished his dinner and noted how quickly he jumped up and stood straight. "My fifty cents has improved you," she said.

"Because the giver graced the gift," he replied.

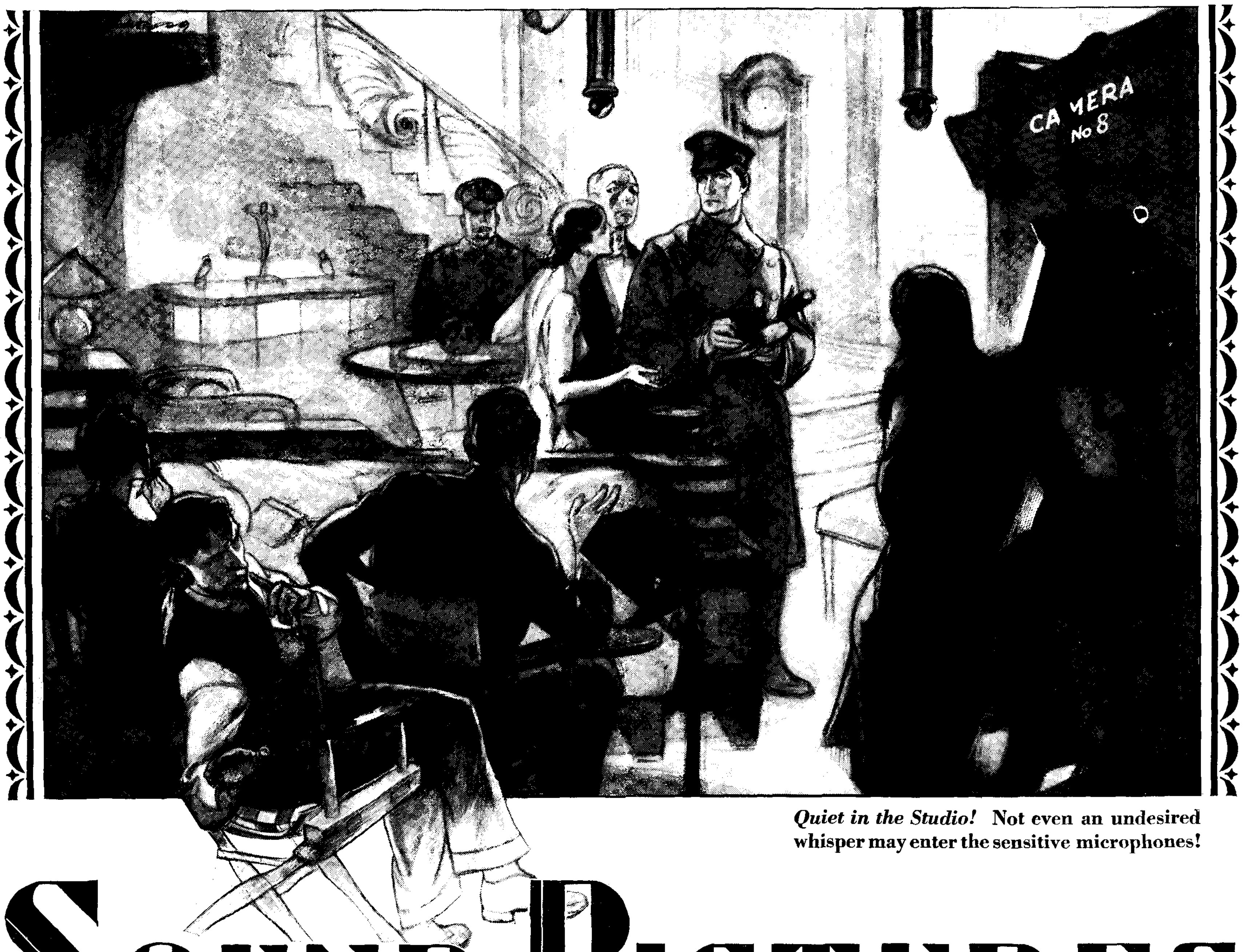
"Well, take this dollar then and see that the receiver doesn't disgrace it. Will you buy gin?"

"Do you prefer that I don't? As a matter of fact, the gin here is rather terrible. So I won't."

SHE examined him quizzically. "How did you get like this? Not your regular beg story. The real truth."

"I was wounded in France," he said. "But I didn't die. My parents died. There was a girl and she caught influenza and died. There was a silly business—" he made a gesture in the direction of Baltimore— "and I tried to occupy my mind by saving it. But that died also. Oh, I suppose there is some of it left back

(*Continued on page 30*)



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there if I wanted to go fight for it. But I lost interest."

"What were you during the war? What rank I mean?"

"I was a private first-class in the beginning and a major not so first-class at the end," he said.

"Why do you lie like that?"

He laughed. "I enjoy lying. I suppose because I do it so well. Sometimes I tell the truth though, just for fun."

"And the things you've told me were lies?"

"Only some of them," he said. "What I tell you will be the truth, if you prefer."

"Oh, don't bother," said Anne. "Do you know anything about paint?"

"I'm an expert on paint—"

"Just the man I'm looking for." She caught him up quickly. "I want that little fence out front painted. I'll give you a note to my uncle in the village. He will provide you with the paint—and some clothes. Thirty cents an hour and you can buy your food here at half rate. I suppose you are willing to work?"

His gaze came slowly from the floor to meet hers, and he said: "If you prefer that I do—although it was a lie when I said I was an expert on painting."

A FORTNIGHT of whispered rumors made "Anne Hazard's tramp" the sensation of Great Meadows. The postmaster did not believe that Howard Graham was his real name. Anne knew that it wasn't. She'd gone out one afternoon when he'd first started painting the fence and she had asked him: "What is your name?"

"Graham is my name," he said. Something in her face brought the truth. "My first name anyway."

"And your last?"

"Oh, please, Miss Hazard, I've thought it better not to—but if you wish, it's Thorne. I've relatives in the city who might be hurt—"

"Of course," said Anne. And in a week she had replies to three letters. One came from the great university which denied that any Graham Thorne was on its alumni roll. So that was a lie. A second came from the War Department at Washington giving data to show that Graham Thorne had enlisted in May, 1917, as a private first-class and was discharged as a major in January, 1919. So that was true. The third, from the Baltimore manufacturing firm of Thorne-Hardesty, admitted knowledge of a Graham Thorne, but stated that he had not been heard from in five years. Two truths, one lie.

"Anyway, tramp or not," remarked the cashier lady of the drug store, "he's the handsomest man who's been in this village in a year of Sundays."

There were other opinions less favorable and less generous towards the Hazard tramp. Anne's Aunt Maud was so thrilled at the thought of her niece's danger that she hobbled, muttering and shaking her head sagely, all the way to the tavern to tell Anne what a risk she ran allowing that creature to stay there at night with only Anne herself and a few servants. She inspected eagerly the cot which had been improvised for "that creature" at the head of the cellar stairs.

"YOU'LL wake up some morning, young lady, to find your throat cut—if not worse."

"I am not in the least afraid, Aunt Maud," said Anne. "If he were one of those sons of our respected villagers, I might be afraid. I'm not afraid of Graham."

Her uncle was a little more matter-of-fact. "You see, Anne, it doesn't look so well, that's all. I've heard remarks in the village already. Perhaps he'd better come in to stay with us and I'll give him a job."

Anne shook her head. "He'd be grateful for the job, Uncle Tom, but I've a feeling that if he got very far away from the tavern, he'd be roaring drunk and on his way in twenty-four hours."

"He will anyway, Anne. These periodic drunkards often reform for a while. Then they go back. You'll be lucky if he doesn't rob you when he leaves. Let him go now. Why should you care?"

"Well of course—" Anne hesitated, "I don't care, I suppose—except that it seemed a chance to give a poor devil a lift."

SHE told Graham of her uncle's offer that afternoon while he was putting the finishing touches to a wooden arch over the gate. "To work for him and stay at his house, Miss Hazard? Do you wish me to?"

"Well, you might try working for him anyway. Better spend the nights where you are."

He smiled. "I'll work hard for your uncle—but I'd rather sleep in the yard here at the tavern than in his guest chamber. This isn't such a bad arch, do you think? I took a Beaux Arts prize for design once."

"You're not even *lying well* any more," she said, and he laughed. "Knock off and get ready for dinner. Afterwards I shall need some help with my accounts."

"Oh, that's easy, Miss Hazard," he said. "I've audited the records of Thorne-Hardesty often enough—I mean—" he caught himself. "Please forget that, will you?"

"Don't worry, Graham, or Thorne rather, the firm has already written me the little it knows about you. By the way, are you a periodic drunkard?"

"I suppose so," he said. "Sometimes I go for weeks without drinking."

"How soon will you go back to it and leave here?"

"Whenever you wish me to," he replied.

Anne paused and then asked: "Liar that you are, will you promise to quit drinking for good, Thorne?"

"I will promise to try," he evaded.

"But you won't promise absolutely—even if I prefer you to?"

He faced her, suddenly very pale, and shook his head. "No. I can't."

She turned on her heel and left him, and he remained there motionless by the gate until the first arrivals for dinner startled him from his thoughts.

Strangely enough, there were three young men in the dining-room that evening, among them that same one with the searching, challenging blue eyes. Anne looked, when she could, into the faces of all three to see if by chance one might be—the one. Perhaps the blue-eyed fellow; for after all he had come back. They chatted when he paid his check. "You have a very good business here, little girl. I hope you don't keep all your wealth in that drawer, though."

"Only because I'm accounting tonight," said Anne. "Do you live in Baltimore?"

"Of course I do. And you're still sure you never get up there?"

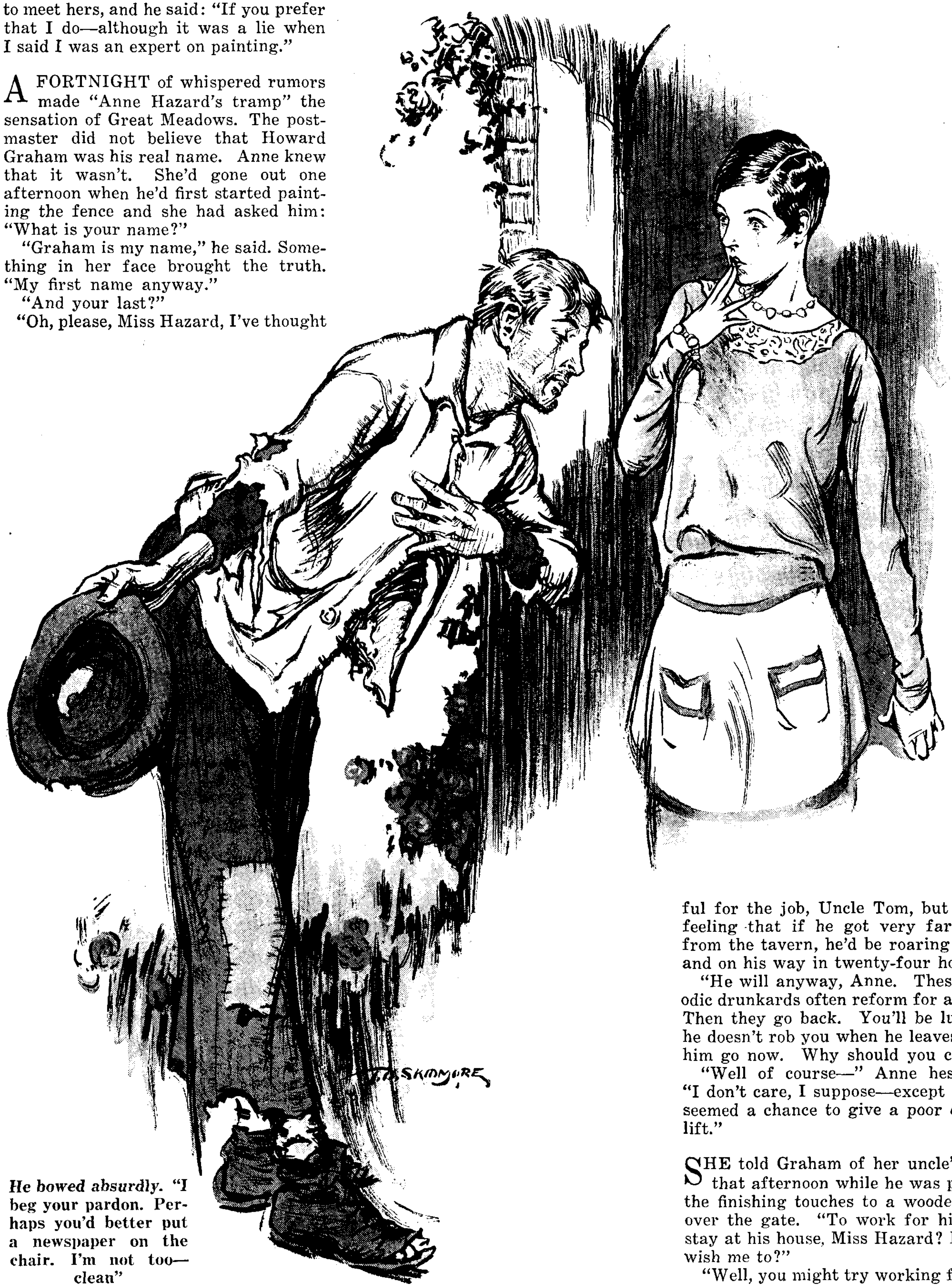
"I might some day," she said. Curious that only tonight, the first time in perhaps a fortnight, she had even remembered to wonder if any of them might be the one.

ANNE had been watching from her window the following afternoon as Graham—she persisted in thinking of him as Graham—was putting a coat of paint on his gateway arch. A heavy, towering motor van halted unexpectedly opposite and the three rough-looking men on the broad driver's seat hailed him immediately. She heard their voices but not what they said, and presently one of them climbed down and leaned on the fence beside Graham, jerking his thumb toward the van and laughing.

When she looked again Graham too was aboard the van, which remained as though heavily rooted in the roadway while a thin vapor breathed from its exhaust. A vague alarm fastened Anne's attention, and when after a little time, with a snort of motor, the huge van heaved into motion, a faint cry broke from her. He was going! He'd gone!

Suddenly she found herself, frantic and breathless, dashing down the stairs. She gained the lawn, the gate, the roadway, and saw the van already distant, almost at the point of rounding the bend out of sight. She reached out her hands and said something. She never knew what. At the last instant when it seemed that disappearing bulk could be visible, she saw a figure swing down from it and start plodding back towards her in the road.

(*Continued on page 57*)



He bowed absurdly. "I beg your pardon. Perhaps you'd better put a newspaper on the chair. I'm not too—clean"

Have *you* entered the Eastman $30,000 Prize Contest?

One of the 1,223 cash awards can easily be yours

PROBABLY you have already heard of this big event for amateur picture-takers. But have you made any pictures for it yet?

If you have said to yourself, "What's the use of entering? I can't win. I'm no expert with the camera," you're making a big mistake. The winners in this contest are going to be men and women just like yourself, people who, if you asked them, would say they had little or no photographic ability.

Look at No. 12 of the conditions down below. You'll see that technical skill is a minor factor in this contest. What the judges are looking for are interesting *pictures.*

GRAND PRIZE $2,500—For the best picture of any type in the following classifications.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—$11,400 will be awarded for the picture showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given for the best child picture from *each state* of the United States and *each province* of Canada, making 114 prizes in all. District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money, you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at from, say, two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals, either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail — For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still life subject in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms; silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

THE JUDGES: *Amelita Galli-Curci, Ethel Barrymore, Howard Chandler Christy, Clare Briggs, Hector Charlesworth, James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer and Kenneth Wilson Williams. For the two monthly Child Picture Contests, the three last mentioned will be the judges.*

Enter this contest now! Increase your chance of winning by beginning to take pictures at once! *There is no limit to the number you are permitted to submit. The more you enter, the more likely you are to capture one of the big cash prizes. Clip the entry blank in the corner and* get your camera out today. *This may prove to be the most profitable advertisement you ever read.*

Read these simple conditions

1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

For a program of delightful entertainment tune in on the Kodak Hour each Friday at 10 P. M. New York time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name...
(*Please Print*)

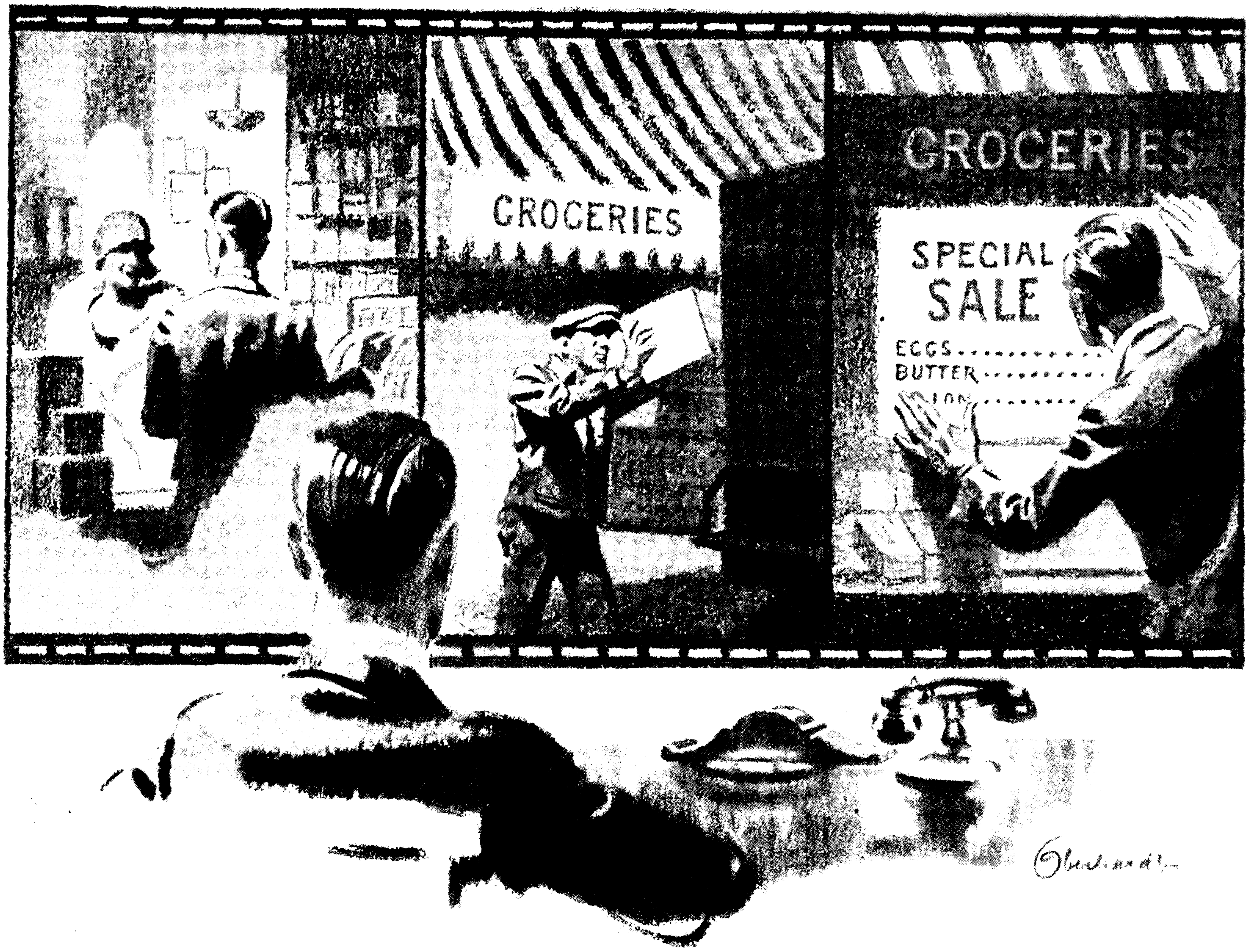
Street Address.......................................Town and State...............................

Make of Camera.......................................Make of Film..................................

213

Enclose this blank with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that all entries in the State Child Picture Contest are so designated on the backs of the prints.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN



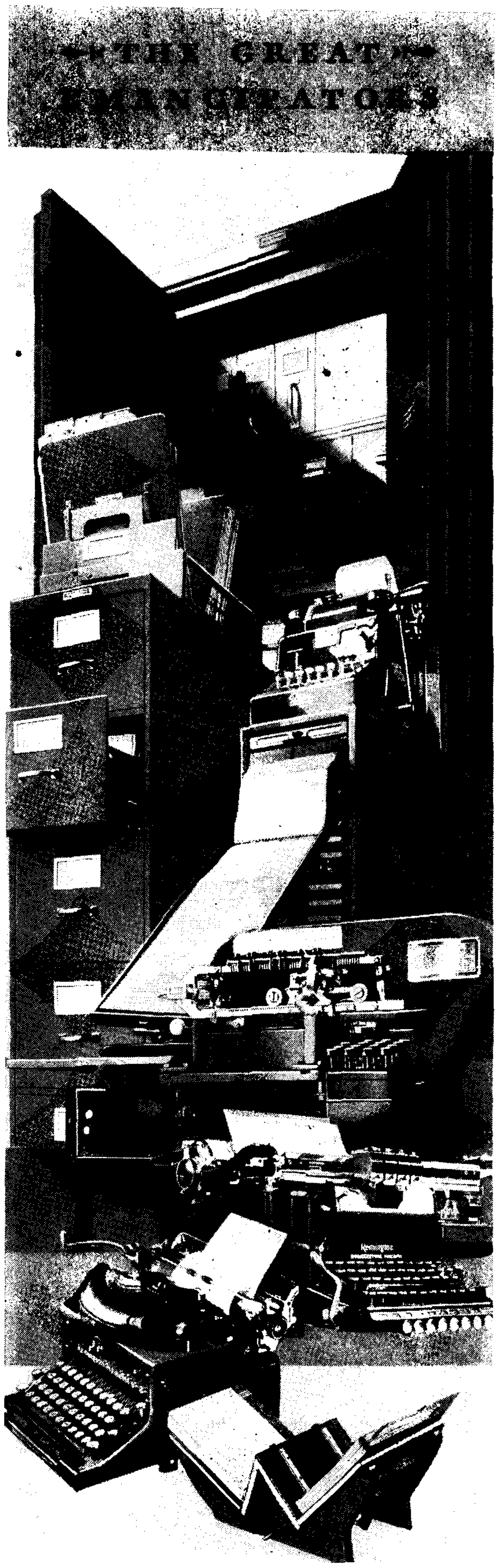
Every day he looks into a thousand businesses

"TELEVISION" isn't new to the American business man. He has long had a "television" system of his own.

For example . . . every morning a series of reports is placed on the desk of a great chain store executive. He spends thirty minutes looking them over . . . and gets a keener insight into the condition of a thousand scattered businesses than he could by thirty days of traveling.

For these report-sheets cover the activities of a thousand branch stores. The summary of each store's operations is as graphic as a moving picture. It shows the executive what took place yesterday, as vividly as if he had been there himself.

The store's sales for the day, the week, the month and the year to date . . . comparative figures for the same periods a year ago. The exact stock on hand . . . lines that are "long" . . . earnings to date . . . and the "breakdown" of those earnings by lines of merchandise.



And how does he get these figures? Business machinery and systems of control! Business appliances, methods and controls so sensitized to operations that not the slightest detail of importance can get by without being recorded, in manifold, and reported.

The growth of the chain store system is one of the marvels of American business. But the branch store would not be feasible except for the swift, unerring business machinery that daily registers its operations for the headquarters' executive's eyes.

Increased Business Prosperity

BUT whether it be a thousand stores or one makes little difference. Any business organization, whatever its size, can profit by this closer knowledge of the facts.

Modern business methods and machinery have contributed vitally to the prosperity and the amazing expansion of American business. They have cut costs. Speeded operation. Eliminated waste. Spotlighted opportunities for *new* profits.

The success of any modern business depends upon its executives' control. And "control" means knowing "what's going on"... knowing the facts and figures . . . not once a month but *every* day.

Take advantage of this New Force in Business

THE leading makers of business appliances have merged into one parent organization . . . Remington Rand. Never in the history of business has such a pooling of specialized ability taken place. A field force of 4,000 trained business analysts is now operating as a unit, instead of as scattered and competitive sections. Business methods and appliances now have a central station that radiates improved methods to business minds. Correct office routine and methods of business control, as well as all the machines and devices necessary to carry it to flawless fulfillment, now come from *one* source.

A telephone call . . . releases this centralized force to clear away your difficulties . . . at no cost to you

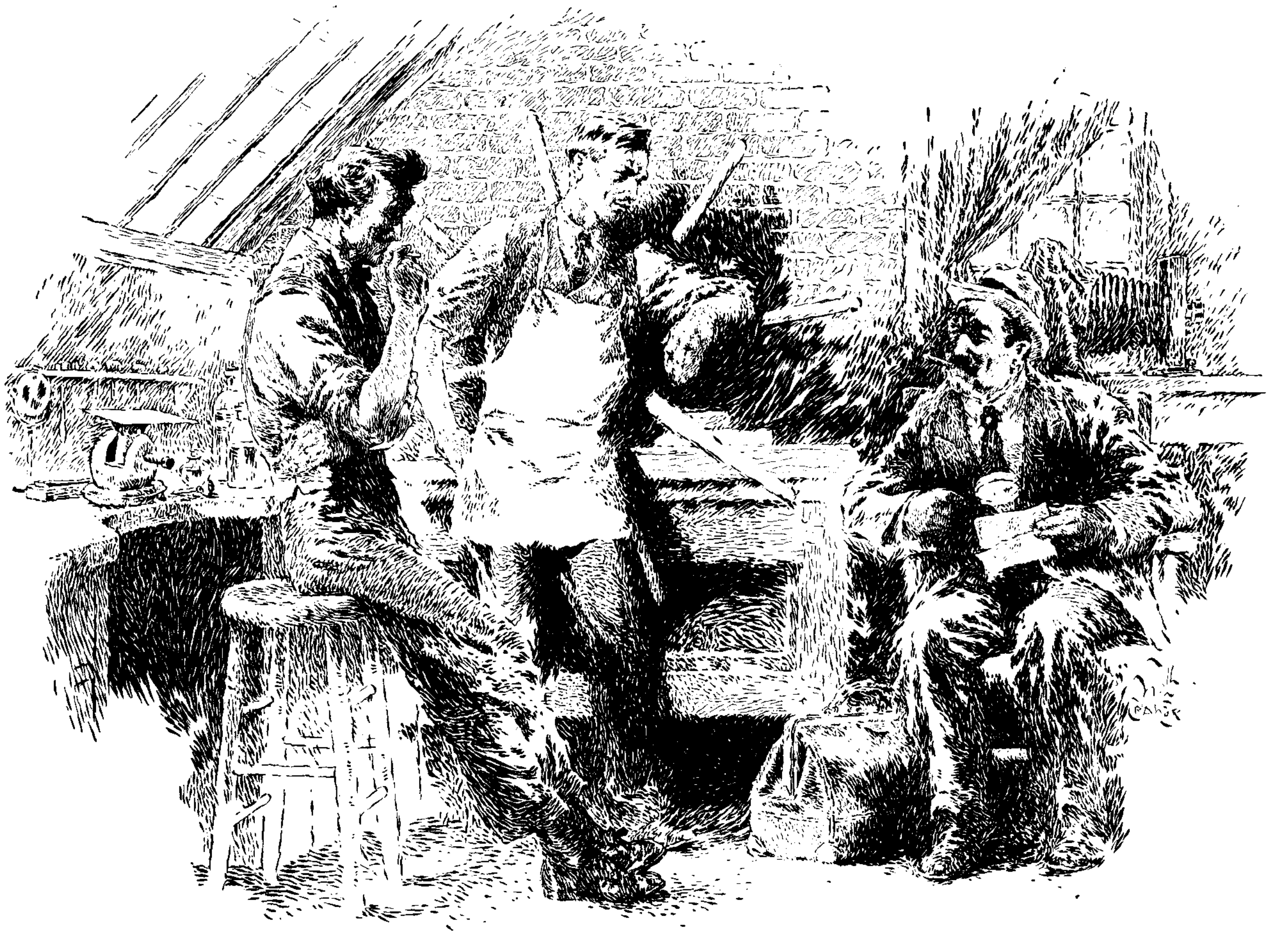
YOUR office may be functioning at top speed and maximum efficiency. But how do you know it is? There may be other ways to organize your office so that it will operate more smoothly and economically. *Make sure.* Let a Remington Rand man find out.

Phone our nearest office, or write Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Remington Rand Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service*
RAND AND KARDEX *Visible Records*... SAFE-CABINET... INDEX VISIBLE... POWERS *Accounting Machines*
DALTON *Adding and Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO *and* BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*
Sales Offices Everywhere



The Ramirez currency attained immediate popularity with American connoisseurs

Bad Luck Pieces

By Owen P. White

The Ramirez studio specialized in reproductions—of United States currency. The studio was in Mexico, and the money found its way across this country, leaving behind it a trail of disaster. It proved especial bad luck for bootleggers. The Atlantic Coast from Sandy Hook to the West Indies witnessed the murders and executions that followed in its wake

WHEN the average young man from America goes abroad to study art he generally sails away grimly reconciled to the thought that when he gets back he will have to face many lean years of effort before he can comfortably face his landlord.

The two Ramirez boys, however, who sailed from Mexico, and around whose artistic antics there hovers an interesting halo of mystery, are far from being what anybody would call "average young men." But they are artists, good artists too, who knew what they wanted, went to Europe and got it, in the shape of a technical knowledge of engraving, printing, etching and photography; came back; passed through the United States; crossed the Rio Grande; opened a studio and a brisk advertising campaign, and almost immediately a certain brand of American connoisseur began to beat a path to their front door and purchase their pictures.

What these two up-and-coming young Aztecs did in order to achieve such a sudden success was to begin to make money right off the bat. It was good money too. Everybody who felt it and saw it said it was good; it would fool nearly any one; it was real United States stuff; and, as the enterprising lads turned it out in only 50's and 100's, it is easy to see that, if they had been disposed to do so, they could have lived nicely, even with companionate wives, by merely passing out one or two samples a day.

But the Ramirez boys, although they are elusive almost to the extent of being ethereal, are by no means modest in their designs. On the contrary, they are men of vision; they are ambitious; they have imagination, and hence, just as soon as they found out that their pictures met with the approval of the public, they went into business on a large scale and entered the field as an active competitor of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, D. C.

In arriving at their decision to do this, however, the Ramirez Bros., being inartistic to the extent of being clever business men, were unquestionably influenced by two highly important considerations:

First, how could they distribute their product? Second, how could they stay out of jail?

Fortunately the law itself—which is only too often made by its makers, and enforced by its enforcers, for and in behalf of those who live by breaking it—provided a ready answer to both of the above questions.

A Made-to-Order Market

As regarded future customers for their wares, all the Ramirez boys had to do was to look across the border line, into this happy land of ours, and chuckle with delight. What they saw over here suited them exactly. As they figured it out, we now have in these United States just about 118,972 times as many crooks, male and female, amateur and professional, as were with us prior to the calamity of January 16, 1920. Through the medium, then, of these new laid yeggs, created as you might say through the beneficent operations of the Volstead Act, the young artists saw an easy and also a highly amusing way of getting rid of their phony cash.

While, on the other hand, through a happy provision which wise men have written into our interpretation of the code of international law, which says that counterfeiting United States money and disposing of it in FOREIGN COUNTRIES is NOT an extraditable offense, they felt that just as long as they could "grease" the home folks who wore the brass buttons, and remain south of the border themselves, they could operate safely.

Having determined this much, they got busy. Through underground channels they sent out word to a select list of buyers that "excellent" United States currency could be had at a substantial discount in Ciudad, Juarez, Mexico, and almost at once they filled two large orders.

Both of these shipments went to Texas, one to Fort Worth and one to Dallas, and thereafter the bogus bills began very properly and worthily to fulfill their foreordained destiny. The manner in which they did this was unique and exhilarating, and if the Anti-Saloon League could only have known of it at the time, it is quite likely that that organization would have had a medal struck in honor of the unknown artists who created the money.

What happened was this: Knowing full well that one crook is never so happy as when he is eating up another crook, the astute Texas business men, who had bought bales of the bogus bank notes, passed them out, in smaller chunks of course, to bootleggers, who in turn traded them off to hard-boiled skippers off the Atlantic Coast in exchange for contraband liquor.

Now, if you have any imagination at all, you can easily realize that an explosion followed. From Sandy Hook clear down to the entrance to the ship channel which Houston built to assure itself and the delegates to the late Democratic disagreement of a bountiful supply of liquor, a howl went up that rocked the echoes. But that was all it rocked. For very obvious reasons these poor skippers couldn't walk into the office of the chief of the Secret Service Division, throw an armful of the phony 50's down on his mahogany desk, and say: "Sic 'em, Bill. You and your boys run out now and catch this gang of smart alecks who've shoved this stuff off on us in exchange for a lot of good whisky."

The Rum Fleet Learns a Lesson

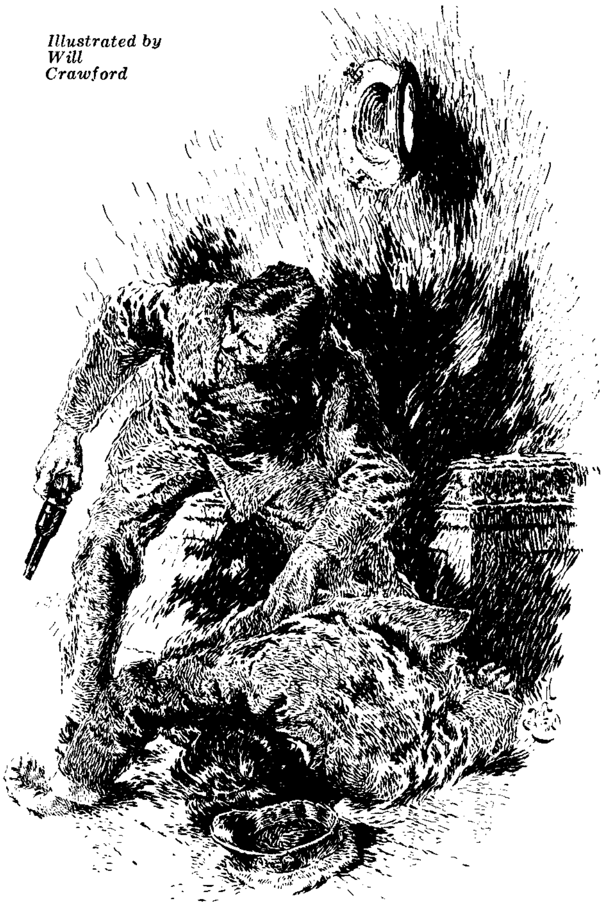
No, they couldn't do anything like that. All they could do, and in reality all they did do, was to heave the bad money overboard, cuss violently and protect themselves against further deception—as they actually did off the Jersey coast—by hiring a few currency experts from the Manhattan banks to come out and live with the fleet.

Thus, except for a few experimental notes, did the first product of the Ramirez studio, traveling via Texas and winding up in the horny hands of sailors who were rocking the waves outside the 12-mile limit, make its appearance in the commercial world.

Such a method of distribution, however, could not be continued. Having been nicked once, and well-nicked at that, the hardened old skippers of the rum fleet were in no mood to be trifled with, and so the purveyors of the privately printed Ramirez currency transferred their activities to the mainland.

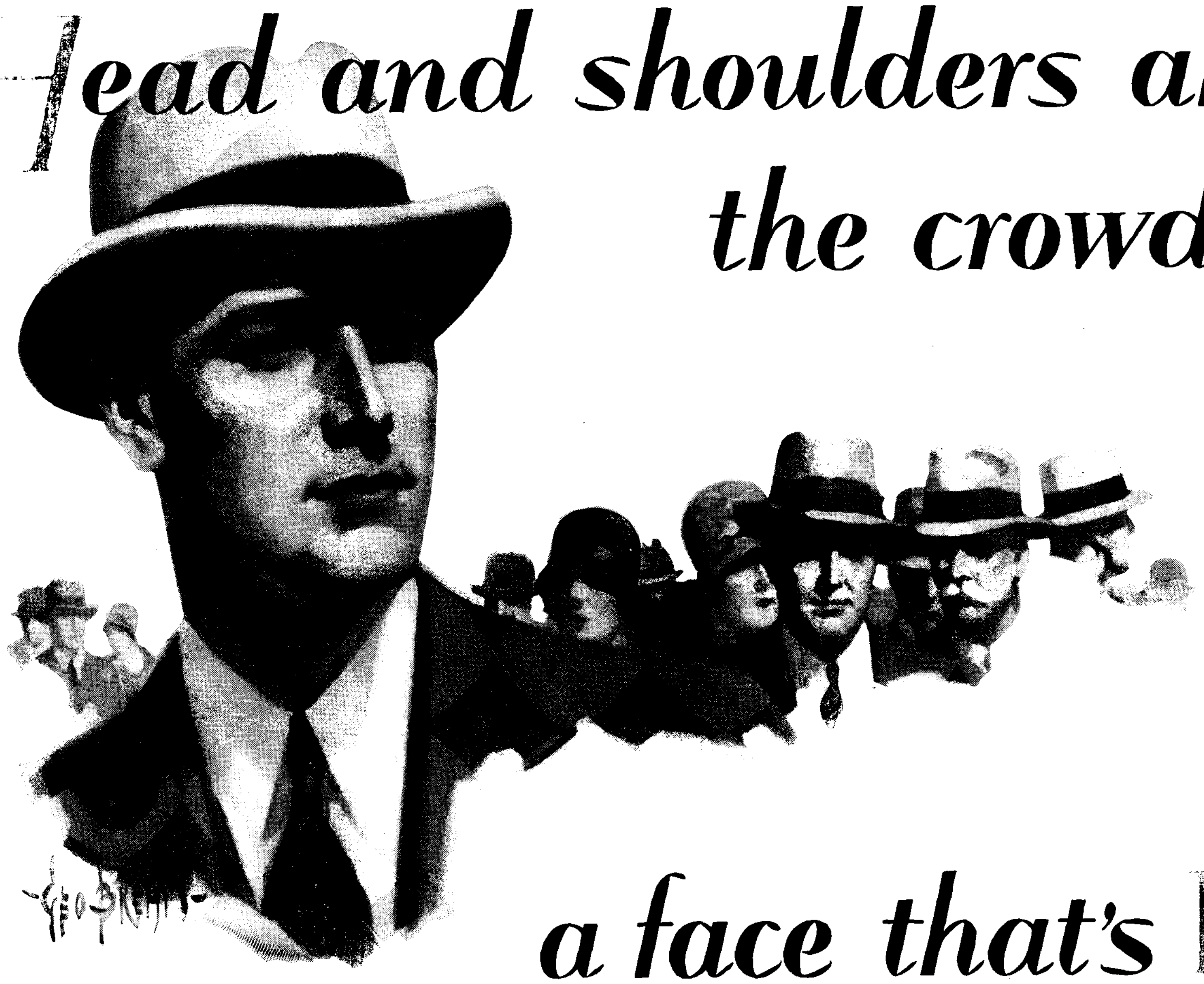
Here also they victimized men who were in the liquor traffic, and in order that we may have a close-up of what happened in at least one instance, we will now shift the scene from the storm-tossed (*Continued on page 46*)

Illustrated by Will Crawford



The rum-runner shot the officer dead, and, taking his victim's pistol, rushed on deck

Head and shoulders above the crowd



a face that's FIT

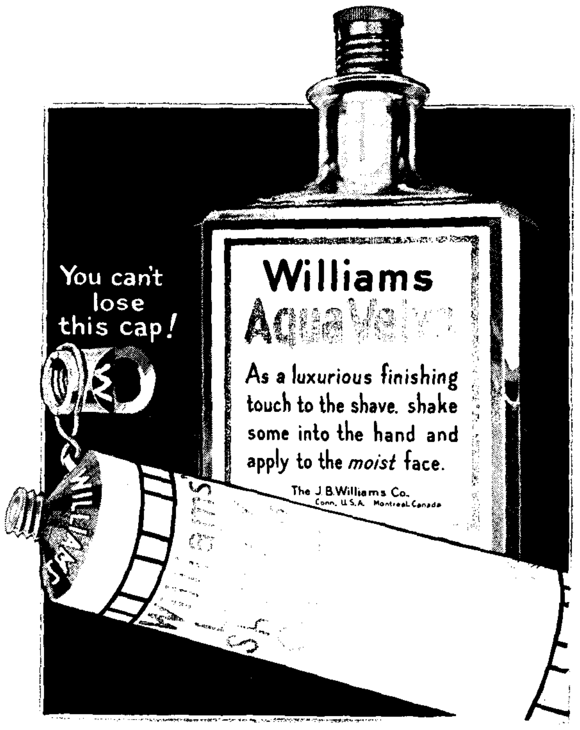
Williams has spent eighty-nine years of specialized study in developing products that make for quick, smooth shaving. Products that help vitally in keeping *Faces Fit!*

* * *

And the best formula for *Face Fitness* is this,—first, Williams Shaving Cream; then, Aqua Velva.

* * *

Williams Cream is pure with the purity of triple distilled ingredients. With not one atom of artificial color. Incomparably (*incomparably!*) mild. Absorbs, *by actual test,* 10 per cent more moisture than any other cream we know of, with all the super softening power such extra moisture brings. With a glow of satisfaction you watch it rise quickly, in thick, smooth creaminess, beneath your lather brush.


You can't lose this cap!
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B.Williams Co. Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada
Williams

Then Aqua Velva! Made scientifically and expressly for the newly shaven surface. First it gives a sprightly tingle. Then it cares for nicks and cuts, mostly unseen. Protects from outdoor wind and weather, indoor dryness. Prevents chapping. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, keeping it flexible, pliant to the touch. *Keeping* it, as Williams lather *leaves* it, all day long well conditioned and Fit!

* * *

Try this Williams shaving service,—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Millions of well groomed faces the world over bear cheerful witness to their virtues.

* * *

Test the truth of what we say, if you wish. Use Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva five or ten days before you vote for or against them. Send the coupon for a sample of each. Or a post card. You can't lose!

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
DEPT. C39 GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

....

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....

TRIPLE SERVICE

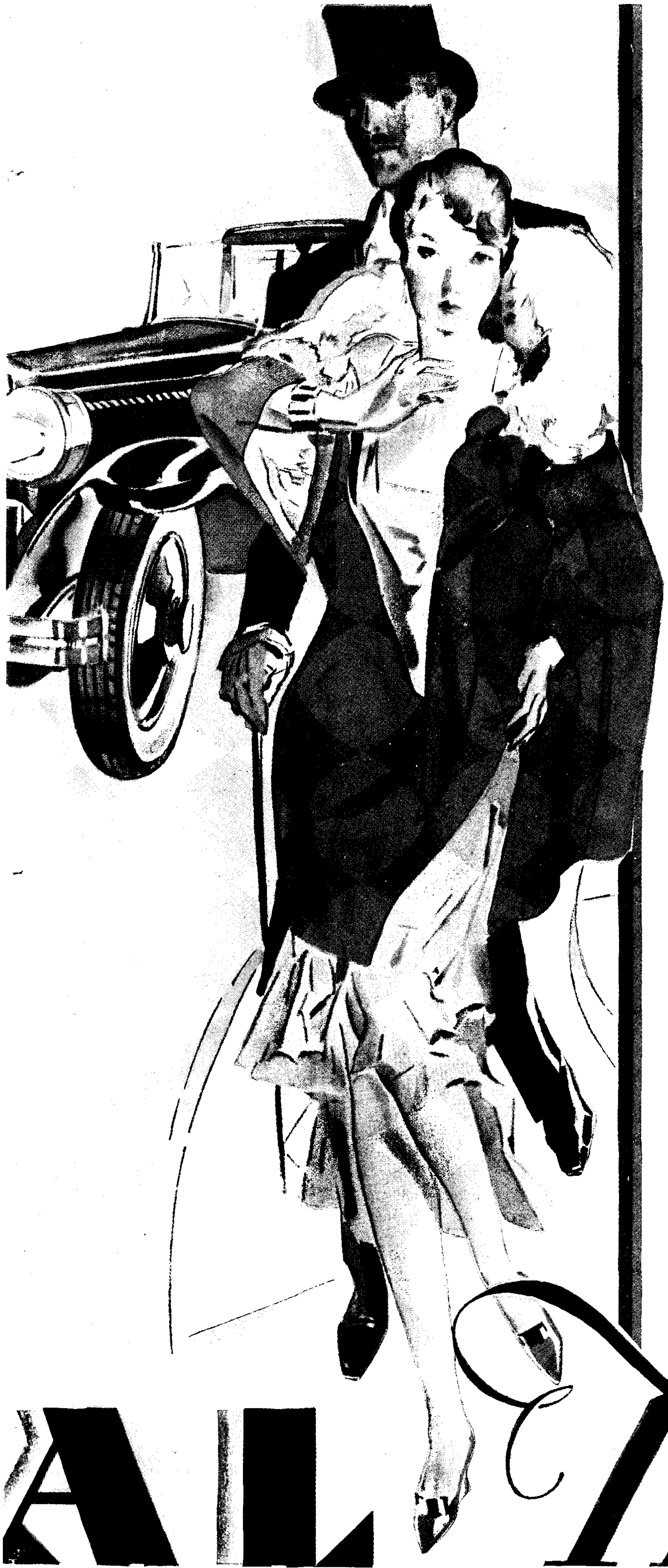
APPEARANCE

PERFORMANCE

ENDURANCE

FEDER

DOUBLE BLUE



The smart *appearance* of Federal Tires, enhancing the beauty of the finest cars, is the only Federal feature that can be seen.

But when you drive on these handsome tires you will notice their silent *performance*, in perfect harmony with the effortless action of the thoroughbred motor car.

And as thousands and thousands of care-free miles roll quietly by, you will appreciate Federal's most outstanding characteristic—exceptional *endurance*.

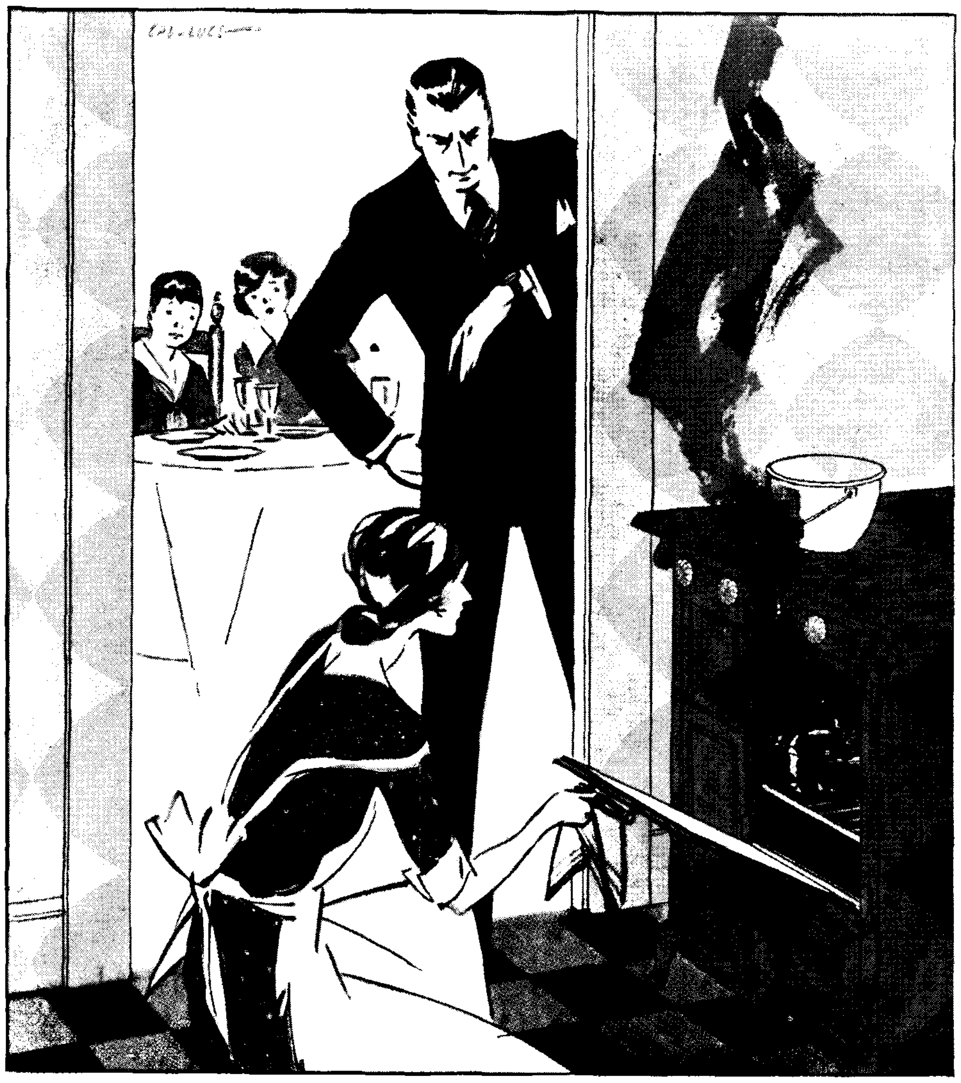
Appearance, performance, endurance—in these three ways Federal Tires serve you. For complete tire satisfaction equip your car with Federals, the *triple service* tires.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY

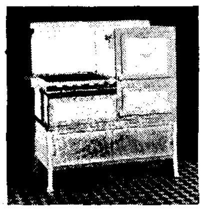
Sales Division Chicopee Falls, Mass.

AL TIRES

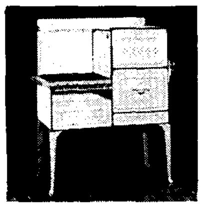
PENNANT



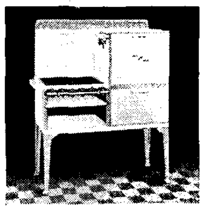
NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio



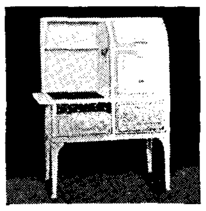
DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio



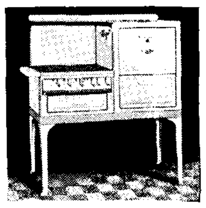
DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co.
Div., Lorain, Ohio



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co.
Div., St. Louis, Mo.



CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co.
Div., Chicago, Ill.



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio

A POOR *stove can ruin a* GOOD *disposition*

AN ATMOSPHERE of nervous anticipation. Floor-pacing! Oven-peeking! Finger-twiddling! Everybody's hungry. Will dinner *ever* be served? Will it be good! Will it finish with laughter and chatter? With compliments for mother?

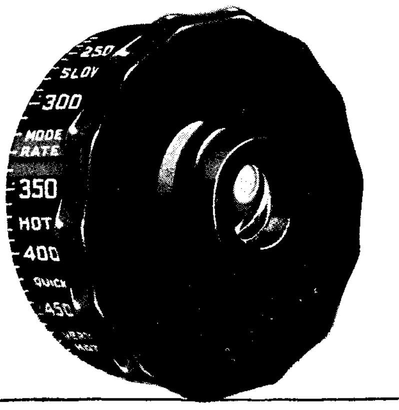
That all depends—depends largely upon the stove. No woman can do her best at cooking or maintain a happy, smiling disposition with a stove that is old and inefficient. That is "slow". That won't bake or broil properly. That is too small. That requires constant watching. That can't easily be kept clean.

For the sake of good dispositions, greater happiness, *every* home-kitchen should be equipped with a Red Wheel Gas Range. The Red Wheel—the original oven heat control—measures the oven heat. This means perfect results with everything cooked or baked in the oven. Even Whole Meals that cook to deliciousness while you entertain guests or visit miles away.

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in Red Wheel Gas Range.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges bake and broil to the queen's taste. Top burners boil "quickly" because scientifically designed. The enamel is durable. Applied in American Stove Company's own plants. Using special processes. Making their own enamels.

In a modern Research Laboratory science sets the standards of high quality for Red Wheel Gas Ranges.



Six great, modern factories employing thousands of highly trained stove-builders work to these standards.

In one of the finest Research Kitchens in the world, Miss Dorothy E. Shank, noted cookery authority, makes practical cooking tests to prove the efficiency of Red Wheel Gas Ranges.

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Unless the Gas Range has a **RED WHEEL** IT IS NOT A LORAIN

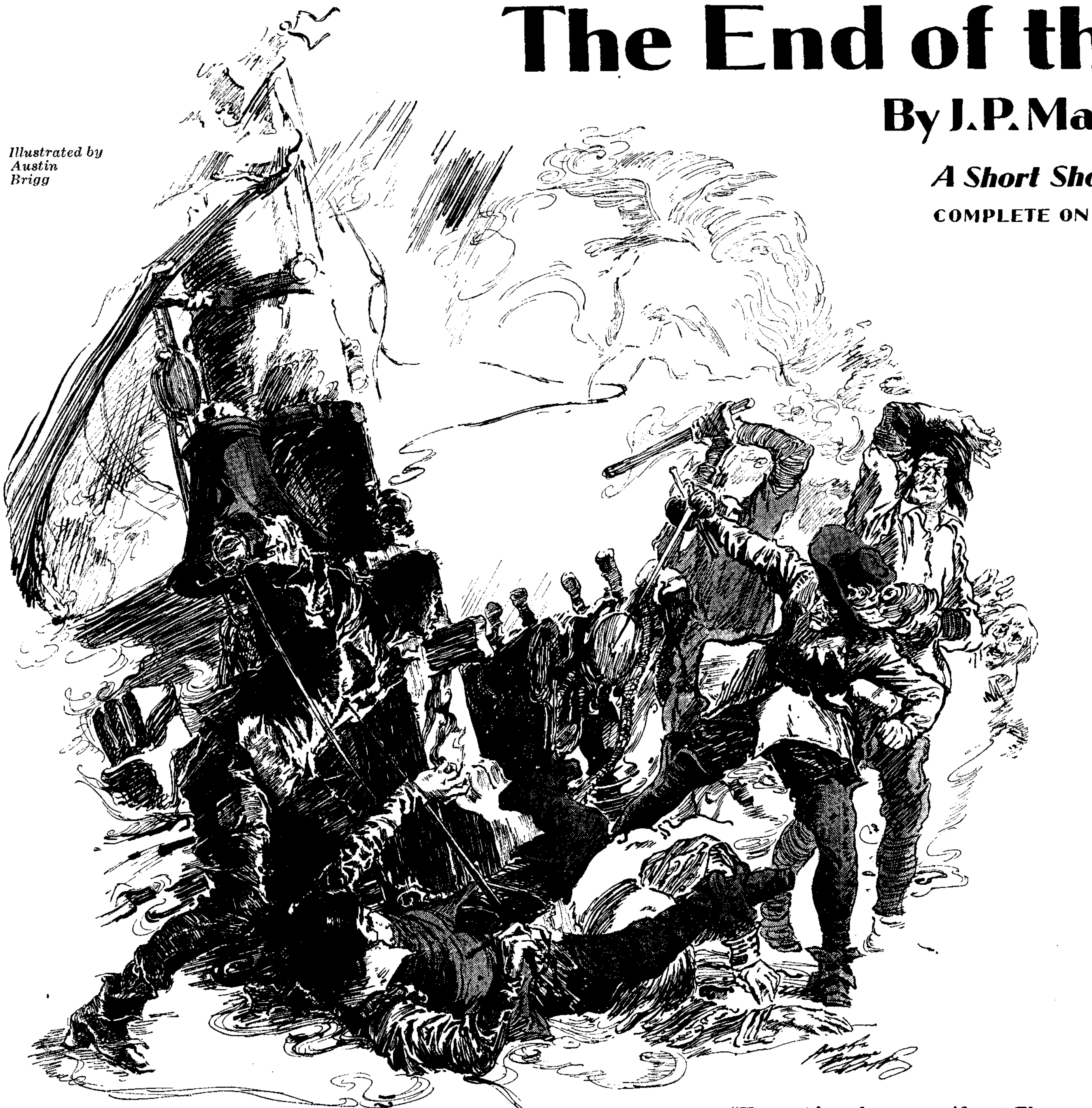
The End of the Story

By J. P. Marquand

A Short Short Story

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Illustrated by Austin Brigg



"He must have been magnificent. They could not get through his guard"

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about it all was that Mr. Grimm was always amused by the incident. He was as literal as that. He could not see that nationalities never think the same.

The house of the Orviedos was a fine old house; the roar and hum of modern Havana scarcely penetrated its three-foot walls. Señor Mercurio of Orviedo was proud of it, and proud of himself, though he was very fat and his mustache was unkempt and white. He pointed the cigar he was holding in his plump old fingers toward a rusty weapon on the wall.

"You were a connoisseur in weapons, Mr. Grimm," said he, "not so? What do you think of that sword?"

Mr. Grimm snapped his glasses on his nose, as became a retired business man with a hobby.

"Not much," he said; "the hilt's all covered with coral mud. It's a Spanish rapier of the early 17th century."

Señor Orviedo smiled tolerantly and twisted the end of his mustache.

"You have, sir," he said, "quite evidently an eye. It's not much of a sword, you say. Ah, hardly a decoration for the wall of a gentleman's salon. A rusty, dirty rapier, but the coral mud on the hilt is the mud from the grave of a very honorable gentleman, who died rather than sell his honor.

"We are an old family, sir; we've many things of which to be proud. That sword, sir, is a symbol of our house. It is the sword of young Don Pedro of Orviedo, who sailed for the New World in 1615, heading the military guard of the ship, Donna Maria, which was carrying as passengers men and women of the Holy Church. Shall I tell you his story?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grimm, "but before you go ahead, get the boy to bring me another brandy, will you?"

Señor Orviedo's face glowed with a kindly light. "Drink it," he said. "It will make your blood run the warmer in sympathy with a brave man's story. Now Don Pedro, sir, was a wild young man but handsome. Our house, I fear, has been full of wild blood. He loved a lady far above him, very indiscreetly; that was why he was sent from Spain. Her picture was in a locket hung about his neck with a gold, jewelled chain, as the church story goes, when Don Pedro set sail. He was bitter on the voyage—diced and blasphemed quite shockingly. Yet, as you shall see, he had the high spirit of religion in him, such as burned in the breasts of the great conquistadores. They glimpsed it when the pirates passed the bulwarks."

"Pirates, is it?" said Mr. Grimm.

"AH, YOU smile?" said Señor Orviedo. "But there were pirates then, believe me. It was the Frenchman, L'Ollinais. Don Pedro did his best with only twenty soldiers in the guard. The twenty were killed like sheep as they ran upon the deck. But not Don Pedro. He was a wild young man but—how do you say?—neat with the sword—and he knew that he must die for the honor of his house. They ran about him, but they could not get through his guard.

"He must have been magnificent. He was in a doublet of velvet, the record says, and that heavy gold chain was about his neck and his sword bright red. They drove him to the bulwarks. He was the last man fighting but they could not knock him down. Ah, sir, you are an Anglo-Saxon; cool, devoid of what we call the sentiment. But L'Ollinais—he was a Latin, thanks to Heaven! He had sentiment to pay tribute to a brave man about to die; and the ship was his, entirely his own.

"'Don't kill him,' he said, 'he's a brave man. Who are you, if you please?'

"The story is that Don Pedro laughed. 'What affair is it of yours?' he said.

"'Do you desire your life?' said L'Ollinais and Don Pedro only laughed again because, you understand, he was a very brave young man, and burning with a zeal to die like a brave son of his house, since he could no longer defend the holy servants of the Mother Church.

"'Ah,' said L'Ollinais, 'that is beautiful sentiment.' He was a Latin, you understand. 'Give us that gold chain, boy. We'll call the bargain square.'

"It was the gold chain with the picture in it of that noble lady, you comprehend. Now there was a temptation, sir. What would you have done? What would I have done under the circumstances? I trust—what Don Pedro did."

"Well," said Mr. Grimm, "what did he do?"

Señor Orviedo waved a heavy arm. "He threw that chain and the picture into the sea," he said. "Just like that, he threw it. 'But here's my sword,' he said, and he waved it close under the nose of this man, L'Ollinais, because, you comprehend, he was about to die and wished to die with the fine gesture of a gentleman."

"Waved it under his nose?"

"Beneath his nose," said Señor Orviedo, "just like that."

"'Take it! Take it!' he said, and laughed in the fellow's face. You are of cold blood, sir. You must understand the beautiful effrontery of it, the delicacy of waving the sword beneath the nose of a man about to kill you. You may not understand the refinement of the insult but L'Ollinais understood. He did not answer but pulled a dirk from his belt and threw it quickly. So! Clean into Don Pedro's chest. Don Pedro died, sir, as a great gentleman should, with his sword in his hand."

Señor Orviedo pointed to the wall.

"THERE it is, sir," he said, "a rusty bit of iron but very precious. It was buried with Don Pedro but, when his bones were moved to the church aisle, the sword was given his family. It may be a small anecdote, badly told, but there is the sword of a very honorable gentleman of Spain, who would not buy his life. Do you wonder we are very proud of his memory?"

Mr. Grimm was interested. "May I have it in my hand?" he said.

"Ah, sir," said Señor Orviedo, "you are a realist—you have to touch." He unhooked the sword from the wall and handed it to Mr. Grimm. "A bit of rusty iron," said Mr. Orviedo, "but the sword of a brave man. Eh? Eh? What are you making—?"

He had a right to ask. Mr. Grimm's face was alight with a violent interest. With a penknife he was scratching at the mud-encrusted hilt.

"Great Scott!" he cried suddenly. "There's something in that yarn!"

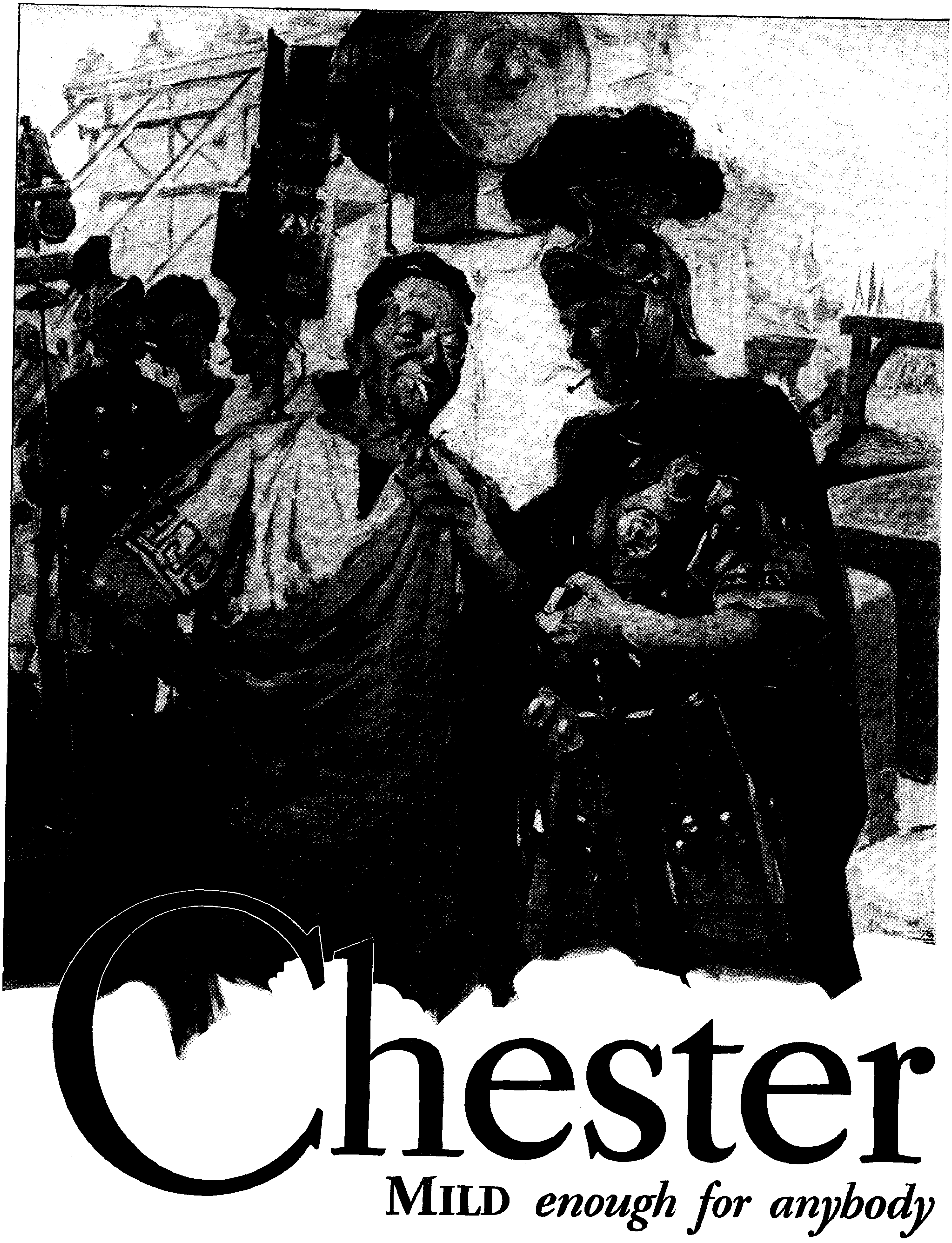
"Sir!" Señor Orviedo's face grew purple.

"A piece of iron, is it?" cried Mr. Grimm. "Haven't you ever looked at the thing before? That hilt is jeweled, gold work. By Gad, Cellini might have made it. I will give you five thousand dollars for it without giving another scratch, Mr. Orviedo."

"Mother of Heaven!" Señor Orviedo's voice was very faint. "Will you spoil a beautiful story with talk of money, like all your race? Mother of Heaven, why did I hand you that?" And Señor Orviedo plucked the relic from the hand of Mr. Grimm, as he might have retrieved a glove from the gutter.

"Nonsense!" muttered Mr. Grimm. "But if that's how you feel, I'm sorry."

Señor Orviedo glared at Mr. Grimm. "You are sorry! Sorry!" He fingered tenderly the sword of Don Pedro. "Bah!" he sighed. "No sentiment, no feeling, none of that delicacy which goes to make—" He blinked rapidly. "Let us discuss," he said, "the possibility of a somewhat more generous offer." And with his finger nail he began to chip the coral mud from the hilt of the venerable blade.


Chester
MILD *enough for anybody*

What a cigarette meant there

The actors play their part—
and history moves thrillingly across the silver screen. But on the movie lot, how tense the days of strain! And how gratefully welcomed those hard-won moments that mean rest, relaxation . . . and a cigarette!

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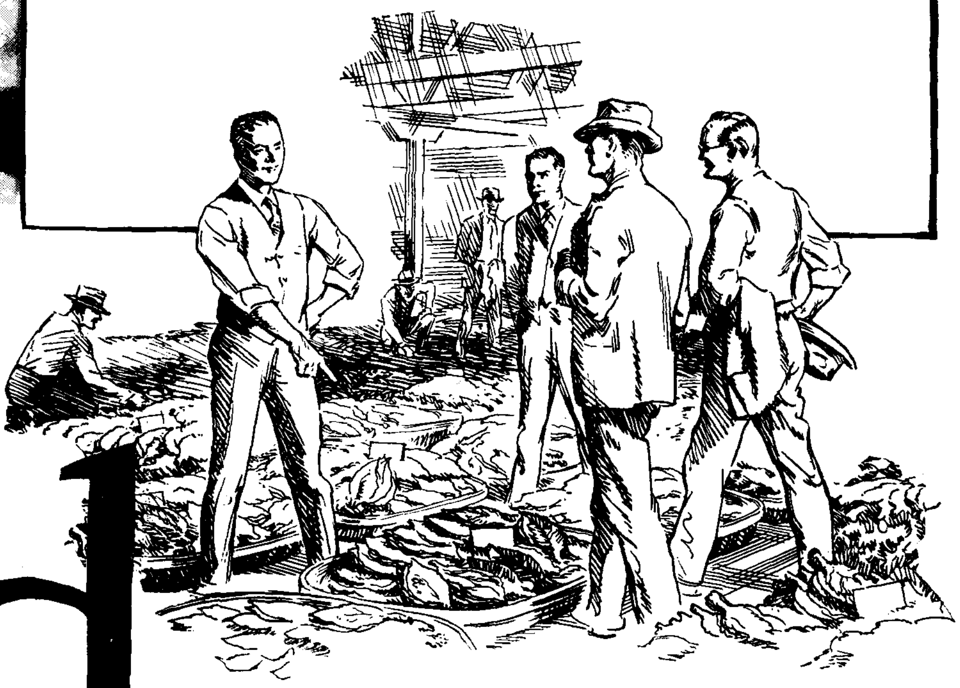
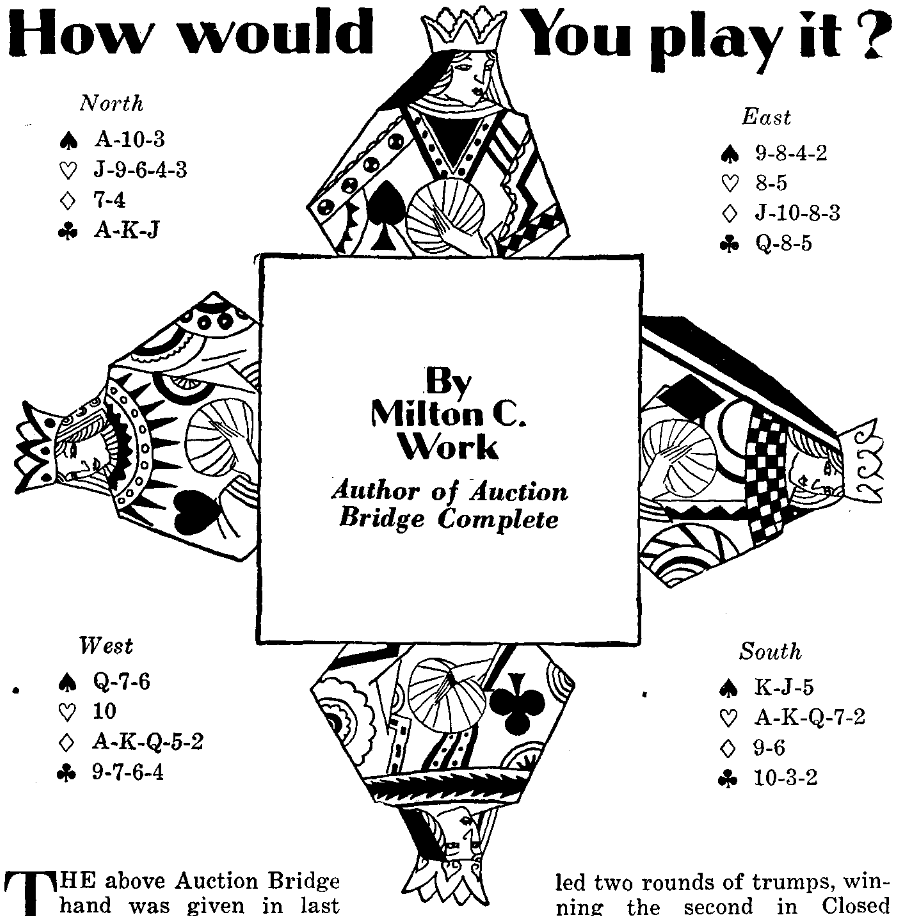


Typical scene in tobacco auction warehouse, where the farmer's work ends and the manufacturer's begins.

field

. . . *and yet* THEY SATISFY

How would You play it ?



North
♠ A-10-3
♡ J-9-6-4-3
◇ 7-4
♣ A-K-J

East
♠ 9-8-4-2
♡ 8-5
◇ J-10-8-3
♣ Q-8-5

West
♠ Q-7-6
♡ 10
◇ A-K-Q-5-2
♣ 9-7-6-4

South
♠ K-J-5
♡ A-K-Q-7-2
◇ 9-6
♣ 10-3-2

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the detailed description of the playing follows:

The Auction

South bid one Heart, West two Diamonds and North two Hearts which obtained the contract.

At Contract Bridge the bidding would involve a bit more consideration for both North and South. South would be tempted to bid two Hearts because her strength is nearly two tricks greater than the requirement for a minimum one-Heart bid which shows only four tricks, at least two of which must be high-card tricks. South can reasonably expect to take five Heart tricks and one Spade trick, which would be the six tricks a two-bid would announce. However, the Spade trick is not assured beyond doubt and it is not conservative in Contract to open with a suit-bid of two unless the six tricks are more definite than they are in this case. It would be a close question with this holding, but a one-bid would be much safer.

Over the one, West would bid two Diamonds, and North three Hearts. North would be tempted to bid four and has so close to the strength justifying it that she could not be seriously criticized if she did; but her hand is one short of the count and, as the count will prove the best guide in the long run, the safest plan is to follow it accurately. In Contract, when your partner starts by bidding one of a suit, it requires a count of 13 based on the suit valuations, to jump to two, 17 to three, and 21 to four. North would count her Ace of Spades as 5 (in raising suit-bids, an Ace counts 5, although it counts only 4 for the different scale of No Trump values), her five trumps as 3, her Diamond doubleton as 1, her Ace-King-Jack of Clubs as 11, making a total of 20.

Of course after North's jump to three, South, with much more than a minimum one, would bid four without the least hesitation.

The Play

When this hand was actually played, West led two high Diamonds and then shifted to a Club, leading through Dummy's Ace-King-Jack. Declarer declined the opportunity to finesse on the first round, winning with Dummy's King; led two rounds of trumps, winning the second in Closed Hand, and then tried the Club finesse. When it lost, East led a third Club, putting Dummy in the lead; and Declarer then led a Spade from Dummy, finessing the Jack in the Closed Hand, which West won with the Queen, and the adversaries saved game, taking two Diamonds, one Club and one Spade.

At the end of the hand the Declarer commented quite forcefully upon her hard luck in finding both finesses wrong. She had, however, a sure game had she only noted the way to make it. After drawing the adverse trumps and with the Diamonds gone from her two hands, all that it was necessary for her to do was to get out North and South's Clubs, put the adversaries in and force them to lead either a Diamond or a Club which Declarer could trump in one hand while she discarded a Spade from the other; or to lead a Spade, and a Spade lead from either adverse hand insures game for Declarer.

Consequently the cinch method for Declarer to handle the play would be after the adverse trumps were exhausted, to lead another Club, winning it with the Ace in Dummy, and then to lead the Jack of Clubs from Dummy, giving up any thought of taking three Club tricks but insuring all the remaining tricks. It would not matter to Declarer which adverse hand won the third Club; her losses would be limited to one Club trick and two Diamond tricks, and game would become a certainty.

This is the classic "elimination play"; and like most classics it has been studied mostly by scholars and is not very well understood outside of their ranks—"scholars" in this case, meaning Bridge experts.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 10-8-7-6-4
H. 6
D. J-4
C. A-9-7-6-2

East
S. K-5-3-2
H. J-10-8-7-3-2
D. 3
C. 4-3

West
S. Q-J
H. K-Q-9-4
D. A-Q-10-9
C. Q-J-8

South
S. A-9
H. A-5
D. K-8-7-6-5-2
C. K-10-5

The Ha'nt Hound

Continued from page 11

The afternoon was much the same as the morning, with Martha prompting Spudge to greater speed, while Spudge's back ached and cramped. Once while Martha was at the packing shed, Della suggested that Spudge drop around some night to visit some.

"Nunh-unh," he objected. "I too skeered to git out after night."

"Skeered er yo' maw, hunh?"

"Naw, ha'nts." Spudge almost shivered at the idea of walking abroad at night. "I got gray eyes—"

Della laughed heartily. "You b'lieve in dat stuff, hunh?" It was too ridiculous!

"Cou'se I do," Spudge declared. "Ev'ytime I gits kotched out after dark, I sees 'em." And he started recounting the time that the big one got after him over in the road when he was coming home from Needmore. But before he got to the shooting part, Martha returned and Spudge went to work.

THEY left the field a little before sundown. Spudge insisted on getting through the thicket before dark and Martha consented, mainly because she was very tired, herself, and had many tickets in her tobacco sack.

As soon as supper was over, they went to bed. Martha was sleepy and tired. Spudge was just tired. He couldn't sleep because Della was on his mind, and some way or other he couldn't get her off.

By eight o'clock the moon was up, full and brilliant. Martha snored peacefully, and Spudge was about to doze off. Then out in the night he heard old Spot yowling and wailing.

He sat up in bed and listened. Martha opened and closed her mouth with a sputtering sound.

"He trailin'," Spudge announced to himself, and he listened intently.

The long wailing sounds suddenly were replaced by short, sharp yelps in the edge of the clearing by the cabin.

"Got him treed!" exclaimed Spudge, crawling out of bed. "I bet ole Spot done run dat coon up a tree!" He stepped excitedly into his trousers, procured his gun from the forks over the mantel and started out.

At the door he halted suddenly and stepped back into the house. He stood a minute in indecision. Old Spot's sharp tree barks tingled his huntsman's blood. Yet it was night outside and the darkness was swarming with ghosts, ready to grab him the instant he ventured out alone.

"G-g-g-git up, Martha," he stammered. "Git up and come out to dat dog wit me, and le's git dat coon."

"I ain't studyin' no coon," snapped Martha. "But ef'n you don't make dat dog stop dat racket so I kin sleep, I'm gonter club you wid a poker."

"Sweet," protested Spudge, "I can't git out by myse'f. De ha'nts 'd git me befo'—"

"De ha'nts my hind foot!" exploded Martha. "You git out and stop dat dog's racket, or I'm gonter git up and stop yo's! You hyared me!"

There was no use holding back. Ha'nts were terrible things. But Martha was worse. And more immediate. Spudge clutched his gun and stumbled out the door.

Ha'nts swarmed all about him, pulling his clothes and sticking briars into his hide, but he couldn't see them, because he had his eyes closed.

After countless ages of agony and fear, he got to the tree. It was a dead tree, free of leaves and small branches. The coon was on the first limb, and the excitement of seeing his game drove the fears of ha'nts away from Spudge's mind, for the moment. He circled the tree until he had his game "mooned." One shot brought it down.

It was the work of very few minutes to get the coon skinned, the hide tacked to the wall of the house, and the fresh meat salted, and it was only after Spudge crawled back into bed that he realized that he hadn't seen a single, solitary ghost while working with the coon.

The next day was a hard one in the berry patch. The sun was hot and it beat down upon the backs of the pickers. It also ripened the berries too rapidly, and, even that early, the pickers encountered many that were too ripe to be shipped. The boss-man grumbled and swore that the "Old Man" would lose half his crop if he didn't hustle out some pickers from Baton Rouge.

Martha worked feverishly, filling her boxes and prompting Spudge to greater speed. The tobacco sack about her neck bulged opulently with yellow tickets, and more were added as rapidly as she could get her boxes filled.

Spudge worked hard, but his back hurt and the needle-like rays of the sun cut through his blue shirt and stung his hide. Della, always on the row to his left, occasionally contributed a handful of berries to his tray, and Spudge found time, while Martha was away, to finish his fiercest ghost experience.

"Riz right up in front er me, like a cow," he explained. "Right out er nothin'. And so I tuck my gun and I leveled down on him—"

"You shot dat cow?" demanded Della.

"Naw, I shot dat ha'nt," Spudge stated.

Della was so surprised at first that she could not even giggle. Then finally she broke out in a high-pitched peal of laughter. She raised on her knees and fell over backwards, rolling over and over between the rows.

"So hit was you done dat, hunh?" she asked between outbursts of laughter. "Dat was last month, hunh?"

Spudge could not see the joke, but he grinned agreeably.

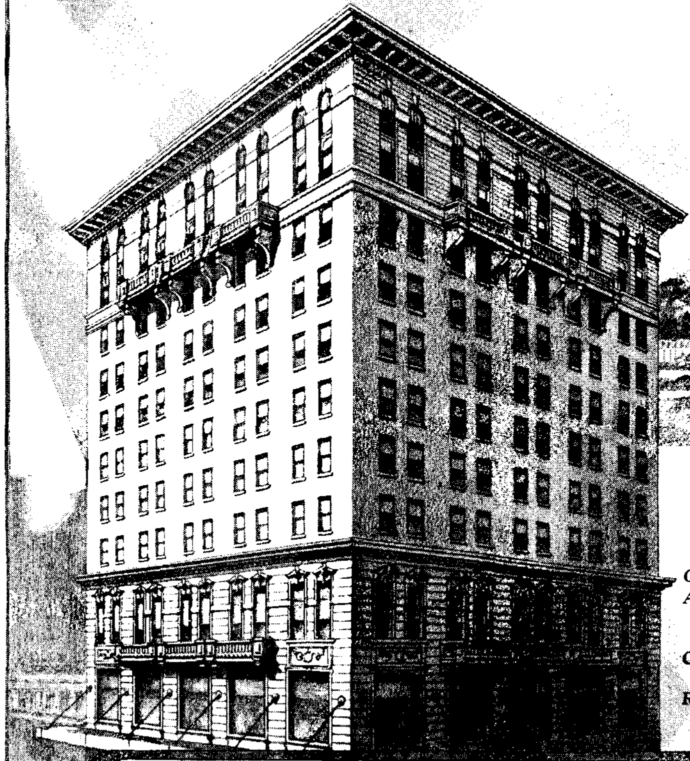
"Boy," she explained, finally controlling her mirth, "you better not let de boss man know you shot dat ha'nt." She almost gave way to more laughter, but she controlled herself after a struggle. "'Cause about de time you shot dat ha'nt hit was somebody which kilt one er his fine deery cows up on de road, and he offerin' a solid hun'ed dollars to find out who done hit." She gave way to laughing for a minute. "Dat was a full-blooded Holstein ha'nt you kilt, son," she added. "Pure full-blooded!"

MARTHA returned from the packing shed and Spudge got very busy again. So it was a cow, hunh? Well, what did a cow want to get up behind him on old Clipper for, after she had been shot twice with turkey shot? And then ride old Clipper all night long, after she was dead, and bring him home at daylight with his mane and tail all knotted into witch stirrups?

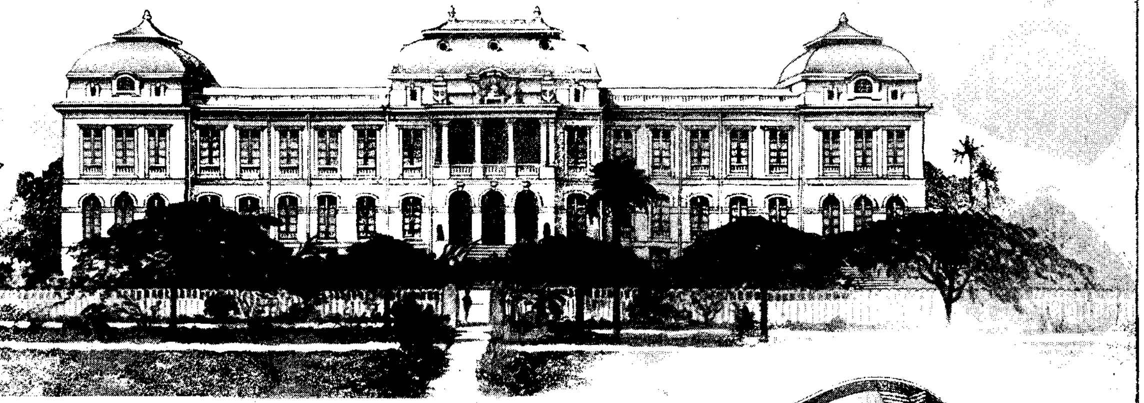
Berry after berry went into the boxes, and little by little things argued themselves out in Spudge's mind. Come to remember it, Clipper had gotten all of those cockleburs in his mane and tail before Spudge rode him to mill. He remembered now, how the boys at Needmore had ragged him for being too lazy to curry them out. And with that part explained he began to wonder if the

(*Continued on page 44*)

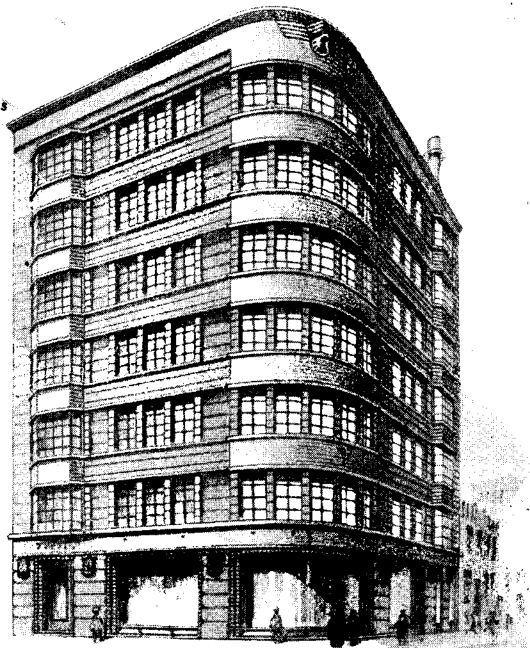
Russwin in Foreign Lands



HOTEL ALEXANDER
Melbourne, Australia
Owner—James Richardson
Architect—
Leslie M. Perrott,
A. R. V. I. A.
General Contractor—
T. Shillito
Russwin Representatives —
Edwin Wood Prop., Ltd.

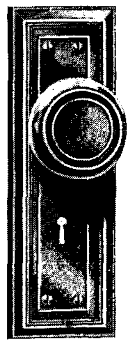


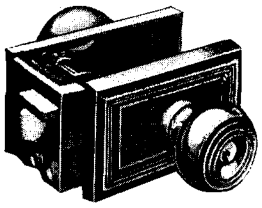
PALACE OF JUSTICE
Port au Prince, Haiti
Erected under the direction of Generale des Travaux Publics

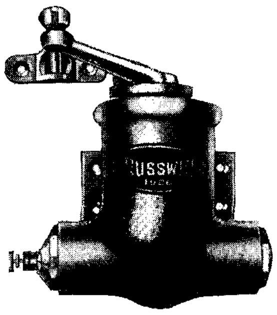


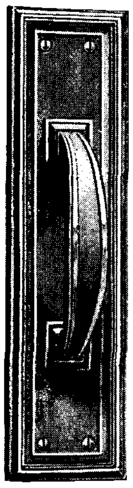
MITSUKASHIWA
BUILDING
Tokio, Japan
Architect— S. Okada
General Contractors—
Okura Doboku Co.
Russwin Representatives —
Daido Shokai, Inc.

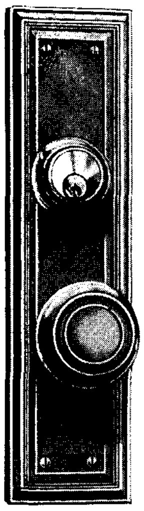
A FEW RUSSWIN CREATIONS











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· · the Monumental Structure · ·

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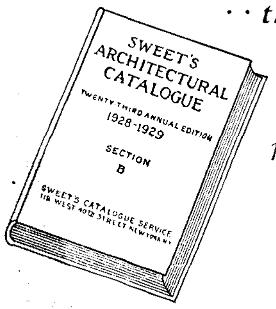

See pages 2519-2598
for a catalogue of
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The Ha'nt Hound

Continued from page 42

cow actually had climbed up behind him. He thought she had, of course. But it was a big cow—or big ha'nt. "Must er weighed a solid ton," he concluded. "And old Clipper too old to go ridin' anything like dat all night." No, probably he just expected the ha'nt to crawl up behind him, and he left before he actually saw it do so.

When Martha "knocked off" to prepare dinner, Spudge grinned at Della. "Dat was a good joke," he declared. "Me killin' dat cow like she was a ha'nt!"

Della laughed. "Hit's a good thing I'm yo' friend," she told him. "'Cause ef'n I wa'n't yo' friend and went and told de boss man—"

Spudge chuckled. "I know a mo' better joke dan dat," he informed her. "You think dat woman which is always bossin' at me is my maw, don't you?"

"Ain't she?"

"Now, gal," Spudge laughed outright. "She ain't my maw, a-tall. She my wife!" He laughed with gusto.

Della froze up immediately. "Humph!" she snorted, and turned her back on Spudge.

"Ain't dat funny, gal?" Spudge was disappointed because she couldn't see the joke. "You think she was my—"

"I ain't studyin' what I think," Della said coldly. "And you too. Go on and pick yo' berries. Don't come jawin' wid me. I don't know you."

Spudge picked. It was too many for him. A good joke was a good joke and ought to be laughed at, not gotten mad at. The more he puzzled the worse muddle it seemed, and the worse muddle it seemed, the harder he picked berries.

Spudge forgot to mention knocking off work in time to get home before sundown, and Martha forgot it too. They walked down the path through the thicket together in the fast-approaching darkness, Spudge strangely silent and moody, and Martha worried in her mind about something she just could not quite place. Martha knew something was in the air; something had happened to Spudge, probably. But what? He acted like a man with a woman on his mind, and she knew better than that. But still—

She pictured in her mind each woman that Spudge had seen in the field. Only one was dangerous-looking, potentially—the same one Martha had seen on the foot log, earlier in the year—and she always seemed to be attending strictly to her berry picking. As was Spudge. No it couldn't be a woman.

She studied the bulky shadow of the big man in the path in front of her. Big as a giant, and gentle as a lamb! And afraid of ha'nts!

THEY had supper in silence, and while Martha was setting things aright, Spudge got his gun down from the rack, cleaned it, put it back, and then took it down and cleaned it again. He then fidgeted about, doing things and undoing them. He usually wasn't that way.

"Got a weary on yo' mind, son?" Martha asked, finally.

"Nawp," Spudge said. "No weary. Jest feel like trompin' around some. Outside. B'lieve I'll git old Spot and see can't us tree a possum, maybe."

Strange action for Spudge! Martha worried in silence for a minute. Then suddenly she recalled they had come home in the dark and Spudge hadn't said a word about ghosts.

"What about dat ha'nt you shot, son?" she asked.

Spudge laughed. "Dat's a joke," he said. "Hit wan't no ha'nt; hit was a cow!" He laughed heartily. "Della, she told me de boss man got powerful mad when he found I had done shot dat cow!" He continued to laugh at the fine joke!

"Della!" broke in Martha. "Who Della?"

"She ain't gonter tell de boss man," Spudge explained. "She my particular friend." When he said that, he remembered again how she acted in the field, and he quit laughing. And before Martha could press more questions at him, he got his hat, called old Spot to heel, and walked out.

AFTER he left, Martha thought more seriously than ever. "Della, hunh?" Things worked slowly in her mind but they worked. No doubt Della was that very same woman that she had decided was working too hard to be harmful!

It wasn't too clear in Martha's brain, yet, but it was clear enough for action, and Martha believed in action.

But not Spudge. He believed in ambling about aimlessly until the worry worried itself into a solution. He tromped about the woods, for a while, with old Spot at his heel.

"Della ain't no fool," Spudge remarked aloud, "but she sho' ack like one, dis day. I'm gonter ax her how come she done me like dat."

He got up and walked toward the Pitard houses, through the thicket path, the meadow and the berry patch, finally arriving at a clump of Negro cabins just behind the big barn. It was after eight o'clock and the moon was just rising. Most of the workers were in bed, already, but he saw one man sitting on a porch, and he asked the whereabouts of a girl named Della.

"Hyar is Della," a voice from within the cabin called. "Who wants Della?" It unmistakably was Della's own voice.

"Hit's me, Della," Spudge explained. "Spudge."

"Wawk along, boy," the voice called back. "You got de wrong Della."

"Aw, listen," protested Spudge. "I know you. And I jest want to find out how come you got so mad at me when I ain't did you nothin'!"

"I ain't mad," Della stated impersonally, "nor neither glad. I ain't got time to git mad at no married man."

So that was it? "Well, I too sorry, Della," Spudge told her. "I like you, and I thought hit was a powerful good joke about you thinkin' Martha was my maw." He stopped and waited for her to laugh. But she didn't, so he continued: "I married wid her befo' I knowed you. I hope you ain't got no hard feelings?"

"None a-tall, Spudge." Della intended it to sound entirely impersonal, but it didn't quite. So she added for the sake of her conscience, "Nor neither no good feelin's."

"Well, good night, Della," Spudge said.

"So long, Spudge. See you tomorrow."

Spudge trailed off with old Spot sympathetically at his heels. He walked wearily as if the burden on his mind weighted him down.

"Ef'n I had just a-seed Della befo'—" but he stopped right there. His ear heard a strange sound. A moaning, sighing sound. And before he had time to figure out what made it, he saw what made it!

A ha'nt! A pure ha'nt! White and moaning! It stepped right out of nothing, and into the path in front of him!

It all happened so quickly that nobody ever figured out how.

Spudge probably jumped back as soon as the ghost appeared, for Spot limped about the house next day as though some sudden move of Spudge's feet had caught one of his forepaws. If that was the way it happened, then probably the yowl of pain from Spot, exploding so suddenly right under Spudge's feet as it must have, sent Spudge forward as rapidly as the ghost had sent him backward.

However it happened, the first thing Spudge knew he was all tangled up in something he couldn't get out of. He fought and yelled and begged, and soon the ghost was yelling and begging some too. But everything was so tangled up that Spudge kept right on pounding and kicking and yelling, all the time trying to scramble free.

"Spudge, aw—ow! You mighty nigh killin' me."

"Mighty nigh ain't de startin'!" Spudge was gaining confidence. "You de first ha'nt I ever got my hands on—"

"I ain't no ha'nt, Spudge; I'm Martha—"

She was crying and blubbering from the beating.

Spudge was winded, and mad clear through. "How come, woman?"

"I was funnin'," she whimpered.

"Well, I hope you got yo' bait er fun, den." Spudge was not to be appeased.

They walked home in silence. Martha wanted to accuse Spudge of visiting the Della woman, but she thought it prudent to wait until he was more docile.

THE accusation, however, was never made. The next morning when they got to the berry field, two truck loads of berry pickers had come out from Baton Rouge, and among them was one Lonnie. Since Martha left him, two months before, he had been driven to the extremity of working. He saw Martha first

"Hello, baby," he greeted. "Whar you been at so long?"

Martha looked. The same old Lonnie; the same old easy, confident, irresistible way that twice before had changed her mind. "I been out hyar," she grinned.

"Pickin' berries for papa, hunh?" He eyed the sack of tickets at Martha's neck. "Dat's all you done picked?"

"Un-hunh. Dat's all."

"Gimme."

Martha hesitated. "Not t' papa take me to de preacher. 'Cause I done got married up again whilst I was out hyar."

Spudge had watched the meeting with interest. When the talk ended, he grinned, placed his empty tray upon a stack of empty crates, and took Della's carrier and placed it by the side of his.

"You ain't aimin' to let dat woman give him yo' tickets too, is you?" Della was indignant. "You picked dem tickets, boy."

"I ain't studyin' tickets," Spudge declared. "I got me a gun and a fishin' pole and a dog, and a gyarden patch, and I don't know what all. I don't need no tickets."

"Us got all dat stuff?" Della was surprised.

"And you to he'p wid de fishin' and de cookin', maybe."

They started off together, willing to let Martha and the tickets be bygones.

But Martha wanted to be friendly. "Watch out for de ha'nts, Spudge," she warned, good-naturedly.

Spudge stopped and grinned at her. "Yeah?" he asked. "Well, I kilt me one ha'nt and I whupped me one ha'nt. And de next one I sees I'm liable to skin hit alive!"

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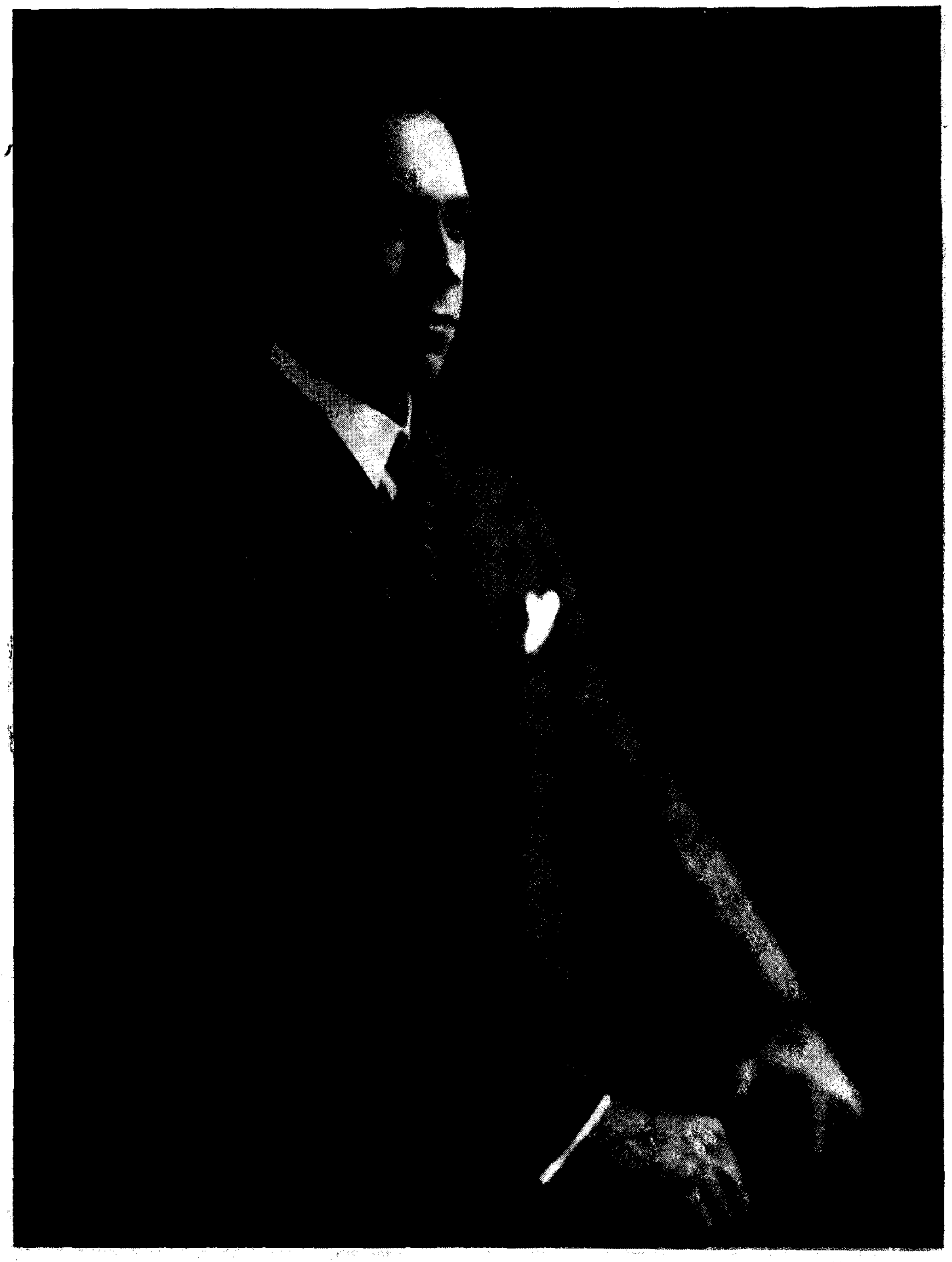

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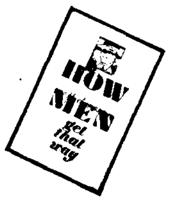
HOW MEN get that way

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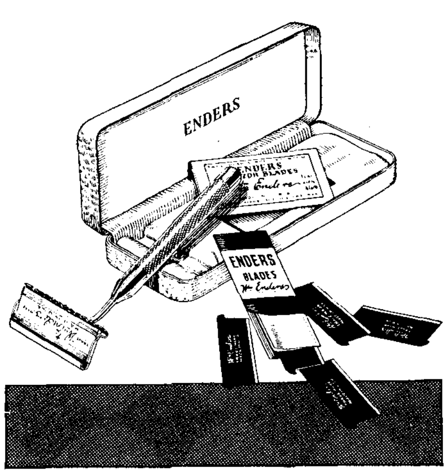

Bad Luck Pieces

Continued from page 34

Atlantic to the peace and quietude of a small town in Louisiana and accompany Mr. Leonidas Perkins—which is not the gentleman's real name—on his daily visit to his local bank.

Mr. Perkins has all the earmarks of a pillar of the church. He looks to us like a man who would wear a white vest every Sunday; he is in reality a highly reputable merchant, and on this particular morning he is feeling unusually happy. The evening before he made a good trade, one which lined his wallet with much ready cash, and now as he steps jauntily up to the cashier's window he is about to sweeten his account with seventy nice, new, crisp $50 notes. He does so; he shoves in the money; remarks carelessly to the teller, just by way of accounting for the undue size of the deposit, that he has just got rid of some old oil stock, and then, in the very next second, he receives the worst jolt of his entire business career.

A Hard Blow

The young teller takes the money, starts to count it, squints his eyes, runs a few of the notes rather carefully through his fingers, and very rudely pushes a gun out right under Mr. Perkins' nose.

"Better stick around, Mr. Perkins," he says, "until I can get an officer in here. This stuff's all counterfeit."

It WAS all counterfeit, and as a result out came the entire sad, sad story. In years gone by Mr. Perkins had been a reputable merchant; the necromancy of the Eighteenth Amendment, however, had transformed him into a wholesale whisky dealer, and only the night before a pair of dishonest, unscrupulous, unfeeling bootleggers had come along and passed off on him a big bundle of the Ramirez currency. It was a hard blow, with a chastening effect; it converted Mr. Perkins at once to the cause of prohibition, and he immediately squealed.

But in the meantime, while many interesting little transactions like that mentioned had been taking place, what had the men in the Secret Service Division been doing about it? They had been doing a lot and saying nothing. Those fellows hardly ever talk. For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain that gang is peculiar. What they don't know is hardly ever worth knowing, and what they do know generally hurts—somebody.

They knew, for instance, a good deal about this new privately-printed issue of Ramirez money, from the very day almost that it made its appearance on the American side of the line, and very soon after that they knew ALL about it. They knew who made it, where it was being made, how it was done, and, strange to say, all of this information came to them as the result of a poker game.

A traveling man "sat in" with the boys in a little friendly meeting in Fort Worth, and after a few hours of devotion he emerged, as he thought at the time, about $1,000 to the good. But he was wrong about that. In reality he had lost that amount because in return for the $2,000 in Ramirez currency which he took out of the game he had left behind him $1,000 in real money. When this man woke up the next morning, rubbed the sleepers out of his eyes and took his pocketbook from under his pillow to gloat over his winnings, he realized that something very unpleasant had happened. But what could he do about it?

Stepping out high, wide and handsome, this knight of the gripsack headed north. He passed through Memphis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York and Buffalo, and everywhere he went he left behind him a thin trail of bad money.

But a thin trail is always enough for those boys from Washington. They picked this one up, followed it on through the various cities, and within less than a month after the historic poker game they pinched the traveling man in Detroit. He was sore, of course, and naturally he tried to wriggle out by squealing on the man in Fort Worth. It didn't do him any good, though, except that when he went to the pen he had the satisfaction of taking with him, to help him out with his labor on the Atlanta rock pile, not only the Fort Worth distributer, but the man from Dallas also.

The Secret Service men went down to El Paso; crossed the line into Mexico; made the acquaintance and cultivated the friendship of one of the Ramirez brothers, and finally, after catching the youngster with the goods on him, they prevailed on the Mexican authorities to lock the lad up.

But a lot of good that did! Down in Mexico, you see, even as is frequently the case in this country, questions of right and wrong and justice and injustice are very often decided by referring not to the statute books of the law but to the pocketbooks of the accused. In the case of Señor Ramirez something like that seems to have happened. His financial status was investigated, and when it was discovered that he could pay handsomely for his liberty, and that Uncle Sam wasn't willing to dig up a slick dime to deprive him of it, he was very promptly turned loose.

Finding that the United States had become a land in which life for their representatives was just one term after another, the Ramirez boys looked around for a new field in which to dispose of their output. They found one easily, over in the Bahamas.

The Secret Service Division, of course, immediately took cognizance of this new turn in the affairs of the Ramirez men and sent an agent down south to look into the matter. This man's name was Webster, he was one of the best men in the service, and within less than a week he was aboard a small revenue boat, manned by a crew of five men and bound from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., to the island of Bemini.

Nothing Else to Do

On this trip the sole mission of the cutter was to land Webster on Bemini but when they were 20 miles out at sea, and the captain sighted a fast-moving launch in the distance, he couldn't resist the temptation to run it down to see if she was carrying a cargo of liquor. She was. After a long chase the launch was overhauled, a search showed that she carried a big load of rum, and her two occupants, named Alderman and Keech, were ordered aboard the cutter while their boat was made fast to the stern to be towed into port.

That part of it attended to, the captain ordered Alderman, who seemed to be the leader, to go with him to his cabin. The rum runner obeyed, and the instant they were alone he jerked out a pistol and shot the officer dead. Then, snatching the gun from the holster of the fallen man, thus arming himself with a pair of weapons, he rushed back on deck. At the head of the companionway leading to the engine-room he shot the engineer, who rolled, wounded, down the steps, and, turning on Webster and the three remaining members of the cutter crew, who were unarmed, he shouted, "Stick 'em up."

There was nothing else to do. The boys stuck 'em up, and in less time than it has taken to write it the tables were completely turned. In place of being prisoners Alderman and Keech were now in complete control of the revenue cutter.

"Go below," shouted Alderman to his partner, "open the valves and flood the engine-room with gasoline. I'll take these fellows over the side to the launch, and before you come you throw a light down into the gas. We'll burn this —— ship right here."

Keech followed instructions. He went below, opened the petcocks, saw that the gasoline flowed out freely over the floor, and over the wounded engineer, who lay helpless, and came back on deck. In the meantime Alderman, with a pair of cocked revolvers as persuaders, was urging Webster and the cutter crew into his own launch. When the transfer was complete he called out: "All right, Keech; touch her off, jump for it and push this boat away as quick as the Lord'll let you."

Keech struck a match, tossed it down the companionway, and dived over the rail of the cutter into the launch. But there was something wrong, as no explosion followed. It would come, though, at any second; Alderman knew it would, and swore at Keech to hurry and start the engine. Keech got busy, and Alderman turned to his four prisoners.

"Do you birds know," he snarled, "what I'm goin' to do to you? You don't, hey? Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to shoot you all dead; one at a time, just as you're standin' there, and pitch you all overboard. Nobody'll ever know what happened to any of you. Are you ready, and may —— your souls!"

The Happy Ending

He raised a pistol and leveled it at Webster; the boat lurched a bit; Keech cursed the engine; it distracted Alderman for the fraction of a second, and the Secret Service man jumped for him. But the brave fellow was too late. Before he could grapple with him the rum-runner had fired, and Webster went down with a bullet through his heart. He had saved the situation, though. When he jumped the cutter men followed; they threw themselves into the fracas, overpowered Alderman and Keech, and once again, having paid for it with the lives of two good men, the cause of prohibition had triumphed!

Nor is this all. Messrs. Alderman and Keech, the former having already been tried and sentenced to death, will undoubtedly pay for their misdeeds with their lives, while as for the Ramirez boys it is safe to say, as this is being written, that adequate justice is in the making. The happy ending in the case of the young artists, however, will not be brought about through the unwieldy operations of International Law. The Secret Service Division tried that once; it didn't work, and so the case, through the intervention of the State Department, has been placed directly in the hands of the Federal Government in Mexico City. The probabilities, therefore, are that these boys will never bother anybody again, because whenever the dungeon doors at San Juan de Ulloa or over at Zapote clang to and lock ominously behind anybody, for anything, it is generally GOOD NIGHT.

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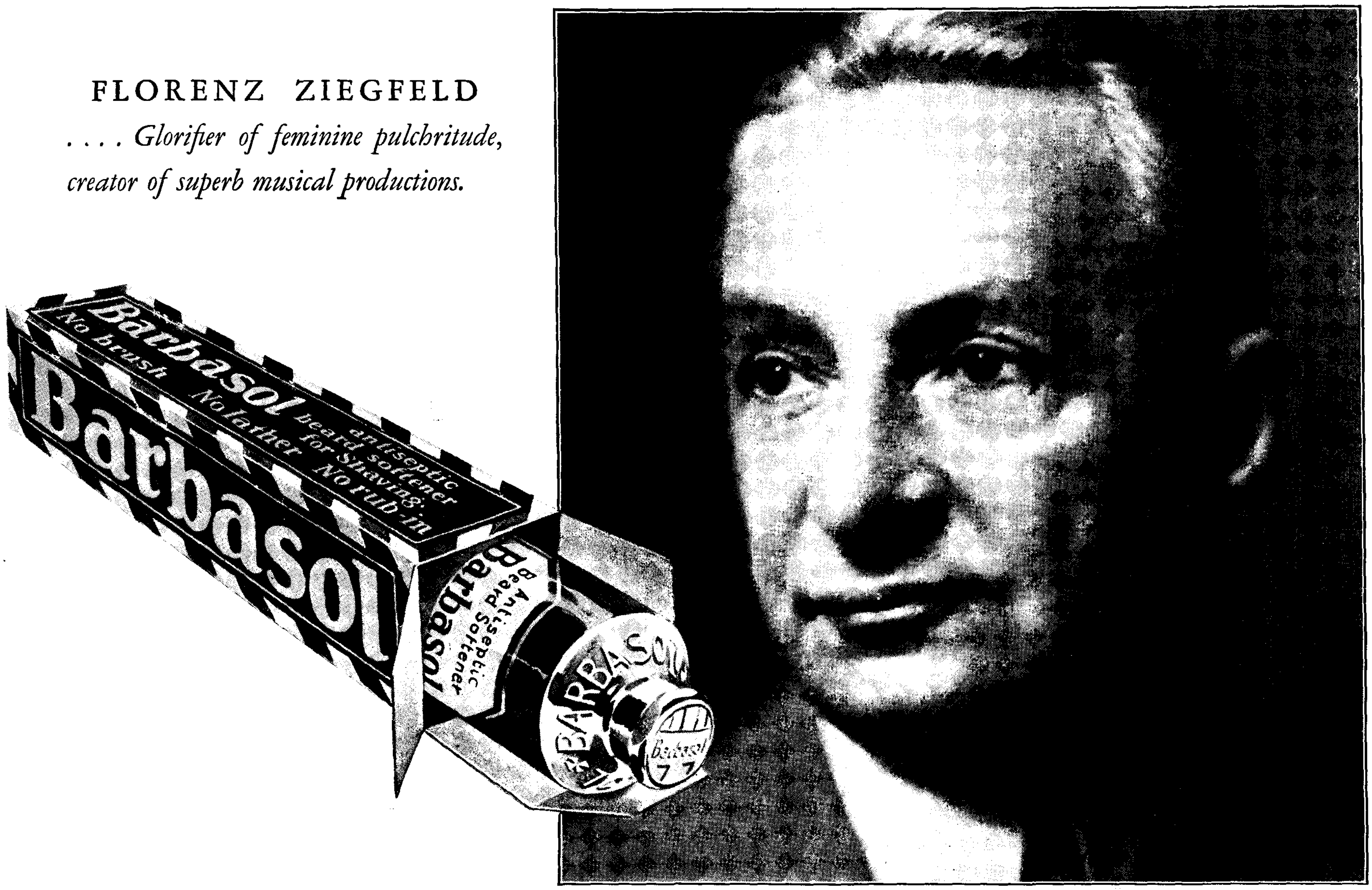
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Steel Golf Shaft

Sun-Kissed—and Everything

Continued from page 9

popularity. Entirely too much publicity attends Tia Juana and her moving-picture hussy sister, Agua Caliente. Too much like hiring a brass band to assist you in sneaking up on the customs officials. It is wholly impossible to keep a secret in Tia Juana.

With small exception the only persons to try smuggling booze in from Tia Juana are the trippers and tourists who simply can't resist the temptation.

"A amateur," explained Picker Murfin, one of Tia Juana's numerous New York exiles, "is a sucker to try it. It's like as if you or me was to try to sing tenor or sell a dry gusher or something. We wouldn't know the first thing about it, see? First thing we know we'd have a hell of a flop on our hands, see? People ought to leave liquor-running in the hands of the guys who know how."

A Better Chance for Life

And to prove that the amateur smuggler is a sucker, Picker told me of the deceit of the proprietor of one of Tia Juana's saloons.

"Nine times out of ten," said he, "a guy who was having a last drink at his bar before starting back to the States would say: 'Gosh, I hate to leave all this good drinking liquor behind. Say, d'you think I could get away with taking a couple of quarts in with me?'

"And this double-crossing tramp behind the bar would always say: 'Sure you can. Everybody's doing it. Put it under your coat and don't go out the front way because you don't know who's watching these days. Go out the back way there and then follow the narrow street to your left and have your car meet you there.'

"Then what happens?" said Picker. "Why this: The sucker is met by a couple of guys who say they're United States men and that they're wise to them and to give up the booze before there's trouble. And the sucker gives up and the liquor goes back to the saloon to be sold all over again to the next sucker."

"But don't the suckers know that United States men wouldn't be operating like that?" I asked.

"What if they do?" sighed Picker. "A guy ain't taking a chance of taking a poke in the jaw that far away from home, is he? Not for just a couple of bottles. Now if you really want a couple of bottles to take back with you, listen—"

In Los Angeles liquor arrives after long motor hauls and much may have, and frequently has—with no increase in its purity—happened to it. Some of Los Angeles' booze arrives pat on the docks of San Pedro, its harbor, but what with a dry mayor, a dry chief of police and a dry county prosecutor, Los Angeles puts the harbor rum-runners to a severe test. In fairness to their ingenuity it must be said, however, that they are doing well.

In San Francisco the bulk of the liquor comes straight from the fleet and, generally speaking, is delivered with ease and expedition. San Francisco's government is not at all satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League, although it appears to be eminently so to San Francisco.

In San Francisco the drinking element enjoys a better chance for life than does that of Los Angeles, where you telephone for your liquor and get what you get. The bulk of Southern California's booze is devastating stuff.

In Hollywood you will meet, if you're lucky, a beautiful and talented lady whose name and form are familiar to all persistent movie patrons. Her home is one of the most popular in the movie colony. It is usually overcrowded with the famous.

"One of the reasons that people like to come here," said she, "is that they always know that they can have a drink if they want it. Personally, I ride the water wagon, but I do not seek to control the appetites of my friends. Yes, I have gin, Bourbon and Scotch. Moreover I have what appears to be an inexhaustible supply. Look."

She went to a cabinet and fetched forth three bottles—one of gin, one of Bourbon and one of Scotch.

"I have plenty more," she said, "so don't stint yourself. I got it from the studio bootlegger, and you know that bootleggers serving such important people as movie stars and producers would not dare sell bad stuff. The studios are very careful about whom they give the bootleg concession. So please have a drink. You will notice that, just to make sure that it is good stuff, I have had it analyzed and the chemist has pasted his analysis upon the bottles."

On the Scotch was the sprightly news that it contained formaldehyde "in more than appreciable quantity" and "other foreign matter, chiefly mineral, making it dangerous for internal use." The gin analysis showed the presence of wood alcohol. The chemist's label proclaimed that the Bourbon contained "furfuryl oil and alcohol containing more than one per cent of denaturant salts which would cause serious gastric disturbances if taken internally."

Trip Number Ten

A breezy short story of love, parents, travel and a purser whose business was everybody's

By
FRANK CONDON

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"Read 'em," said the lovely lady, "and drink."

In San Francisco the spirit of the Vigilantes survives, but on the side of liquor rather than law. Not fewer than thrice within the past two years have vendors of wood alcohol been raided by indignant drinkers and banished from the city.

Contrary to the prevalent opinion in the East, prohibition has not been heaven's great gift to California's grape industry. For a time, directly after alcoholic beverages were proscribed by Congress, the grape was regarded as a new gold strike.

With tremendous accord California's vineyardists went in for juice which, according to their roseate dreams, was to be bought in large quantities by dry America and stored away in cellars where Nature was to take her course. America was to become a wine-drinking nation. Not a grape-juice-drinking people, understand (California does not raise Concords and Niagaras from which is made the non-fermenting drink so dear to the late Mr. Bryan), but consumers of delicious Tokay, sound Port, nutty Sherry and inspiring Chiantis and Burgundies and delicate Sauternes and Muscatel.

Where there were about 7,000 grape growers in 1921, now there are 20,000. Acreage production almost doubled. And then the horrors of overproduction appeared. America had not become a wine-drinking nation although for a brief time after prohibition the dreams of the growers threatened to come true. Wine grapes sold for a hundred dollars a ton and more. Raisins rose to as much as $235 a ton.

Then the decline. And nothing to do about it either. Grape vines, once planted, have a way of remaining. The vineyardist's problem is far harder than, say, the cotton planter's. Cotton land is cleared once a year, and if the planter wishes he can turn his ground to other crops. But it costs more to get rid of a grape vine than it does to plant it.

Grapes fell to $16 a ton last year—all varieties.

So there you have California willing, eager, able to fill the nation's cellars with fine wines—and no buyers. In other words $300,000,000 worth of vineyards fighting for life!

They have combined now under the California Vineyardists Association which is slowly rescuing the purple industry, although acreage will have to be reduced—perhaps drastically.

No, the grape is not an important element in California's nor in America's prohibition problem. Furthermore the California grape experience all but cuts the ground from under the feet of those of us who go about crying for light wines and beer. California has proof that the American drinker demands hard liquor.

Hard liquor such as Mile-Away Thompson and his faithful Spotty Chu dealt in. For five years Mile-Away followed his wild profession with never a day in jail nor a penny of fine to sully his record. He was arrested a dozen times, maybe more; but he always had a beautiful alibi.

"Who, me, Chief? Me? Why, Chief, I wasn't nowheres near Laguna Beach last night—nowheres near. Why, Chief, I was a mile away. Yeah, a mile away."

He was always a mile away until that fatal evening.

No Heed to Spotty's Advice

It was in the afternoon that the lady upon whom Mile-Away Thompson lavished his affections and dollars received a telephone call from a man who said that two truckloads of high-proof stuff —clean as a whistle, see?—had been rolled into a garage at such and such a corner.

"Slip it to Thompson," said the voice. "He ast me to watch."

Spotty Chu, who when not working the road was to be found at the Thompson flat, was instantly suspicious. He besought the lady to say nothing to Mile-Away. Later he begged Mile-Away to ignore the bait. But the lady passed it on, and Mile-Away, to whom successes had become a matter of course, told Spotty to stay home with the women—he was yellow inside as well as outside. Spotty Chu stayed behind.

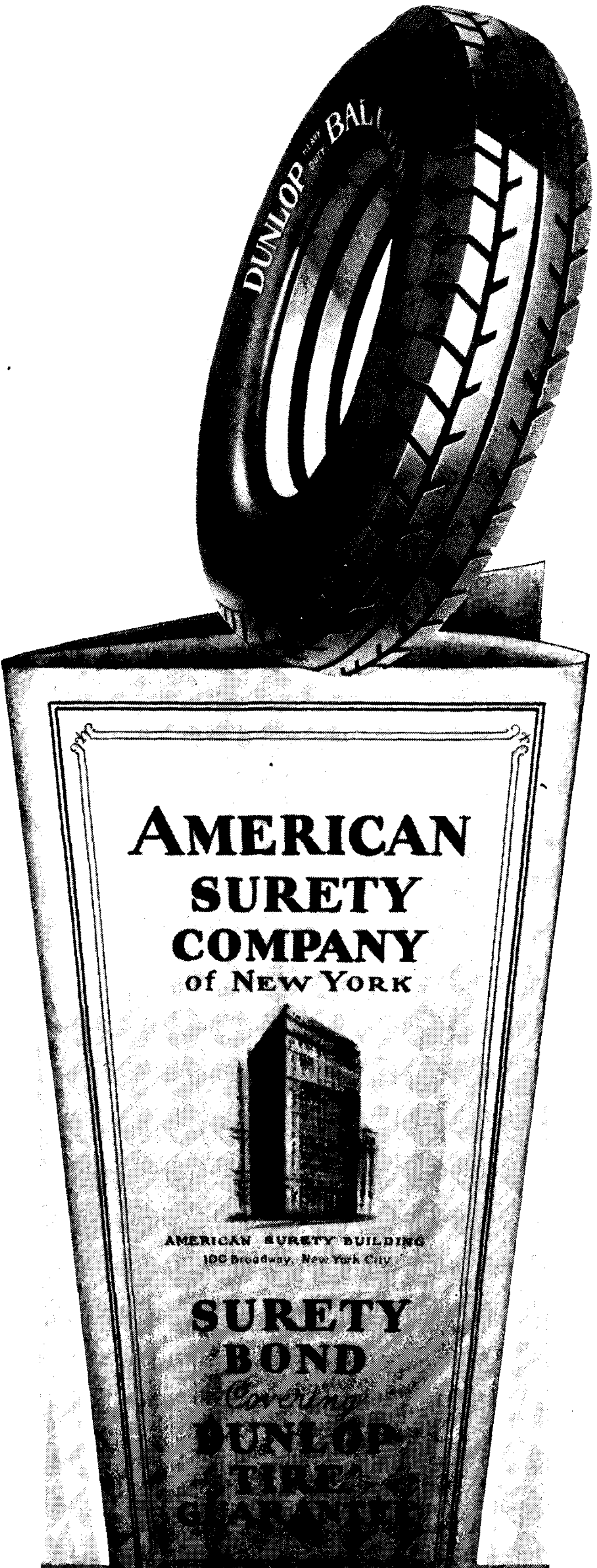
Mile-Away went to the garage alone. With a short jimmy he broke the lock. The doors fell open. Four of Mile-Away's enemies arose from behind trucks laden with decoy cases and they opened fire with machine guns—Tommies—and automatics.

Thus died Mile-Away Thompson. . . .

This tire is built to stand abuse

...then

BONDED against abuse



YOU want trouble-free tires. How are you going to be sure of getting them?

Suppose you were offered a *certainty*, by a manufacturer who had had a 40-year record of absolute reliability. Suppose that this tire company had been so successful that you just knew it must be intelligent.

Suppose that tire company backed each tire with the most sweeping guarantee ever offered. Suppose this guarantee not only covered your tires against usual tire hazards, but also against accidents, such as collisions and milk bottles . . . and even against ABUSES.

You would hardly believe such a guarantee. You would think the manufacturer had gone crazy to offer such a guarantee.

But when you know the tire-maker has been proved of more-than-average intelligence over a period of 40 years . . . when you know his reputation is such that he could borrow millions on his mere name . . . then, even the most skeptical must believe.

No ordinary tire could carry this guarantee

Dunlop would be too intelligent to offer such a guarantee on an ordinary tire. If the brains and the materials were not put into each Dunlop in such full measure as to make it stand abuse, a guarantee like this would be suicidal.

All the way from Egypt, where only the finest long-staple cotton is selected . . . through Dunlop's own spinning mills at Utica, N. Y., where the cord is spun . . . all the way from the rubber plantations on the other side of the globe . . . through the great Dunlop factories at Buffalo . . . where the rubber and the cord are transformed into the finished tire by master craftsmen . . . at every step this question guides all: "Will this make a tire that can stand abuse?"

Dunlop is confident of the answer.

A guarantee that is a seal of confidence

A guarantee? It is far more than that.

"What will make the public SURE that this guarantee will be fulfilled to the very letter?"

Dunlop asked that question and thought it through like this:

The public knows that a Surety Bond is as certain as the law of gravity. The public knows that of all the companies issuing Surety Bonds, none has a higher rating of intelligence and reliability than the American Surety Company of New York. "Is the tire good enough to stand up under such a Surety Bond?"

That was the natural question of the bonding experts. The fact that they decided to put the name of the American Surety Company behind the guarantee, was the answer.

It is sweeping . . . it covers tire hazards from accidents to abuses. It is iron-clad . . . a guarantee in the form of a regular Surety Bond, backed both by Dunlop and the American Surety Company. Before you buy another tire, you will want to know about this. Why not read a copy now. Without a mite of obligation to you we will mail you a specimen Surety Bond FREE. Mail the coupon today.

DUNLOP

Send for
SPECIMEN BOND
Free . . . .

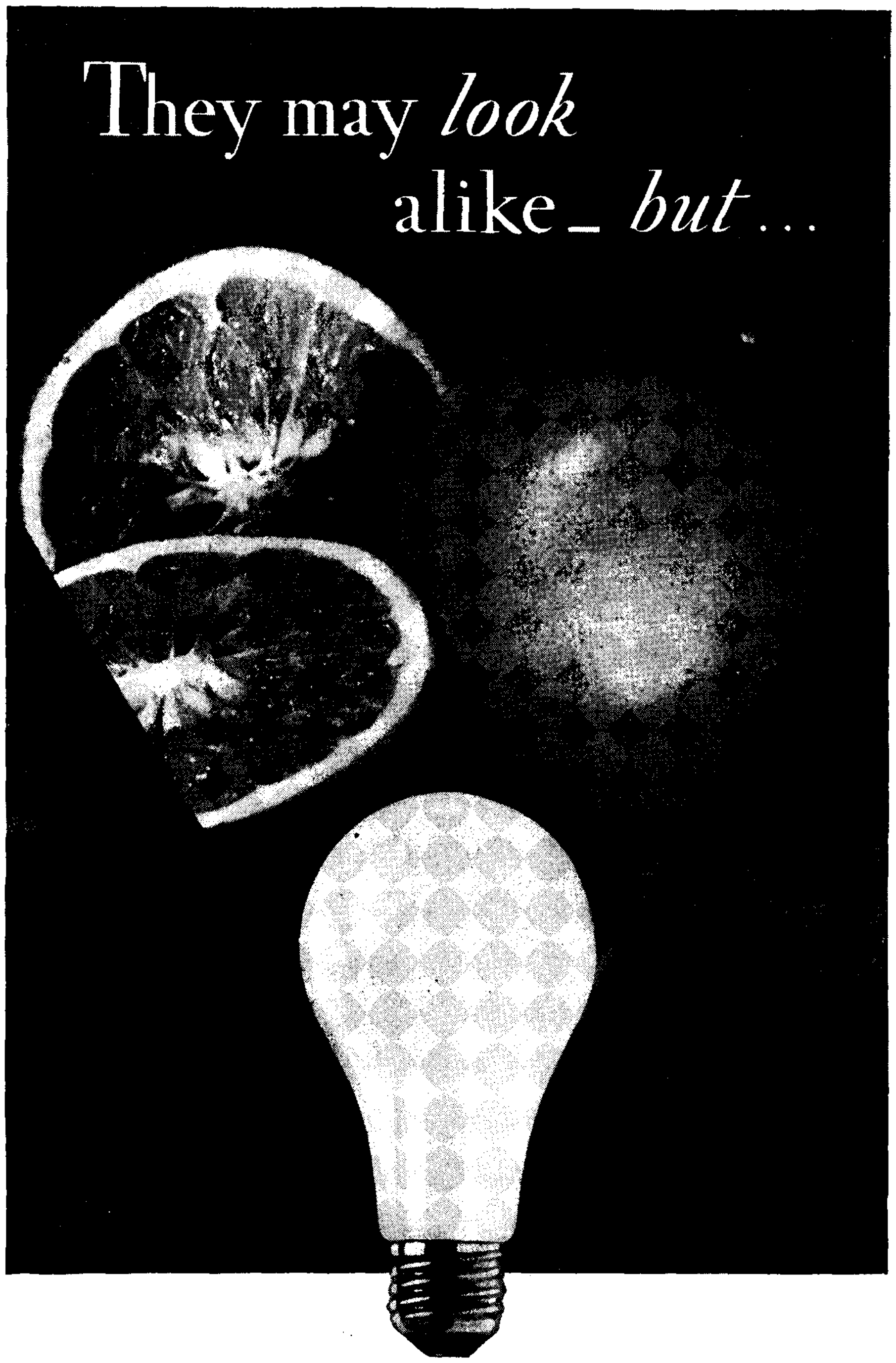
THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Department 405, Buffalo, New York

Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________



SKILL and experience are necessary to prevent mistakes in choosing grapefruit. Two specimens that look alike may be vastly different in quality. There may also be a vast difference in the quality of lamps that look alike, but neither skill nor experience is needed in making a wise choice.

The name MAZDA upon the bulb is always an assurance of highest quality . . . and quality is an important thing to consider when you are buying lamps. Because of their high quality, Edison MAZDA Lamps give the *full value of the current consumed.* Burning a 60-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp costs only about half a cent an hour.

When you buy Edison MAZDA Lamps, ask for them in cartons. They are safely and conveniently packed . . . and it is wise to have good lamps handy when sockets need refilling. There is danger of accidents and injurious eyestrain where sockets are permitted to remain empty.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Artificial Giants

By

Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

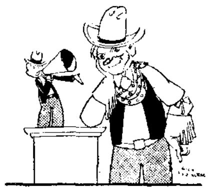
H. G. WELLS is the quickest of all writers to catch wind of coming events in science and sociology. One of the most remarkable, although one of the least remarked, of his many anticipations was The Food of the Gods, which produced hornets as large as eagles and rats like mastiffs, and finally a breed of supermen, surpassing Bulwer-Lytton's Coming Race.

REJUVENATION

Now, twenty-five years since this book appeared, the newspapers and magazines talk much of vitamins and hormones, especially in their advertising pages. Experimentation has proved that these chemical regulators of growth and health are quite as potent and even more varied than forecast by Wells, but not so directly applicable to the enlargement of animal and plant life. The newer knowledge of nutrition is bringing up a lusty lot of youngsters, who otherwise would have been spindling and bowlegged or dead, but there are no signs as yet of a race of superior physique. The chemical causes of overgrowth or undergrowth are beginning to be understood, but the application of any one of them results in monstrosities like the "natural" giants and dwarfs of the side show.

An experiment at Harvard in stimulating the growth of a bulldog produced a beast too large and lazy and logy to lift itself. It was so ugly that Yale would not have taken it as a mascot. The investigators, T. J. Putman, E. B. Benedict and H. M. Teel, started with two female pups of the same age. One was given a daily injection of an extract of the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland taken from cattle, while the other was left for comparison to grow in the ordinary way. The pup experimented upon was the smaller of the two at the start, but she soon outstripped her rival and at the end of a year weighed ninety-four pounds, while the naturally grown dog weighed only forty-six pounds. The under jaw of the stimulated dog developed so far that her canine teeth stuck out of her mouth. The thighs were fat and the heavy skin hung in folds on the body. The feet and head were enormous. When the dog died, the post-mortem examination showed a striking enlargement of all the viscera, especially the genital tract.

Various investigators in Germany and the United States have in recent years shown the influence of the secretion of the anterior lobe of the pituitary body on the acceleration of growth and maturity. Attempts to use it for rejuvenation are being made by Steinach, the Viennese physician, who has for the last twenty years sought for a means of prolonging life, and seems likely to die before he finds it, as did his predecessors, Brown-Sequard and Metchinikoff, in their search for the elixir of life. His first process, the grafting of glands, is still regarded with skepticism by most American physicians. Its most conspicuous success in America was its use by a feminine writer as material for a plot; it galvanized the novel into such life as to bring it into the ranks of the best sellers. Steinach's most recent claim is that the injection of an extract from the anterior pituitary gland will renew the youth of senile rats, both male and female, and restore their mental and physical vigor.



Whatever may come of such experiments, it is evident that this little organ, buried at the base of the brain, has a potent influence on the body in many ways. Although it is no bigger than a pea, it is composed of two glands which have very different functions. At the recent New York meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the annual $1,000 prize was awarded to Oliver Kamm for his demonstration that the posterior lobe of the pituitary body secretes two distinct hormones, both of which may be used in medicine. He has extracted both secretions from cattle glands and has purified them, though in minute amounts and at an expense which, if the present methods are employed, would make the cost of a pound of one of them $1,000,000 and of the other $3,000,000.

If that remains the price of production, how much would the doctors and the druggists charge the patient for a dose?

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 26

head, and delivering him, f. o. b., back of the German lines?"

Before the question was completed Delavan thanked his stars that Mitzi was on her way to safety.

"Simplicity itself," he answered aloud. "I did it to keep you from talking. You had an appointment that day with a charming lady to whom you had promised to tell Pershing's plans. To keep you from telling her, I kidnaped you."

Again the major muttered, "I'm damned!" And aloud he added, staring at Delavan, "I know the lady you mean—and knew, too, which side she was working for. In fact, I was inquiring for her today when you and Lastry resumed your row. But please don't think I was going to be indiscreet—that day you kidnaped me. I had a very clever tale all ready to tell her—one that would have thrown considerable dust into the eyes of—but never mind that," he said, breaking off with an impatient gesture. "Tell me what else you did in Paris."

"I don't know whether you'd call this important," said Delavan, considering, "but for one thing, I killed Goya, head of the German service."

"The devil you did!" said the major, staring harder than before. "I knew that he had become—er—suddenly deceased—and was very much unlamented even by his own associates—but I never heard how it happened—"

So Delavan related the story; and when he had finished, the major thoughtfully nodded, "Yes; I can believe that, from the way you handled my swordcane the first night we met."

Dell drew a long breath, and then leaned eagerly forward.

"For saying that—that you believe me," he said, "I'm going to tell you something else—something tremendously important, if you don't know it." In a more careful, lower voice he continued, "The Germans are getting ready for one of the greatest surprise attacks of the war—in the Château-Thierry salient."

"What?" demanded the major, suddenly all attention. "How do you know that?"

Delavan told him; and when he had finished, the major was on his feet.

"What a scoop!" he breathed, his eyes shining. "My dear boy! . . . And you were going to die with priceless information like this buried in you?"

"Why not," demanded Delavan, in his turn, "if no one would believe me?"

"I'll try to get Haig, if he's here yet, and then we'll go and see what Foch thinks about it!" exclaimed the major briskly.

THE French Commander of Commanders was seated at a table when Delavan was finally summoned to his room. Field Marshal Haig was standing at a window; and a number of other generals, one in American uniform, were gathering papers and maps together.

Evidently the Allied conference was at an end. The French marshal was reflectively filling his pipe when Delavan entered—that, too, possibly a sign that the conference was over.

"Oh, General," he called, turning to one of his aides, "will you please act as interpreter here? This young American has a statement to make."

"I can make it in French, if you wish," said Delavan, speaking in that language; and looking at the scene around him, some trick of memory carried him back to the shop of old Madame Napoleon and his first halting lessons—"*Ce meurtre, Madame. C'est une étrange affaire. . . .*"

"Better yet, if you speak French," quickly nodded Foch, looking at Delavan with his dreamy, slightly strabismic eyes. He struck a match and held the flame over his pipe.

"Proceed, please," he said.

"I am in the American Intelligence Service," began Delavan, "and as such I have gained the entrée back of the German lines, where they think I belong to them."

The American general, sitting further down the table, looked quickly up from his papers.

"Naturally," continued Dell, "the fact that I am somewhat in the enemy's confidence opens me to suspicion. But to that I have two answers. I have told my story to Major Morin, and he will tell you that he believes me. That is my first answer. The second is this: that the information which I am about to give can be verified if you follow the plan which I will give you for getting up in the air and making your own observations."

"BUT that shouldn't be difficult—to make our own observations," interrupted Haig.

"It was difficult enough yesterday," said Delavan dryly. "The sector of which I speak is west of Rheims, and yesterday the Germans had absolute control of the air."

"They've been doing that for the last two months or so," said Major Morin to his chief, "shifting around, first a week here and then a week there. They began at Montdidier, and their second point was St. Mihiel. At first we expected they were concentrating their forces at those points, but no attacks developed. So we decided that it was done to bewilder us."

Delavan turned to Marshal Foch again.

"They are clever," he said. "It is evident that for the last two months they have had their present plan in mind. Yesterday I flew over the lines between Château-Thierry and Rheims, and the Germans are concentrating there in tremendous force. I am not a trained observer, but I have crossed the line at different places—twice before in this same sector—but never along the front have I seen anything like the activity which is going on near Dormans."

"And you say this can be verified," said Marshal Foch crisply. "How?"

"By capturing a German ship—or disguising one of yours to look like a German—"

"You mean to say you crossed the line and came down here in a German ship?"

"No, sir; mine is American."

"And you saw these things about Dormans in an American ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why can't we?"

"Because when I gave the crossing signal—dipping my nose three times—two German fighting ships immediately attached themselves to me, and kept me covered until their suspicion was allayed."

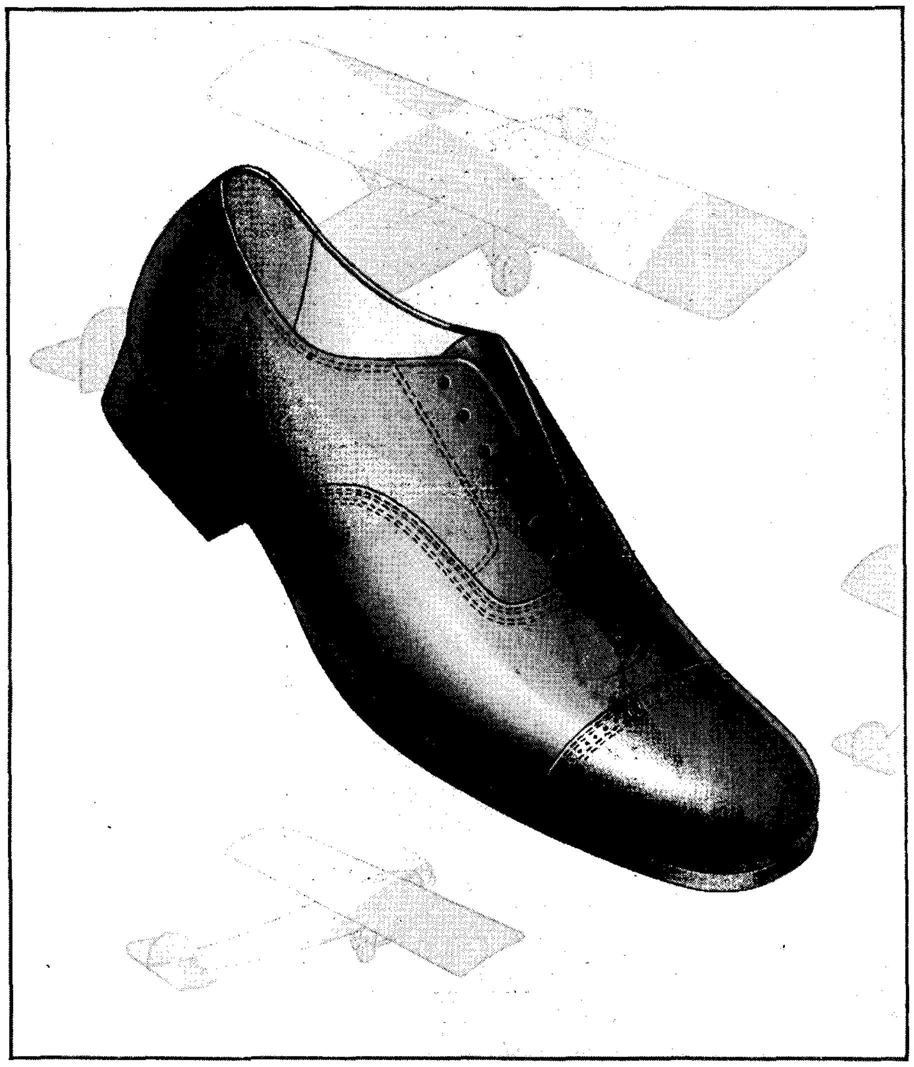
One of the American officers spoke: "That triple dip he mentions—our men have noticed it lately. . . . You say you crossed yesterday near Château-Thierry?"

"Yes, sir," said Delavan.

"I remember now—my adjutant mentioned it this morning. A great man for aëronautics. The Germans fired on you at first. You kept dipping three times. And finally they closed in on

(Continued on page 53)

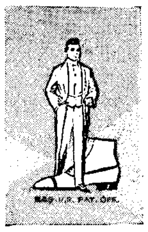
WALK·OVER SHOES



The "Boylston" is a shoe that carries its owner through a day at the office or an afternoon at the flying field with feet wholly untired. For hidden deep beneath its good looks is the famous Walk-Over built-in Main Spring* Arch, which keeps the wearer's foot arches and muscles in perfect condition. Comes not only in Black Calf, but in Tan also. The price is $10.

Geo. E. Keith Company,
Campello, Brockton, Mass.

Tense thousands watched the maneuvers of the flying squadrons as they circled overhead. And many a foot throughout the crowd was smartly and comfortably shod in Walk-Over Shoes.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ROYAL PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

THERE'S something about a Royal Portable Typewriter that commands instant admiration. The moment you see it, you know that here at last, is a *real* portable writing machine. ℭ Students and educators alike are loud in their praise of this light, handy, home-sized typewriter. They enthusiastically acclaim its true lightness of touch, its unerring accuracy and the fineness —*the neatness and legibility*—of the typing it produces. ℭ You can't begin to realize what an *exceptional* machine the Royal Portable is—*how simple and easy typing can be*—until you have tried one. Any Royal Portable dealer will be glad to demonstrate its merits. Incidentally, there's a wide variety of new duotones, lacquers and natural wood finishes for your selection. The price is very low for so fine a machine—$60, complete with carrying case. ℭ And by the way, if you don't know how to typewrite, now is a good time to learn. It's very easy and worthwhile with a Royal Portable.

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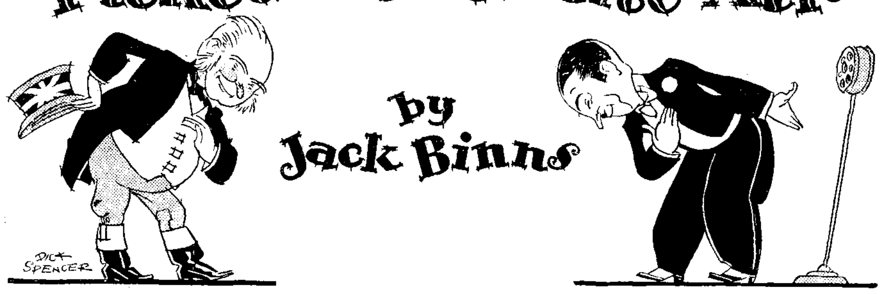
ROYAL
TRADE MARK

Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns



The Request Courteous

WARNINGS have been issued to all broadcast stations that variation from allotted wave lengths will result in the revocation of their licenses. The trouble with this order is that the owners of a penalized station might get an injunction restraining the commission from enforcing it, pending trial, and then go right ahead for the two years it generally takes to reach trial.

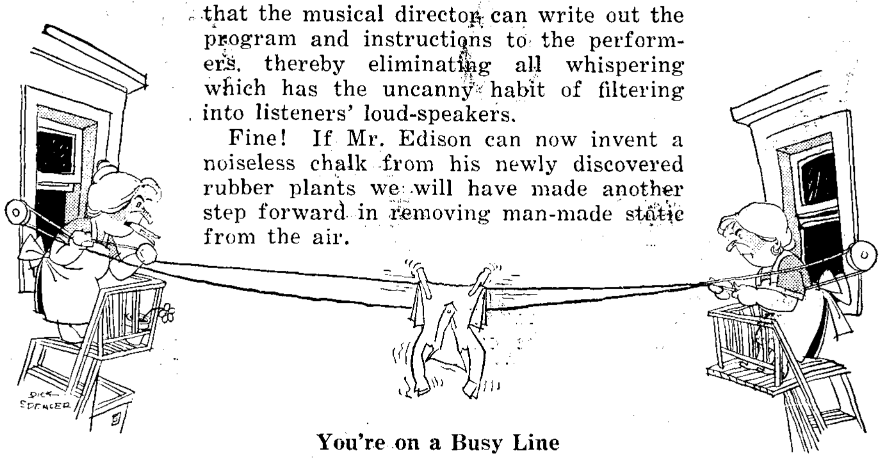
Over in Europe they achieve results much quicker through the medium of national pride. The following is a very interesting example: Recently the British station at Daventry was being badly interrupted by some conditional station that had apparently wandered off its assigned wave length. As Daventry is its most popular station the British public let out a terrific howl. The offending station was finally located at Lyons, in France, by radio direction finders, at a moment when interference was at its worst and the Daventry station in the act of broadcasting the opera Pelléas and Mélisande by the French composer Debussy.

The powers-that-be in the British government broadcast system thereupon dropped a polite note to the erring station pointing out the terrible impression of French music the British listener had obtained because of the interference—which never occurred again.

And Squeakless Shoes

A NEW soundproof studio has been constructed for station WDAF in Kansas City. A blackboard has been installed so that the musical director can write out the program and instructions to the performers, thereby eliminating all whispering which has the uncanny habit of filtering into listeners' loud-speakers.

Fine! If Mr. Edison can now invent a noiseless chalk from his newly discovered rubber plants we will have made another step forward in removing man-made static from the air.



You're on a Busy Line

DR. HENRY A. BELLOWS, who has shown a commendable spirit of progressive independence ever since he left the Federal Radio Commission to manage station WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul announces that carefully engineered experiments will be undertaken to synchronize his station with WPCH in New York. Both these stations operate on the same wave length "by authority of the Federal Radio Commission." There is an airline distance of 800 miles between them.

When both wave lengths are absolutely identical there will be no squeals or groans. To achieve this ideal condition is an almost impossible task.

Of course Dr. Bellows and the owners of WPCH, like good citizens, are trying to make the best of the conditions imposed upon them by the radio commission. Yet, even though they should be successful in keeping both their stations on the same wave length day in and day out without variation, they will have solved only one part of the problem. There will still be the "cross-talk" caused by the programs of the two stations getting mixed up. That condition will exist over quite a large portion of the territory that separates the two stations. Of course what goes for these two stations applies to any other two stations operating simultaneously with different programs on the same wave length. It is the penalty that listeners have to pay because the radio commission did not have sufficient courage arbitrarily to shut down one half of the existing broadcast stations.

Plastering the Cow

OUT of Denver comes this little yarn: An old lady listener wrote to Harold Harlowe, newest announcer at KOA, asking him to help her put a mustard plaster on her flu-infected pet cow. "Harlowe," the report continues, "aside from being an announcer, is an aspiring young dramatist. He is a friendly soul, but he insists he never will become nurse to a cow."

The historian of KOA says the "old lady" is eccentric, but—even he must admit she was ingenious enough to find a use for radio announcers.

STATION KOA VETERINARY HOSPITAL
DICK SPENCER

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 51

you, one on each side, and you disappeared northeast?"

"Yes, sir. Exactly what happened!"

"But it seems incredible!" exclaimed Foch, his eyes brooding, his body partly slumped under the table.

"My information can be verified," Delavan reminded him.

"But I don't mean that," said the Marshal, impatiently brushing his hand. "Let us say that, pending our own observations over the area in question, I am not inclined to doubt you. Nevertheless, gentlemen, I repeat that it seems incredible. Ludendorff is mad! He is giving himself utterly into our hands!"

HE SPRANG to his feet and strode to a military map upon the wall.

"You see?" he said. "Here is where he is concentrating. In a salient! It is a trap that awaits him—and the cheese is the hope of taking Paris! You see? We let him concentrate inside his salient—the more the better—and we will do the same outside the salient between Château-Thierry and Soissons! Here. . . . So. . . . We shall have the Forest of Villers-Cotterets to hide us, and we will fill every tree with those young American soldiers of which you have just been telling us, General—those young wildcats of yours. You have two divisions now in the trench there, you say?"

"Yes; the Third and Twenty-sixth."

"Good! And behind the lines?"

"The Fourth and Twenty-eighth in support; and the First and Second in reserve."

"Again good! Only tomorrow morning I wish you to tell me how many more divisions you can bring up to hide in the trees.

"And now! Ludendorff expects us to stay on the defensive here—afraid to trust too much to the untried Americans. But I shall not oblige him by remaining quiet. As soon as he is committed to his thrust to cut off Rheims, the Americans will attack his lines on the west side of the salient—undoubtedly weakened to strengthen his push to the east.

"You see? All the way along here, General, you attack with your young wildcats. You push the enemy back as you did on June sixth, only this time on a wider front. You swarm at his back. You threaten his communications. You give him perhaps a few bad hours of panic. If you shake him up enough, you will have him moving over a front of forty miles; and if you can once dislocate him to that extent in the center, the whole fabric of his battle lines will become disjointed. His loss of men, morale and stores will be incalculable. Do you wonder now when I say that Ludendorff is mad?"

His kindling eyes, sweeping the group around him, fell upon Delavan.

"This plane in which you pass the German lines: it is here in Meaux?"

"On the other side of the river."

"And you and your plane are both well known on the other side of the trenches?"

"Reasonably well known; yes, sir."

"And you, Major," he said, turning to Morin. "You still believe in this young man?"

"Yes . . . quite."

"Then are you willing to fly with him over the Rheims salient at dawn tomorrow—and confirm his story of this great activity around Dormans?"

"I have flown with him once," said the major, smiling. "But in spite of that, I am willing to try it again."

"Then we hope to receive your report in the morning—not later than eight o'clock. Meanwhile it is important that the German Intelligence Department here in Meaux shall not suspect that this young man has given us any information. You say that, by some error, he had been accused as a spy?"

"That was before I had discovered his identity," said the major.

"Very well. Let them believe, then, that he has been sentenced and executed. Between ourselves, though, Major, I place him in your keeping. Officially, you will remember, he is but a ghost." And half in pleasantry, half in earnest: "Be careful that he doesn't slip away between your fingers!"

The next morning, at three o'clock, Delavan and the major started for the landing field in the green-gray roadster. The major's orderly sat in the rumble-seat behind.

Starting before daylight they could cross the German lines without opposition. They would strike a course toward Charleville. But just before sunrise they would turn to the south and pass over Dormans at the break of day.

"If we're spotted by German ships," Delavan had reasoned, "they will notice that I'm coming down from the direction of Charleville and they'll take it for granted that I'm carrying despatches."

"We ought to do it easily and report by eight o'clock," the major had mused. "But tell me—this night flying—you—er—feel reasonably competent to handle it?"

"It won't be the first time," Delavan had answered with one of those quiet smiles of confidence which are more convincing than any rhetorical oath.

Fortunately for their plans, the night was dark, the moon having set soon after midnight. The Humming Bird caught on the third flip of the propeller and after she had warmed herself into a deep, contented purr, Delavan cautiously taxied her out into the field and, all three working together, they turned her parallel with the river.

"The field being narrow, we need a sight to shoot for," said Dell. And turning to the orderly: "Run your car to the other end of the field; then face the plane leaving your headlights on."

EVEN with the lights of the car to guide them, there was one perilous, heart-stopping moment when the Humming Bird swerved toward the river as though she would dive from the grassy bank and with one loud splash end all. Just in time, however, she corrected her course and a few seconds later the lights of the major's car disappeared beneath them and they were climbing upward toward the stars.

Old Polaris, as ever, was seated on his immutable throne, halfway between Cassiopeia's Chair and the Big Dipper. Delavan set his course northeast, continuing a long easy climb until his altimeter showed an elevation of five thousand feet.

"There!" he thought, settling her on a level course. "In half an hour we ought to be over Rheims and then we can turn and start back."

His schedule proved well-founded. Half an hour later, the first blue-gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east. Occasional flares and flashes on the ground below vaguely outlined a tremendous horseshoe curve.

"Rheims salient!" he shouted. Pointing toward the west, he slightly turned his steed to the right and started on a long, wide curve of his own.

(Continued on page 55)

Snap!
crackle!
pop!

New! A cereal so crisp it actually *crackles* in cream!

YOU'VE never known a cereal like Kellogg's Rice Krispies. It's different in variety, shape and flavor!

Just taste it right out of the carton. Toasty rice bubbles. Like fresh nutmeats—only much more delicious and crunchy!

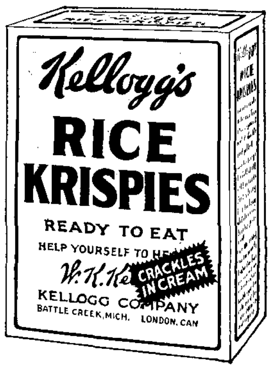
Serve them for breakfast. And when you pour on the milk or cream, *listen* to them crackle. That's how crisp they are!

Enjoy them for lunch—the children's evening meal. Add fruits or honey to your Rice Krispies.

Make candies with them, macaroons. Put them in soups. Butter and serve like crisp pop corn. There never was a cereal to use in so many ways.

Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. You and your family are on for a flavor surprise! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES



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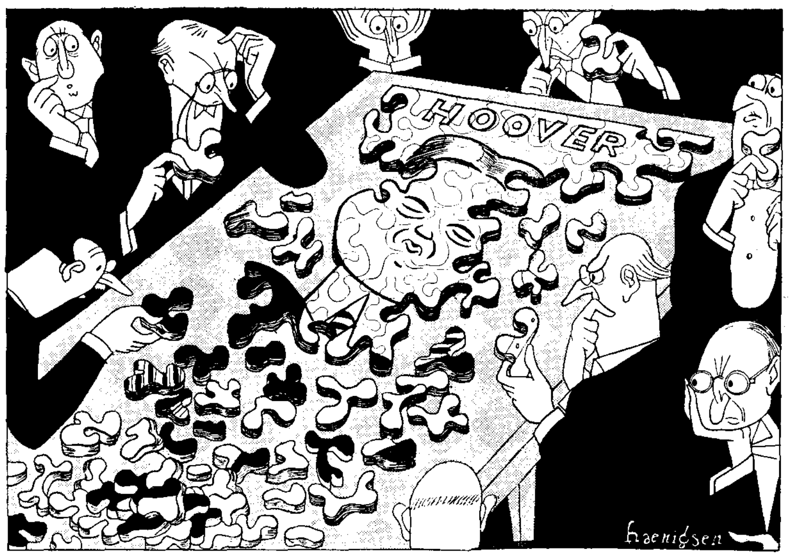

Nervous Excitement

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

NO ADMINISTRATION ever began with so widely prevalent a feeling that the unexpected was likely to happen as that which started on the fourth of March in this year of grace. In the first place, as Inauguration Day drew near it suddenly dawned upon all of Washington, on the newspaper correspondents there, on the Republican politicians, and I think upon the business world generally, that though the new President had been eight years in public life at the Capital, and a couple more if you count in his war service, no one really knew Herbert Hoover.

Everybody knew him in the sense that he had been much written about, that he had been always accessible and many had talked to him, but nobody really knew what manner of man he was, nor what kind of President he was likely to be. He fell into none of the categories with which Washington was familiar. He was fundamentally just as much of a mystery as he was in 1920 when both parties were worrying their heads off as to whether he was a Republican or a Democrat.

You could predict Mr. Harding with a fair degree of certainty. Mr. Coolidge was less communicative and therefore not so easy. But still he had risen through all the grades in Massachusetts by the favor of the Republican machine. Murray Crane's imprimatur was upon him, and you knew what that meant.

But Mr. Hoover had lived abroad most of his life. He had, only a few years ago, no political past. He came suddenly into prominence during the war. He entered political life near the top, as a Cabinet member.

Everything that he did as he approached the taking of office aroused the liveliest speculation. He was to have two private secretaries, whereas his predecessors had only had one! What did that mean? Some new energizing of the office of Chief Executive? Some great expansion of its powers? Or a mere scientific passion for facts, for information?

As the Cabinet was chosen, the President-elect was repeatedly quoted, with little authority perhaps, as saying that it would contain "surprises." The public now knows just who the "surprises" were and has judged just what they signified. But in political Washington a shiver of apprehension is stirred by the word "surprise." The politicians do not like it. They feel that they should be able to predict a Cabinet as easily and as surely as astronomers can predict an eclipse of the sun.

There is an unprecedented degree of remoteness about Mr. Hoover the President. From the time he was elected President to the time that he took office there was almost no contact between him and the press. This was unusual. Press conferences at the White House are modified. Questions to be answered have to be asked longer in advance. The old dodges by which it was indicated that the President was the authority for information not directly ascribed to the President are to be barred.

Now if anything needed to be modified it was the press conferences. And it seemed to me that the new rules of the Administration tended to restore to the press its place as a recorder of facts, and save it from becoming a mere instrument in the hands of the Administration, and thus to increase the self-respect of correspondents. The changes at any rate indicated a fresh mind in the White House, approaching problems with unconventional views.

THE politicians also feel the remoteness of President Hoover. And nothing fills the politicians with so much apprehension as remoteness in the White House. It is not that Mr. Hoover is not accessible to the politicians. Not even Mr. Coolidge was more willing to see them than Mr. Hoover is. He receives them, smiles upon them, listens to them patiently, makes many notes, but says nothing.

Now Mr. Coolidge said nothing, but the politicians could read his thoughts. His roots were in the same soil with theirs. Mr. Hoover's are not. No one is going to shed a tear about the misgivings of the politicians. The man who is a puzzle to them is likely to be popular with the country.

And the bigger business interests are puzzled too. Inquiry shows that they regard Mr. Hoover still very much as they did when they preferred, not strongly, perhaps, but still preferred that the Republicans should nominate some one else for President. To them also he is remote and somewhat unapproachable, though physically accessible. They can not figure him with certainty. His offer of the Attorney-Generalship to Senator Borah provoked a certain wonderment among them.

All one can say with certainty is that Mr. Hoover is "different," certainly different from Mr. Coolidge and different from Mr. Harding. The feeling grows that he will be more himself as President than he has been as Secretary of Commerce. He is freer from traditions than were any of his predecessors, with large and unconventional ideas of what an Administration should be.

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 53

Dormans was about twenty-five miles southwest of Rheims. Delavan raised his elevation to ten thousand feet. This served two purposes. It was a measure of safety. And it prevented the Humming Bird from reaching its destination too soon. In the air as on the land, the steeper the climb, the slower the speed.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the blue-gray streaks of dawn turned to lavender and lilac—a thin band yet, hardly enough to dim the luster of the stars. Then a stripe of dull gold appeared below the lilac and all the east was suddenly mottled with patches of pale crimson.

THE stars began to blink, but instead of being thankful for this, Delavan looked over the side of his cockpit and unconsciously frowned to himself. Below, but dimly discernible in the dim light, a blanket of fog covered the earth—those mists of the morning made famous by Levis, but not at all appreciated by the two observers in the Humming Bird.

"We may have to wait till the sun comes out!" shouted Delavan.

Moving his stick, he started back for Rheims. At any moment, he knew, a German plane might rise above that fog below, and Dell had no desire whatever to be caught on an observation merry-go-round!

The dawn came storming on. Whole battalions of stars gave one last blink and went out. The dark blue sky was now a faded gray except for that rich drama of color in the east. And then, slowly, majestically, the sun entered, lord of the world and monarch of the sky.

Delavan, banking high, suddenly turned south again. Below, the fog was beginning to break—the mists to disappear before the approach of their master. By the time they reached Dormans, the scene below was as clear as though etched in silver.

"You see? You see?" cried Delavan, pointing down with an almost passionate gesture.

And, indeed, as he had promised, there was much to see!

The Humming Bird slipped down for a better view. As early as was the hour, the roads below were already trails of ant-like activiity. The new wide webs of railway side-tracks, the artillery stands and ammunition dumps still innocent of camouflage, the long trains sliding down from the north: no one could see them and doubt that important pages of history were soon to be written below. Delavan and the major were still looking down when the former, touched on the shoulder, perhaps, by the ghostly hand of premonition, turned and saw a Fokker approaching from the north.

"Company's coming!" he shouted, pointing over his shoulder. Once-twice—and again, he dipped the Humming Bird's beak, and on his last dip was dutifully headed for Soissons.

Behind them, the Fokker came pressing relentlessly on, but instead of ranging by the Humming Bird's side as an escort should, Delavan noticed that he was gradually rising.

"No, no, no!" he thought, his feeling of premonition growing stronger as he realized the danger of the threatened position. "You mustn't get above like that."

Again he dipped three times, but on his third recovery he kept the stick held back. The Humming Bird, too, began to rise. Glancing rearward to see what the Fokker was doing, Delavan caught a glint of sunlight along the slim length of its fuselage.

"Yes, a sword!" with a rising feeling of excitement. "A sword with wings! And until I know whether he's friendly or not, I mustn't let him get above my guard!"

The intentions of the Fokker, however, weren't long in doubt. Above the roar of the engines, the shrill staccato of a machine gun was faintly heard.

"Missed!" thought Delavan, exultingly. "A good thing I didn't let him get on top, or he'd keep on trying till he got me!"

He glanced back. In order to aim, the Fokker had straightened out while the Humming Bird had continued to rise. Dell pulled his stick still further back. If he could only keep his opponent from getting the upper hand!

"We are caught red-handed," he thought, "that's why he paid no attention to my signals. He knows as well as I do that Dormans isn't on the route between Charleville and Soissons—"

Again the faint staccato of the pursuing gun was heard, and this time a number of glancing bullets plowed angry furrows on the outside of the cockpit. Delavan was still looking over the side when he felt a sharp sting on the side of his head—put up his hand and saw it was wet.

"Would you?" he thought with a sudden feeling of icy rage. "You think I'm going to play target till you drop me?"

Banking high, he made a sharp turn and suddenly cut across the Fokker's course as though to ram him.

"I'll keep you busy!" he found himself shouting. "I'll give you something else to think about than shooting a man without a gun!"

Fortunately for them both, the Fokker dodged by a quick side-slip, but Delavan was after him like a hawk.

"Swords! Swords!" he cried with a touch of breathless exaltation. "Swords with wings! Come on! See if you can parry this!"

AGAIN he hurled the Humming Bird along a course that threatened to pierce his opponent's side, and again the Fokker side-slipped down to avoid a crash which would have meant annihilation for them both.

This time, however, he was a fraction of a second too late.

The Humming Bird's wheels struck his rudder as an eagle's talons might strike, and the next moment, both planes were out of control, dropping to earth with dizzying speed.

With Delavan, however, only his landing gear was damaged.

Instinctively he threw his controls into neutral, and the Humming Bird righted herself as though by a desperate effort, and seeing that the air ahead was clear, Dell headed, full speed, for the distant snake-tracks. Once, and only once, he looked back. The Fokker he saw, would never fly again.

"A pity!" he sighed. "But it had to be one of us."

A week later, Delavan was sitting in Major Morin's room in Epernay, a bandage around his head, listening to the chapter of the Battle of Château-Thierry.

Foch had waited until the Germans had been fully committed to their surprise attack, and then he had sprung his own surprise—the attack of the concealed American forces.

The First and Second American Divi-

(*Continued on page 56*)

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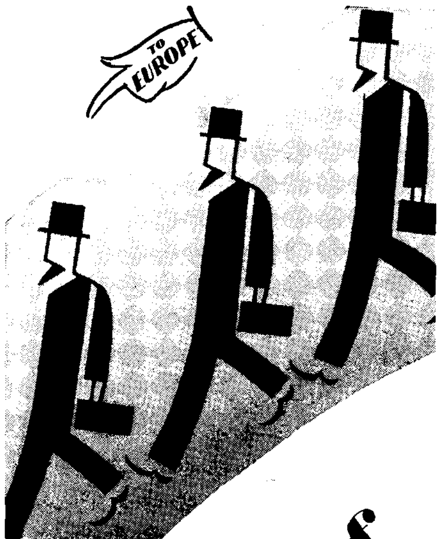

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(*Continued from page 55*)

sions had led the assault. They had broken the enemy's artillery zone at the north of the salient, and had neatly cut the German communications leading to Dormans and the south.

Below them, the Fourth American Division, coöperating with the French, showed that they, too, could capture hostile guns.

The Twenty-sixth Division advanced from Château-Thierry and fell upon an enemy penned in his own salient, caught in a trap of which Paris had been the bait.

The Third Division, having recently crossed the Atlantic, apparently thought it child's play to cross the Marne. They first took the heights north of the river and then they, too, started down into the salient.

With these four items for a beginning, the total was practically assured—a total which is called by some historians "the turning point of the war" and by others "the beginning of the end."

On the last day of the battle, General Bullard had ridden into Fismes and the Château-Thierry salient no longer existed. The German spearhead, thrusting toward Paris, had been withdrawn and was about to be abandoned for good.

"Thanks to you in large part, old chap," said Major Morin when he brought the news. "It was your tip to Foch, you know—"

"Thank me for nothing!" interrupted Delavan quickly. "I've been cooped up here with a sore head ever since it started. Those who deserve the credit—"

This time it was the major's turn to interrupt.

"Yes, yes," he said in a soothing voice. "You've learned your lesson. Our branch of the service is the only one which never gets credit. Nevertheless, tomorrow, I'm going to take you to call on General Bullard. He was at the conference that afternoon when you told what you'd seen at Dormans. Unless I'm mistaken he'll know how to wipe that dishonorable discharge off the slate. He'll know how to put you somewhere where you can be a hero if you wish. . . ."

EVEN in piping times of war, red tape cannot always be cut with the sword. But in Delavan's case its unwinding was at least hastened after his interview with General Bullard. Just what happened to his discharge he never knew; but within a week he received a temporary appointment of major on the general's private staff.

"I hope to make it permanent before the war's over," said the general. "Meanwhile, until I give you some special detail, I want you to make yourself useful as best you can—digging up information—keeping me posted—anything that occurs to you. When we get into Germany, you can act as interpreter. But till we start moving again—"

Delavan saluted.

"Come to think of it, sir," he said, "I left a damaged plane at Meaux. Suppose I run over and see what repairs it needs."

"Very well," nodded the general; and added genially: "But look out for the firing squads. Seems to me, if I remember right, your grave is still fresh over there."

Delavan took one of the staff cars and two hours later rolled up to the entrance of the Tête-de-Bœuf. M. Trebizon was no longer at the desk, but his successor gave Dell the information for which he thirsted.

Delavan was waiting in his car outside when Joyce approached the Tête-de-Bœuf—a pale, dispirited little figure looking neither to left nor right.

"Hello, Joyce," he said, leaning over the side of the car and speaking as gently as he could.

At the sound of his voice she suddenly stopped, and stared at him as though she saw a ghost.

"But—but—it isn't—it—it can't be—" she gasped. "Mill, dear—they—they shot you!"

"Don't you believe it!" he said in the same gentle voice.

JOYCE slowly—almost fearfully—placed her hand upon his shoulder. Almost the next moment her arms were around him.

"Come in!" he said, as soon as he could open the door. "I want to tell you a few things."

They found a country road, bordered on each side by a row of osier trees. And there he parked the car and told his story.

"Oh, Mill," she said once. "Then you really do believe in patriotism—and ideals—and all those things which you pretended to call illusions?"

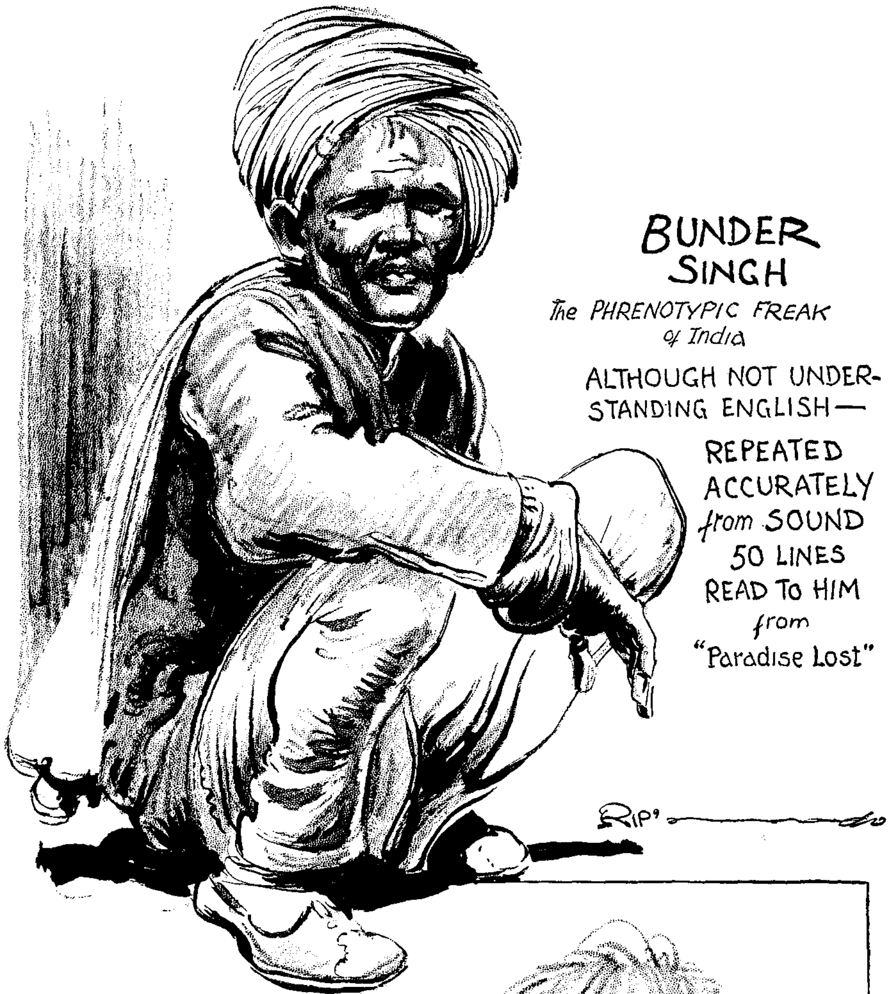
"I don't know," he uncertainly answered, looking down at the wistfully smiling face by his side. "But I do know this: that I believe in *you*. And perhaps if I believe in you hard enough the rest will follow."

"I want you to believe in me!" she whispered. "I want you to believe in me—the way I believe in you!"

The sun had been shining when he had started to tell her those few things which he had promised—but the moon was looking through the osiers long before he had reached the end. . . .

THE END

Believe it or Not! By Ripley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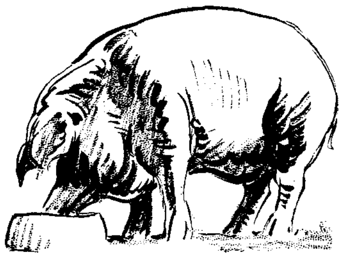
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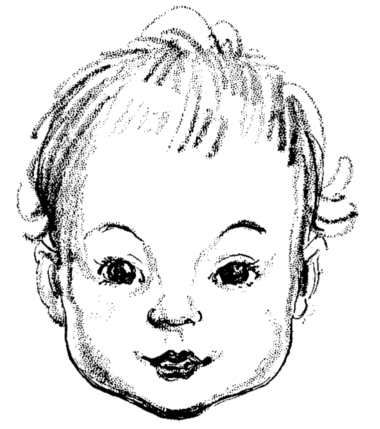

And if you doubt it, Mr. Ripley will send details and proofs if you address him at Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Door into Eden

Continued from page 30

Anne did not wait. She hurried up the stairs almost as rapidly as she had descended.

A few minutes later, composed, an almost cold reserve in her gray eyes, she found him in the kitchen mixing some turpentine with his paint. A blond forelock lay disarranged upon his forehead and a cloud of either anger or trouble darkened his face. He said: "I'm sorry. I've been drinking."

"Obviously," said Anne. "You are quite a different person. Do you call that—trying?"

"It was thoughtlessness," he said. "I had done it before I stopped to think. I was used to drinking with those fellows. They are rum-runners and I made a trip with them once."

"Why didn't you continue on with them?" she asked coldly. "I thought for a moment we were rid of you."

His face flushed and then grew pale. "I am going tonight. I could not leave without trying to thank you but—you also seem quite a different person—I don't know how to begin."

Anne softened. "Don't begin then. We're not yet through with you here, Graham. Remember that I still hold your promise to keep on trying."

A MONTH of fresh-blown days and soft nights took the valley into June. People remarked Anne's blithesomeness, and she for her part was too happy to notice their chilly perfunctory greetings; for Great Meadows was like most communities, convinced of evil if there was an even-break chance for it.

She had lunched with her uncle, and their talk was of Graham Thorne. "How is he doing on all these jobs, Uncle Tom?"

"He works hard," admitted her uncle. "Just now I have him working with a broom, spreading tar and gravel on the new roof of the Star Garage. It's a tough piece of work at the pace he sets. Well, to be honest, Anne, I've tried to break him, but he is too strong. I'd be just as happy if he—"

"If he quit and left," she completed. "I wouldn't, Uncle Tom."

"That's the point," he said. "You're my brother's youngster, Anne. There is always a vital weakness in tramps which has made them what they are. Can you forget how this fellow looked when you first saw him? Can you forget it enough ever to love him, Anne?"

"Love him! The idea!" Anne laughed. "He knows in what way I am interested in him and there hasn't been a word, Uncle Tom, not a single word."

"Then on all these evening walks you've just talked about books and things?"

"Yes," she said, "about books and what books, great books anyway, are about. About life, I mean. Sometimes we talk about—just the valley, and the tavern, and the village, and the city vaguely in the distance, and he feels the definiteness and beauty, that it is a composite of the whole world, in the way I'd thought I alone felt."

"Funny," said Uncle Tom, "funny thing how a man never talks like that except to a girl."

Anne had to wait long before she could inspect her cuts at the butcher shop, and it was later than five when she hurried away up the road. She had to hurry or she would be—late. And after her brief stop at the tavern she was late. He was already waiting, leaning his elbows on the fence at the corner of Raymond's big field.

"Well, how was labor today?" Anne said.

He smiled. "Nothing very difficult. Just sweeping the sunlight off a roof. That's a grand old man—"

"Who? My uncle?"

"No. He's all right, but—" he nodded toward the west where a huge red glaring sun was riding the crest of the valley hills— "but I was thinking of the sun just then. You know, there is a certain value in a man's going to the bottom, being deprived of everything but the world itself. The world becomes personal to him, not just 'weather.' The sun is a kindly but fiery old man, and the moon is a cool white lover, and a storm is a black menace, instead of an inconvenience. On starry nights perhaps one can feel the slow turning of the Planet Earth. It is all so real and wonderful."

"And you long for it, don't you Graham?"

He looked at her steadily. "When you call me Graham, is it because your mind still confuses my name, or—because you know it is my first name?"

"My first name is Anne," she replied.

"You are still generous, then," he said. "Thank you. I have thought Anne so long—and dared not say it. No, Anne, I'm not going back to it ever, unless I must."

His grip took the fence rail until his knuckles were white. With an impulse of compassion Anne touched his fingers. "What is it, Graham? Tell me."

He drew away instantly and put his arms behind him. "Tell you? Anne, my dream must vanish if I tell you. All right then, you who opened a kitchen door and summoned me back to life, I love you. I love you, Anne, as only the unworthy can love. Oh, don't shrink; for I don't hope. But the beauty of this valley is in you, Anne, and you are in every spot of it, and in your presence I have had to make my body clean and hard again. It was only an outside dirt, Anne; for I always kept, or wanted to keep, the inside clean. And perhaps I hoped that, if you should see me so clean and hard for years enough, you might forget—"

Anne put her hands on his shoulders. "I waited a good many years for you to come, Graham," she said. "It would seem hard if you made me wait any more." She knew then in that moment the answer to so many things, the why of her hoping, the why of the valley and the village and the tavern and their beauty, the why of the beauty of her own body.

"These people here will make it difficult for you, Anne," he said.

IT IS traditional that Paradise in green valleys does not endure. Perhaps Anne and Graham Thorne should have been grateful that it existed for them at all, even for a week. And yet what other name could have been given to that week but Paradise? The valley was aware of it and covered its white and green with blue and gold. The village saw it and tempered its cynicism with an indulgent smile.

The tavern was full of it. Every evening the dining-room full of strangers seemed homogeneous and gay, as if "Joy" were pasted up on placards all over the place.

And after, when all were departed and the tavern was lost in the shadows and Graham Thorne's "cool white lover" draped her veil over some hidden spot where those two clung to each other, the whole soft night seemed aware and throbbing in unison with the beat in their breasts. His laughter, gay-hearted

(Continued on page 58)

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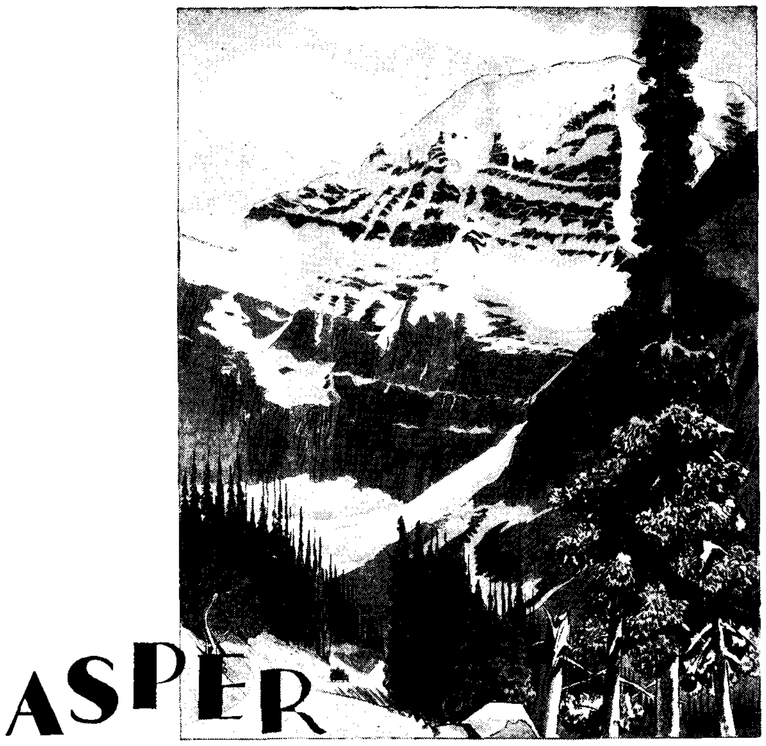

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(*Continued from page 57*)

and low, was just audible, "—for who could have suspected, Anne, that the entrance to Paradise would turn out to be a kitchen door?"

"And I," she said, "so lucklessly waiting for you all that time to come in at the front."

"Anne? Are you listening, Anne? Remember the time you asked me to promise absolutely something, and I said I couldn't? Well, I think I can promise now. It is hard to imagine that I should ever again need—that."

"I am sure of you without promises, Graham."

One is so sure at times, or at least at one time, without promises, and that may be just as well; for what are promises, pathetic little pleas against a fixed and adamantine destiny? She was watching from her window as the curtain on Paradise was rung down. It was the hour of evening when he returned from work, when she waited counting and joying in those swinging strides which brought him up the road to the tavern gate.

But there were no swinging strides now. She saw the tottering figure two hundred yards away, the little aimless steps going sideways as often as ahead. She saw him fumble with the gate lock and, unable to loose it, turn and straggle along the fence toward the back of the house.

She went downstairs and out the kitchen door then and found him pale and hunched beside the cistern. "Help me a little, Anne, will you?" he said. "I've had a fall."

"Yes," she said, "you've had a fall, Thorne." She called him Thorne. "I've had a fall too."

He did not seem to understand. "Thought I was all right but got giddy coming up the road." His elbow slipped from the cistern and he tottered toward her. "Don't go away. What's the matter, Anne? It will be all right. Just a bad fall."

"And of course you haven't had a drop to drink? It's all over you!"

"Yes," he said, "they poured it into my mouth while I was—so it spilled, I guess." He made an effort to pull his wits together. "Anne, why are you staring at me? You don't think—?" His laughter was high keyed and unnatural. "It's just that I hit my head when I fell—"

"Be still," she said. "I told you that you didn't even lie well any more. You're a liar and you're drunk, just as you were when you came here. You can go the same way, at once, tonight."

She turned and fled away from him inside and upstairs to her own room. The fresh pillow on her narrow white bed was waiting for her tears, but she had no tears. She sat in a chair by the window and her eyes were dry, mere eyes in a face.

SHE waited until dinner should be over and then habit took her downstairs to make change for the checks. That smiling young man with the blue eyes was there again. Well, she'd go to the city with him, or anybody who wanted to take her. "How about one day this week, little girl?" He wrote on a card and gave it to her. "Oh, don't run away yet. Stay here and talk to me a while. Everybody's gone."

Anne never had any memory of what that young man said to her. She remembered the assurance in his eyes and his teeth; for he laughed often at what he'd said. When she could bear it no longer she said, "Excuse me. Saturday then," and left him. By the time she reached her own room again, she heard the engine of his little car sputter and then fade in the distance toward the city.

Presently she arose from her chair in the darkness and tiptoed to the back window. She would look at the spot where she had seen him last, and when she looked she saw Graham Thorne still standing there in the moonlight.

He was erect, but agony was evident in his posture, and a sudden compassion filled her. She wanted to rush down there and throw her arms about his neck and tell him it didn't matter. What if he did and would drink? Many men drank.

Oh, but that wasn't the point. It was the symbol before himself and before her and the world, his own chosen symbol, which should determine whether or not, in spite of the manner of his coming, he was a man, whether the bond between him and her meant enough. No, having visioned Paradise in a green valley, it would be better to keep the vision than to accept any commonplace substitute. And even with the thought and as her head sank upon her arms on the window sill with her first sobs, she knew there was no substitute and that for them there could be only the high road or—his road, which was the lowest road. He had chosen. When she lifted her head again, Graham Thorne had gone.

NIGHTS have only so many black hours and days have a saving routine. One works and one eats, and other people eat whether or not. One thing happened in the morning, but it made no impression upon Anne. It didn't really matter if he were a thief as well, if one were robbed of money after life has been stolen first. She recalled now her uncle's remark once that she'd be lucky if he didn't rob her when he went. A splinter of wood under the cash table in the dining room had brought her attention to the fact that the little drawer had been broken into and perhaps a hundred and twenty dollars taken.

She did not even think of it again until evening, perhaps an hour before dinner, when a stranger, apparently from Baltimore, hurried in and asked to speak to the proprietor. "You see lady, I'm—" he turned back his coat and flashed his badge in that way they have. "Thought maybe you could help us because the fellow we want has been working the valley and he's probably been here."

"Yes," said Anne listlessly, "he's been here a long time. But he left last night."

The detective took out a photograph. "This the man?"

Anne took the picture and gave a little start. She was looking into the challenging, assured gaze of that blue-eyed young man. "Yes," she said, "that's the man. He robbed our cash drawer last night at perhaps nine-thirty; then drove off towards the city. I have an address which might help." And so Graham Thorne, if not a man, was at least not a thief.

After dinner she was standing by that little white fence watching the stars come out and thinking and trying not to think. Her Uncle Tom found her there. "How's Graham, Anne?" he asked at once.

"What do you mean, how is he?" she said. "He's happy, I suppose. He's gone."

Uncle Tom said nothing for a few minutes, but put his arms about her. Then he said: "You poor little girl. I was even convinced myself and when he didn't show up for work today I thought maybe that fall had hurt him more than he thought."

Some bolt struck upwards from Anne's breast against the top of her head, but her voice betrayed nothing. "Oh, he had a fall?"

"Yes. You know the two Beckler brothers. They were working on the new warehouse roof with Graham and they began teasing him. One of them made a remark about—about his staying out here with you. Graham knocked him unconscious with one punch. The younger Beckler rushed from behind and carried Graham over the edge. He fell nearly thirty feet and hit his back."

"And he hadn't been drinking?"

"Only what I poured into him to bring him to—and he knocked the bottle out of my hand for that."

A low faint cry escaped her. "Oh, my God, it was true. Where is he? Where did he go, Uncle Tom!" Her voice rose hysterically and she broke away from him and ran to the gate. She was out of it, running up that curving highway before he could stop her. He was a bit beyond running, Uncle Tom.

But he found her later, crumpled against a bank where she'd thrown herself nearly half a mile up the road. "Come on, Anne," he said, "it's time to go home."

It was Mrs. Frothingham who made the difference in Anne Hazard's life, although if it hadn't been she it would have been somebody else. Anne never heard of Mrs. Frothingham and in fact she dwelt many miles away from the city and the valley and the village, in another valley which she admired quite as much as Anne admired hers.

It was one night in September when Mrs. Frothingham opened her kitchen door and beheld a tramp, a rather dirty, tattered, and disheveled fellow but with a fairly hard, fine face. She did not even think he was so very drunk.

"Yes," she said, allowing him no chance to speak, "yes, I'll give you a cup of coffee and save the argument. You don't look like a tramp."

"I used to be all right in my better days," he said.

"Some girl turned you down, I suppose."

"You suppose right," he said. "I tried being a man, but she wouldn't believe I could be. I don't blame her. Nobody would believe it."

"What difference does that make?" she demanded. And then Mrs. Frothingham said the thing that made the difference in Anne Hazard's life. "What difference does it make who believes you're a man if you know it yourself. Nobody's a man who needs anybody but himself to prove it."

"Say that again, madam, will you?" When she had repeated her remark, he thought for a long time; and then he said: "Perhaps I'll take a whirl at it. How far is Baltimore from here? That's where I'd have to begin. I left a business in a hole there five years ago. It's still in the same hole, deeper. What will you bet I can't pull it out in six months?"

SPRING was in the valley again. But Anne Hazard did not wait any more to see if anyone would come who would know how beautiful the valley was, or had once been.

So she didn't see Graham Thorne jump out of his car and leap the little fence. "Anne," he called out to her, "let's go up to the field and watch that sun go down"—just as though it were yesterday. And he looked just the same, except that he wore his own tailored clothes and that he was if anything a little bit harder and finer even than he had been before.

In the corner of Raymond's field they saw his "Grand Old Man" go down. "Your beautiful valley," he said. "I've come back to it, Anne. For good this time. I'm going to build you a house in this field and call it Paradise Regained." She was fighting back tears when he drew her into his arms. "For I am now a man, Anne—whether you think so or not."

"I think so, Graham," she said. "I think that, even in the beginning, you were never anything else."

Summer Lightning

Continued from page 7

Declining with a distrait shake of the head her niece's offer of the seat of honor by the teapot, she sank into a chair. She was a woman of still remarkable beauty, with features cast in a commanding mold and fine eyes. These eyes were at the moment dull and brooding.

"I missed my train," she explained. "However, I can do all I have to do in London tomorrow. I shall go up by the eleven-fifteen. In a way, it will be more convenient, for Ronald will be able to motor me back. I will look in at Norfolk Street and pick him up there before he starts."

"What made you miss your train?"

"Yes," said Lord Emsworth, complainingly. "You started in good time."

THE brooding look in his sister's eyes deepened.

"I met Sir Gregory Parsloe." Lord Emsworth stiffened at the name. "He kept me talking. He is extremely worried." Lord Emsworth looked pleased. "He tells me he used to know Galahad very well a number of years ago, and he is very much alarmed about this book of his."

"And I bet he isn't the only one," murmured Millicent.

She was right. Once a man of the Hon. Galahad Threepwood's antecedents starts taking pen in hand and being reminded of amusing incidents that happened to my dear old friend So-and-So, you never know where he will stop; and all over England, among the more elderly of the nobility and gentry, something like a panic had been raging ever since the news of his literary activities had got about. From Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Matchingham Hall to gray-headed pillars of Society in distant Cumberland and Kent, whole droves of respectable men who in their younger days had been rash enough to chum with the Hon. Galahad were recalling past follies committed in his company and speculating agitatedly as to how good the old pest's memory was.

For Galahad in his day had been a notable lad about town. Bookmakers had called him by his pet name, barmaids had simpered beneath his gallant chaff. He had heard the chimes at midnight. And when he looked in at the old Gardenia, commissionaires had fought for the privilege of throwing him out. A man, in a word, who should never have been taught to write and who, if unhappily gifted with that ability, should have been restrained by Act of Parliament from writing Reminiscences.

So thought Lady Constance, his sister. So thought Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, his neighbor. And so thought the pillars of Society in distant Cumberland and Kent. Widely as they differed on many points, they were unanimous on this.

"He wanted me to try to find out if Galahad was putting anything about him into it."

"Better ask him now," said Millicent. "He's just come out of the house and seems to be heading in this direction."

The author, ambling briskly across the lawn, joined the little group at the tea-table. He was a short, trim, dapper little man of the type one associates automatically in one's mind with checked suits, tight trousers, white bowler hats, pink carnations and race glasses bumping against the left hip. Though bareheaded at the moment and in his shirt-sleeves and displaying on the tip of his nose the ink-spot of the literary life, he still seemed out of place away from a paddock or an American bar. His bright eyes, puckered at the corners, peered before him as though watching horses rounding into the straight. His neatly-shod foot had about it a suggestion of pawing in search of a brass rail. A jaunty little gentleman, and, as Millicent had said, quite astonishingly fit and rosy.

Arrived at the tea-table, he produced a black-rimmed monocle, and, screwing it into his eye, surveyed the group with a frown of distaste.

"Tea?"

Millicent reached for a cup.

"You know I never drink tea. Too much respect for my inside. Don't tell me you are ruining your inside with that poison."

"Sorry, Uncle Gally. I like it."

"You be careful," urged the Hon. Galahad, who was fond of his niece and did not like to see her falling into bad habits. "You be very careful how you fool about with that stuff. Did I ever tell you about poor Buffy Struggles back in ninety-three? Some misguided person lured poor old Buffy into one of those temperance lectures illustrated with colored slides, and he called on me next day ashen, poor old chap—ashen. 'Gally,' he said, 'what would you say the procedure was when a fellow wants to buy tea? How would a fellow set about it?' 'Tea?' I said. 'What do you want tea for?' 'To drink,' said Buffy. 'Pull yourself together, dear boy,' I said. 'You're talking wildly. You can't drink tea. Have a brandy and soda.' 'No more alcohol for me.' said Buffy. 'Look what it does to the common earthworm.' 'But you're not a common earthworm,' I said, putting my finger on the flaw in his argument right away. 'I dashed soon shall be if I go on drinking alcohol,' said Buffy. Well, I begged him with tears in my eyes not to do anything rash, but I couldn't move him. He ordered in ten pounds of the muck and was dead inside the year."

"Good heavens! Really?"

The Hon. Galahad nodded impressively.

"Dead as a doornail. Got run over by a hansom cab, poor dear old chap, as he was crossing Piccadilly. You'll find the story in my book."

"How's the book coming along?"

"Magnificently, my dear. Splendidly. I had no notion writing was so easy. The stuff just pours out. Clarence, I wanted to ask you about a date. What year was it there was that terrible row between young Gregory Parsloe and Lord Burper, when Parsloe stole the old chap's false teeth and pawned them at a shop in the Edgware Road? '96? I should have said later than that—'97 or '98. Perhaps you're right, though. I'll pencil in '96 tentatively."

LADY CONSTANCE uttered a sharp cry. The sunlight had now gone quite definitely out of her life. She felt as if foxes were gnawing her vitals.

"Galahad! You are not proposing to print libelous stories like that about our nearest neighbor?"

"Certainly I am." The Hon. Galahad snorted militantly. "And, as for libel, let him bring an action if he wants to. I'll fight him to the House of Lords. It's the best documented story in my book,"—and, leaping lightly over the spaniel, he flitted away across the lawn.

Lady Constance sat rigid in her chair.

"Clarence!"

"My dear?"

(*Continued on page 60*)

"... *And* he's *just* as nice as he *looks!*"

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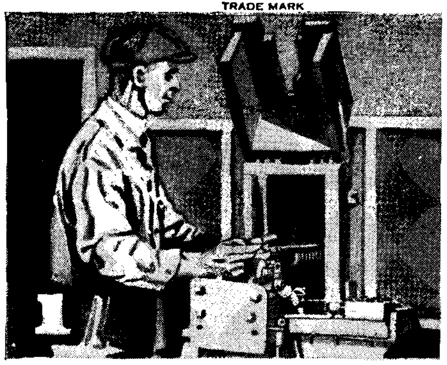

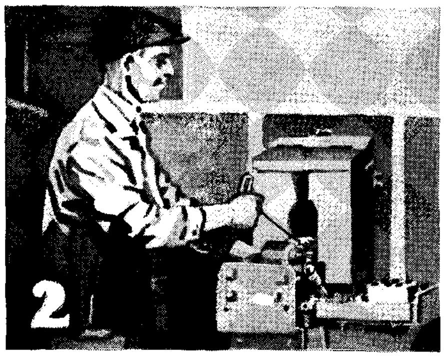

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

(*Continued from page 59*)

"What are you going to do about this?"

"Do?"

"Can't you see that something must be done? Do you realize that if this awful book of Galahad's is published it will alienate half our friends? They will think we are to blame. They will say we ought to have stopped him somehow. Imagine Sir Gregory's feelings when he reads that appalling story!"

Lord Emsworth's amiable face darkened.

"I am not worrying about Parsloe's feelings. Besides, he did steal Burper's false teeth. I remember him showing them to me. He had them packed up in cotton-wool in a small cigar-box."

The gesture known as wringing the hands is one that is seldom seen in real life, but Lady Constance Keeble at this point did something with hers which might by a liberal interpretation have been described as wringing.

"Oh, if Mr. Baxter were only here!" she moaned.

Lord Emsworth started with such violence that his pince-nez fell off.

"What on earth do you want that awful feller here for?"

"He would find a way out of this dreadful business. He was always so efficient."

"Baxter's off his head."

Lady Constance uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Clarence, you really can be the most irritating person in the world. Mr. Baxter was the most wonderfully capable man I ever met."

"Yes, capable of anything," retorted Lord Emsworth with spirit. "Threw flower-pots at me in the middle of the night. I woke up in the small hours and found flower-pots streaming in at my bedroom window and looked out and there was this feller Baxter standing on the terrace in lemon-colored pajamas, hurling the dashed things as if he thought he was a machine-gun or something. I suppose he's in an asylum by this time."

Lady Constance had turned a bright scarlet.

"You know perfectly well that there was a quite simple explanation. My diamond necklace had been stolen, and Mr. Baxter thought that the thief had hidden it in one of the flower-pots. He went to look for it and got locked out and tried to attract attention by . . ."

"Well, I prefer to think the man was crazy, and that's the line that Galahad takes in his book."

"His . . . ! Galahad is not putting that story in his book?"

"Of course he's putting it in his book. Do you think he's going to waste excellent material like that? And, as I say, the line Galahad takes—and he's a clear-thinking, level-headed man—is that Baxter was a raving, roaring lunatic. Well, I'm going to have another look at the Empress."

He pottered off pigwards.

For some moments after he had gone, there was silence at the tea-table. Millicent lay back in her chair, Lady Constance sat stiffly upright in hers. A little breeze that brought with it a scent of wall-flowers began whispering the first tidings that the cool of evening was on its way.

"Why are you so anxious to get Mr. Baxter back, Aunt Constance?" asked Millicent.

Lady Constance's rigidity had relaxed. She was looking her calm, masterful self again. She had the air of a woman who has just solved a difficult problem.

"I think his presence here essential," she said.

"Uncle Clarence doesn't seem to agree with you."

"Your Uncle Clarence has always been completely blind to his best interests. He ought never to have dismissed the only secretary he has ever had who was capable of looking after his affairs."

"Isn't Mr. Carmody any good?"

"No. He is not. And I shall never feel easy in my mind until Mr. Baxter is back in his old place."

"What's wrong with Mr. Carmody?"

"He is grossly inefficient. And," said Lady Constance, unmasking her batteries, "I consider that he spends far too much of his time mooning around you, my dear. He appears to imagine that he is at Blandings Castle simply to dance attendance on you."

The charge struck Millicent as unjust. She thought of pointing out that she and Hugo only met occasionally and then on the sly, but it occurred to her that the plea might be injudicious. She bent over the spaniel. A keen observer might have noted a defensiveness in her manner. She looked like a girl preparing to cope with an aunt.

"Do you find him an entertaining companion?"

Millicent yawned.

"Mr. Carmody? No, not particularly."

"A dull young man, I should have thought."

"Deadly."

"Vapid."

"Vap to a degree."

"And yet you went riding with him last Tuesday."

"Anything's better than riding alone."

"You play tennis with him, too."

"Well, tennis is a game I defy you to play by yourself."

Lady Constance's lips tightened.

"I wish Ronald had never persuaded your uncle to employ him. Clarence should have seen by the mere look of him that he was impossible." She paused. "It will be nice having Ronald here," she said.

"Yes."

"You must try to see something of him. If," said Lady Constance, in the manner which her intimates found rather less pleasant than some of her other manners, "Mr. Carmody can spare you for a moment from time to time."

She eyed her niece narrowly. But Millicent was a match for any number of narrow glances, and had been from her sixteenth birthday. She was also a girl who believed that the best form of defense is attack.

"Do you think I'm in love with Mr. Carmody, Aunt Constance?"

Lady Constance was not a woman who relished the direct methods of the younger generation. She colored.

"Such a thought never entered my head."

"That's fine. I was afraid it had."

"A sensible girl like you would naturally see the utter impossibility of marriage with a man in his position. He has no money and very little prospects. And, of course, your uncle holds your own money in trust for you and would never dream of releasing it if you wished to make an unsuitable marriage."

"So, it does seem lucky I'm not in love with him, doesn't it?"

"Extremely fortunate."

Lady Constance paused for a moment, then introduced a topic on which she had frequently touched before. Millicent had seen it coming by the look in her eyes.

"Why you won't marry Ronald, I can't think. It would have been so suitable in every way. You have been fond of one another since you were children."

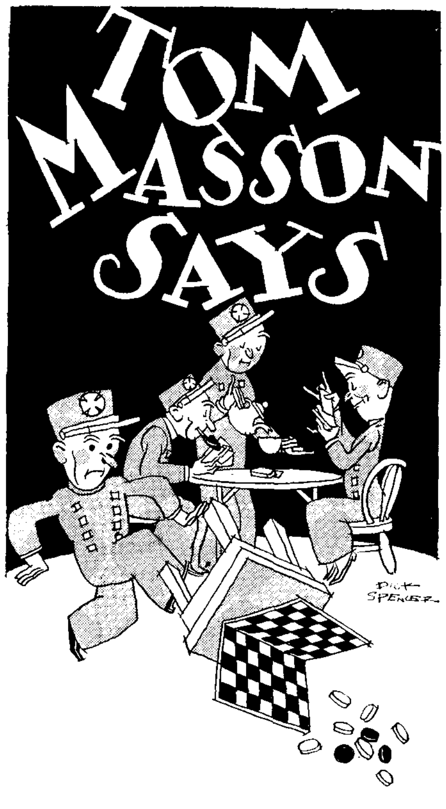
"Oh, I like old Ronnie a lot."

"It has been a great disappointment to your Aunt Julia."

"She must cheer up. She'll get him off all right, if she sticks at it."

Lady Constance bridled.

TOM MASSON SAYS



A hick town; where the fire-house gang hasn't yet learned how to play bridge.

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When in Rome, do as the Romans do after Mussolini has told them.

According to a recent abstract, 57 per cent of our plums come from California. This however doesn't take into account those raised in Washington, D. C.

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History may repeat itself, but there is a great deal of difference between driving a nag and nagging a driver.

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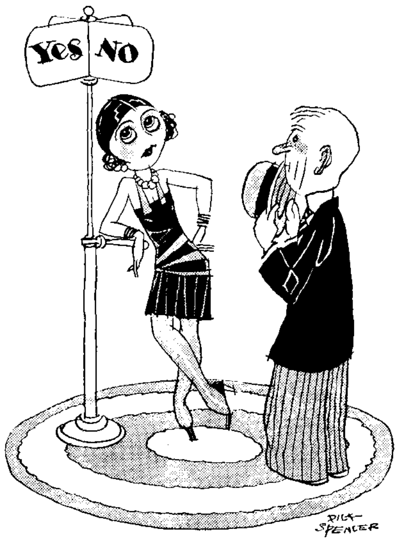
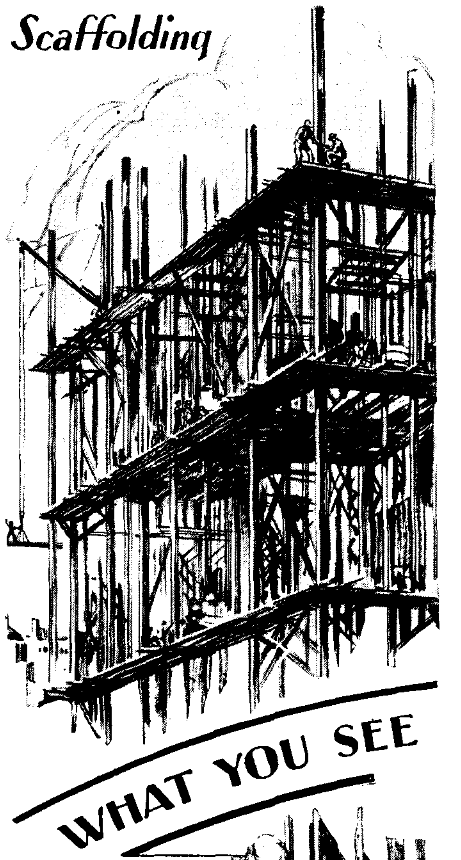
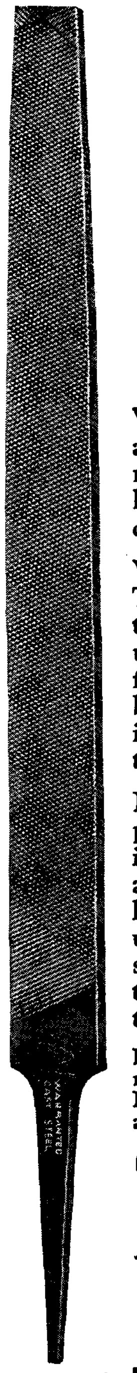
In a "boiling" stock market there are some not able to keep out of hot water.

It's always a woman's privilege to change her husband's mind.





WHAT YOU DON'T SEE



What You See: High above the street, a workman sits unconcernedly on a scaffolding, doing a difficult job.

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"It is not a question of . . . If you will forgive my saying so, my dear, I think you have allowed yourself to fall into a way of taking Ronald far too much for granted. I am afraid you have the impression that he will always be there, ready and waiting for you when you at last decide to make up your mind. I don't think you realize what a very attractive young man he is."

"The longer I wait, the more fascinating it will give him time to become."

At a moment less tense Lady Constance would have taken time off to rebuke this flippancy, but she felt it would be unwise to depart from her main theme.

"He is just the sort of young man that girls are drawn to. In fact, I have been meaning to tell you. I had a letter from your Aunt Julia, saying that during their stay at Biarritz they met a most charming American girl, a Miss Schoonmaker, whose father, it seems, used to be a friend of your Uncle Galahad. She appeared to be quite taken with Ronald, and he with her. He traveled back to Paris with her and left her there."

"How fickle men are!" sighed Millicent.

"She had some shopping to do," said Lady Constance sharply. "By this time she is probably in London. Julia invited her to stay at Blandings, and she accepted. She may be here any day now. And I do think, my dear," proceeded Lady Constance earnestly, "that, before she arrives, you ought to consider very carefully what your feelings toward Ronald really are."

"You mean, if I don't watch my step, this Miss Doopenhacker may steal my Ronnie away from me?"

It was not quite as Lady Constance would have put it herself, but it conveyed her meaning.

"Exactly."

Millicent laughed. It was plain that her flesh declined to creep at the prospect.

"Good luck to her," she said. "She can count on a fish-slice from me, and I'll be a bridesmaid, too, if wanted. Can't you understand, Aunt Constance, that I haven't the slightest desire to marry Ronnie. We're great pals, and all that, but he's not my style. Too short, for one thing."

"Short?"

"I'm inches taller than he is. When we went up the aisle, I should look like someone taking her little brother for a walk."

LADY CONSTANCE would undoubtedly have commented on this remark, but before she could do so the procession reappeared, playing an unexpected return date. Footman James bore a dish of fruit, Footman Thomas a salver with a cream-jug on it. Beach, as before, confined himself to a straight ornamental rôle.

"Oo!" said Millicent welcomingly. And the spaniel, who liked anything involving cream, gave a silent nod of approval.

"Well," said Lady Constance, as the procession withdrew, giving up the lost cause, "if you won't marry Ronald, I suppose you won't."

"That's about it," agreed Millicent, pouring cream.

"At any rate, I am relieved to hear that there is no nonsense going on between you and this Mr. Carmody. That I could not have endured."

"He's only moderately popular with you, isn't he?"

"I dislike him extremely."

"I wonder why. I should have thought he was fairly all right, as young men go. Uncle Clarence likes him. So does Uncle Gally."

Lady Constance had a high, arched nose, admirably adapted for sniffing. She used it now to the limits of its power.

"Mr. Carmody," she said, "is just the sort of young man your Uncle Galahad would like. No doubt he reminds him of the horrible men he used to go about London with in his young days."

"Mr. Carmody isn't a bit like that."

"Indeed?" Lady Constance sniffed again. "Well, I dislike mentioning it to you, Millicent, for I am old-fashioned enough to think that young girls should be shielded from a knowledge of the world, but I happen to know that Mr. Carmody is not at all a nice young man. I have it on the most excellent authority that he is entangled with some impossible chorus girl."

IT IS not easy to sit suddenly bolt-upright in a deep garden-chair, but Millicent managed the feat.

"What!"

"Lady Allardyce told me so."

"And how does she know?"

"Her son Vernon told her. A girl of the name of Brown. Vernon Allardyce says that he used to see her repeatedly, lunching and dining and dancing with Mr. Carmody."

There was a long silence.

"Nice boy, Vernon," said Millicent.

"He tells his mother everything."

"That's what I meant. I think it's so sweet of him." Millicent rose. "Well, I'm going to take a short stroll."

She wandered off toward the rose garden.

A young man who has arranged to meet the girl he loves in the rose garden at six sharp naturally goes there at five-twenty-five, so as not to be late. Hugo Carmody had done this, with the result that by three minutes to six he was feeling as if he had been marooned among roses since early summer.

If anybody had told Hugo Carmody six months before that halfway through the following July he would be lurking in trysting-places like this, his whole being alert for the coming of a girl, he would have scoffed at the idea. He would have laughed lightly. Not that he had not been fond of girls. He had always liked girls. But they had been, as it were, the mere playthings, so to speak, of a financial giant's idle hour. Six months ago he had been the keen, iron-souled man of business, all his energies and thoughts devoted to the management of the Hot Spot.

But now he stood shuffling his feet and starting hopefully at every sound, while the leaden moments passed sluggishly on their way. Then his vigil was enlivened by a wasp, which stung him on the back of the hand. He was leaping to and fro, licking his wounds, when he perceived the girl of his dreams coming down the path.

"Ah!" cried Hugo.

He ceased to leap and, rushing forward, would have clasped her in a fond embrace. Many people advocate the old-fashioned blue-bag for wasp-stings, but Hugo preferred this treatment.

To his astonishment she drew back. And she was not a girl who usually drew back on these occasions.

"What's the matter?" he asked, pained. It seemed to him that a spanner had been plunged into a holy moment.

"Nothing."

Hugo was concerned. He did not like the way she was looking at him. Her soft blue eyes appeared to have been turned into stone.

"I say," he said, "I've just been stung by a beastly great wasp."

"Good!" said Millicent. The way she was talking seemed to him worse than the way she was looking.

Hugo's concern increased.

"I say, what's up?"

The granite eyes took on an added hardness.

(Continued on page 62)

if this ad were printed in colors . . . this bulb would be blue

THE actual color of this bulb is *blue*—a pale blue. This pale *blue* color eliminates the dangerous "red" rays which cause eyestrain and discomfort. This means a whiter light, without any undue strain on the battery—a light that gives you daylight confidence.

Ask your dealer for Tung-Sol BLU-WITES—either single or double filament. Try them in your headlamps. There will be welcome relief for your eyes as well as for the approaching driver.

NO DRAIN ON THE BATTERY

With Tung-Sol BLU-WITES there is no change in generator setting. Maximum candle power is obtainable with only ½ ampere more current consumed per bulb—an almost imperceptible increase in current consumption.

BI-FOCAL 32-21 C. P.

We recommend 32-21 C. P. double filament bulbs wherever they are legal. A more penetrating beam is available, permitting still greater safety where high speed on the road is permissible.

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Newark New Jersey

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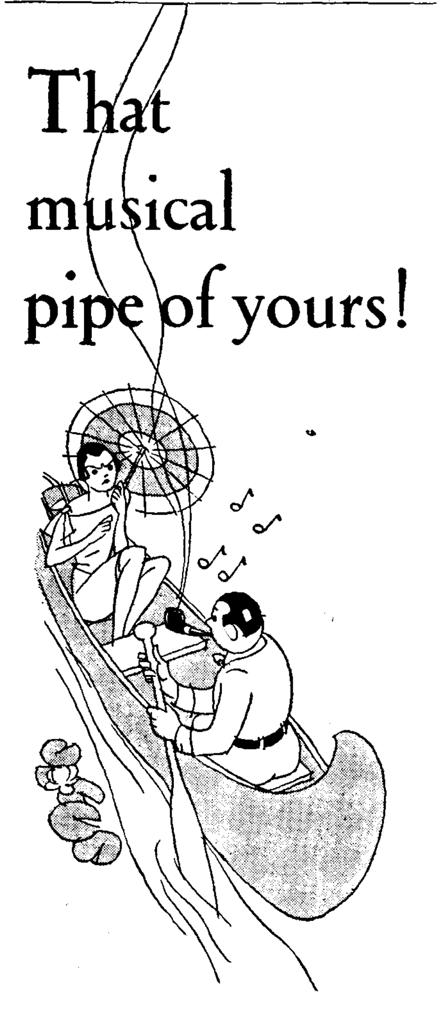
TRADE MARK



That musical pipe of yours!

SHE hadn't counted on *that* when she consented to come for a quiet paddle on the lake. Before you wreck another romance, better silence that noisy old briar with a real pipe mixture. Sir Walter Raleigh is all of that—the mildest, most fragrant blend that ever came out of the South. So good we line the tin with gold foil to preserve its freshness right down to the last pipeful.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 53, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky

B.W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

(*Continued from page 61*)

"You want to know what's up?"

"Yes—what's up?"

"I'll tell you what's up."

"Well, what's up?" asked Hugo.

He waited for enlightenment, but she had fallen into a chilling silence.

"You know," said Hugo, breaking it, "I'm getting pretty well fed up with all this secrecy and general snakiness. Seeing you for an occasional odd five minutes a day and having to put on false whiskers and hide in bushes to manage that. I know the Keeble looks on me as a sort of cross between a leper and a nosegay of deadly nightshade, but I'm strong with the old boy. I talk pig to him. You might almost say I play on him as on a stringed instrument. So what's wrong with going to him and telling him in a frank and manly way that we love each other and are going to get married?"

THE marble of Millicent's face was disturbed by one of those quick, sharp, short, bitter smiles that do nobody any good.

"Why should we lie to Uncle Clarence?"

"Eh?"

"I say why should we tell him something that isn't true?"

"I don't get your drift."

"I will continue snowing," said Millicent coldly. "I am not quite sure if I am ever going to speak to you again in this world or the next. Much will depend on how good you are as an explainer. I have it on the most excellent authority that you are entangled with a chorus girl. How about it?"

Hugo reeled. But then St. Anthony himself would have reeled if a charge like that had suddenly been hurled at him. The best of men require time to overhaul their consciences on such occasions. A moment, and he was himself again.

"It's a lie!"

"Name of Brown."

"Not a word of truth in it. I haven't set eyes on Sue Brown since I first met you."

"No. You've been down here all the time."

"And when I *was* setting eyes on her—why, dash it, my attitude from start to finish was one of blameless, innocent, one-hundred-per-cent brotherliness. A wholesome friendship. Brotherly. Nothing more. I liked dancing and she liked dancing and our steps fitted. So occasionally we would go out together and tread the measure. That's all there was to it. Pure brotherliness, nothing more. I looked on myself as a sort of brother."

"Brother, eh?"

"Absolutely a brother. Don't," urged Hugo earnestly, "go running away, my dear old prune, with any sort of silly notion that Sue Brown was something the nature of a vamp. She's one of the nicest girls you would ever want to meet."

"Nice, is she?"

"A sweet girl. A girl in a million. A real good sort. A sound egg."

"Pretty, I suppose?"

The native good sense of the Carmodys asserted itself at the eleventh hour.

"Not pretty," said Hugo decidedly. "Not pretty, no. Not at all pretty. Far from pretty. Totally lacking in sex-appeal, poor girl. But nice. A good sort. No nonsense about her. Sisterly."

Millicent pondered.

"H'm," she said.

Nature paused, listening. Birds checked their song, insects their droning. It was as if it had got about that this young man's fate hung in the balance and the returns would be in shortly.

"Well, all right," she said at length. "I suppose I'll have to believe you."

"'At's the way to talk!"

"But you bear this in mind, my lad. Any funny business from now on . . ."

"As if . . . !"

"One more attack of that brotherly urge . . ."

"As though . . . !"

"All right, then."

Hugo inhaled vigorously. He felt like a man who has just dodged a wounded tigress.

"Banzai!" he said. "Sweethearts still!"

BLANDINGS CASTLE dozed in the twilight. Its various inmates were variously occupied. Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, after many a longing, lingering look behind, had dragged himself away from the Empress's boudoir and was reading his well-thumbed copy of British Pigs. The Hon. Galahad, having fixed up the Parsloe-Burper passage, was skimming through his day's output with an artist's complacent feeling that this was the stuff to give 'em. Butler Beach was pasting the Hon. Galahad's photograph into his album. Millicent, in her bedroom, was looking a little thoughtfully into her mirror. Hugo, in the billiard-room, was practicing pensive caroms and thinking loving thoughts of his lady, coupled with an occasional reflection that a short, swift binge in London would be a great wheeze if he could wangle it.

And in her boudoir on the second floor, Lady Constance Keeble had taken pen in hand and was poising it over a sheet of notepaper.

"Dear Mr. Baxter," she wrote.

(*To be continued next week*)

Emergency Call

Continued from page 18

"Jim's over at the game today. The public-school club's playing."

Club. Why not team? Maybe Alex would have said club.

"I'll be glad to—to see all of them." What a thundering lie!

"Yes. Sure. They're swell kids." That was the voice now that used to clang above the calliope. Or almost the voice.

"I—uh—I—Molly. How are—how are your circumstances? Forgive the question—it seems necessary."

She looked at him gravely.

"How are you—how are you—fixed? For money."

"I understood you all right. I was just—thinking."

That was resentment. Resentment, with an attempt to conceal it. Have to watch himself, with this woman. Not a common woman, not a stupid one. Crude of speech, still a little subtle.

They were silent. Then she answered him:

"Well—I'm just trying to—I'm afraid I'll—I'll just have to go through this with you. I'm— See here. This is what I'm trying to say. I know you and Alex weren't friendly. You—you hurt Alex. I know that, and I know why it was. If it wasn't for just one thing, I'd tell you, 'No, thank you, you can go to—' uh, excuse me. I forget my French. I'm kind of upset."

He looked at her hands; they were curled into claws, and trembling just a little, but her voice was even, com-

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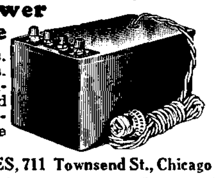

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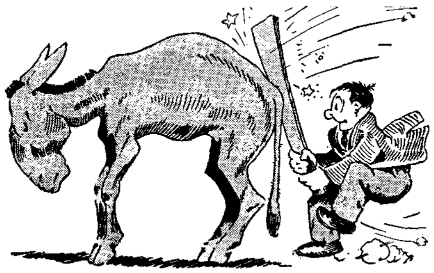

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Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 11014 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis

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You've watched soft fleecy clouds in a blue sky, and wished you could drift upon a cloud bank. Floating over cool quiet waters in an Old Town Canoe is about as near as you can come to realizing that delightful day-dream. No bit of errant thistledown could rest more lightly on the stream.

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"Old Town Canoes"

pressed, as if she were keeping a weight upon it.

"She's holding herself in," he told himself. "She was mad about Alex, and she hates me. Well, maybe that will make it easier."

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I'd like you to remember one thing. I—my family means more to me than anything else in the world. I don't always know how to show it. I show it clumsily. But it's there. It's about the only thing I believe in.

"Well—I'll tell you. I'm trying to tell you what Alex would want. Trying to do what he'd want. I don't know; I'm not sure what that is. We're broke. Of course we're broke. Three thousand dollars, this house— Why, we spent almost nine thousand last year. The way these kids eat—I ain't a good manager. That is, not lately. The way show people are, we spend it when we got it, and think it will last forever. When we ain't got it, we get along somehow."

"Yes."

"I'm no charity. I made a living before. I'll go back to it again. Back to the carnivals. My people here'll take care of the kids. The winter's almost over; spring is coming. When Jim's three or four years older he can come with me—"

"No," Bourland said. His voice was a squeak.

"No? No?—Wait a minute; excuse me, I'm— I got no right to take that tone to you. But listen, Doctor Anson, I'm trying to dope this out, trying to do what's right, see? Alex—Alex, when he was dying, he—he said twice, 'I'll show you, J. B.' You're J. B., ain't you? Well, I'l show you too."

"Please—please," he said. "Don't treat me like this. What— Did he say anything else?"

"Yes. He said some letters, I couldn't make it out, like something he was learning."

"Na No_3 plus Ca_3 plus—" began Bourland harshly.

"Yes. Yes. Something like that, and then he said: 'Jimmy, I can't learn it, it's no good.' That was about the last thing he said."

"Do you—do you mind if I smoke—I—I—let's get this straight, Molly. I'm not going to call you Mrs. Anson. You can call me Dr. Anson if you insist on it. Whatever the situation before, you're my brother's wife. And you're not going in any carnivals. Neither you nor the boy. That's final."

"You're kind of like Alex, at that. He was a snob, in some ways. Thought it was terrible for women to work—his women. Huh. After takin' care of four children a carnival's a vacation."

"NOW I know what her voice reminds me of," said Bourland to himself. "It's like Nordica singing in the Ring. 'Ho-yo to-ho; spring will be here soon,' she says. Painted wagons and full-blown trollops shouting along the road. 'Ho-yo, to-ho. . . .' "

"Do you suppose Alex would want his son in a carnival? Do you?" he said gently.

"No, and I wouldn't want him there either. They're the best people on earth but—there's no future in it. Carnival business is done. Jim was going to be a doctor, like Alex."

"Well, he'll be one. I'll make him one—" Suddenly he stopped. He was figuring how much short of nine thousand dollars any part, even a large part, of five thousand is. "I—I don't want to mislead you. I'm not wealthy."

"And I don't want to mislead you either. When you came in that door I took one look at you, and I made up my mind we'd never be shipmates. I don't want your money. Don't you ever think it. I've got a little something to remember about you. Don't forget that."

"I think we had better leave—animosities out of this. It's this way. As I tried to tell you, we are not strangers, and can't be. You're a—my brother's wife. That's all that matters. If you'll pardon me, I'm Alex's brother too. I can't help what you may think of me. I don't mean to let it influence me. You mustn't either. I did not have a very accurate idea of you. As they say in the melodramas, I misjudged you. I'm not a good judge of people."

"Nobody is."

"Well. Now then. The thing to do is to examine this matter and try to decide what is best. Molly, we don't matter; at least I don't matter. I'm almost forty. But there are four Anson children—"

"I'm thirty-four," she said. "All right. What's your proposition?"

WELL! At the present time Dr. J. Bourland Anson is practicing medicine in Bridgeport. He has the remains of his brother's practice and a few cases of his own. He's not the success that his brother was. But the income of the Anson family is ten thousand dollars a year, just the same. Five of it is unearned.

He's a good doctor. He's a corking good doctor. He was out of it for fourteen years, or for thirty-nine, as you prefer, but he started right in, and he's adequate now. His manner isn't encouraging. He doesn't radiate confidence or optimism or slap his patients on the back, unless they're newly born. He loses cases that Alex wouldn't have lost, because he hasn't got the vitality to transfuse into the sick. But he's got a fighting man's heart, all the same.

He's still a bachelor. And Molly Anson is still a widow. She's fat, and she's not so young any more. But when the pussy willow begins to bud she steals down to a siding and watches the men putting wagons and duffle and carrousels into the box cars. Carnival's in her blood, and not even fat nor advancing years will tame a Valkyrie or make her accept charity gracefully from a man who couldn't beat her.

Bourland has Sunday dinner at the house of his foster family, when his patients permit. He used to eat all his meals there, at first, but circumstances are easier now.

Do you think his nieces and nephews love him? Of course they don't. Who'd love him, ever? Do you think he loves them? Children bore him frightfully, so does almost everyone. He's getting drier, more precise, more accurate, as the years roll by; makes fewer mistakes in his business.

He still has his little dream. When Jim B. Anson, his promising nephew, is graduated from Harvard Medical and gets on his feet, Dr. J. Bourland is going to get a screwdriver, take down his sign, and throw it into the gutter. He's going to give his medical books to his nephew, or burn them. Then he'll go skipping to a wharf and take the first ship for Europe.

He plans to live in Vienna or the south of France. Can't quite decide. His visiting cards will read J. Bourland Anson, and if he sees a man dying in the street he'll probably shrug, and say, "Oh, send for a doctor."

Maybe he'll never realize this vision. Maybe the same thing will happen to him that happened to his brother—a cold night and a sick patient.

Then, if there's anything in these old theories, he'll be able to have a nice little chat with his brother Alex, concerning who it was that showed the other the most, all things considered. His brother Alex, who came knocking at his door in Vienna, when he was a patron of the arts. Well, he lifted the latch for him. It was his brother, wasn't it?

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Was it LUCK that placed Geo. Putnam in a position paying $10,000 a YEAR?

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How well he has served his community is shown by hundreds of letters of appreciation which he has received from those who have been saved grievous losses by his sincerity and his knowledge of Fire Protection. George Putnam is but one of more than one thousand successful Fyr-Fyter men who are now serving their respective communities in various parts of the country.

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The Fyr-Fyter Company is recognized as one of the leading manufacturers of high grade Approved Fire Extinguishers, ranging in size from 1-quart up to 40-Gallon Chemical Engines on wheels. We manufacture a special type of extinguisher to combat all classes of fire hazards.

We number among our list of users such concerns as The Standard Oil Company, The General Motors Corporation's various divisions, International Harvester Company, Ford Motor Company, Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Eastman Kodak Company, National Cash Register Company, and hundreds of other nationally known corporations. More than 260,000 Fyr-Fyters have been sold to the United States Government for use in the Army, Navy, Postoffice, Air Service, etc.

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The Fyr-Fyter Company is one of the pioneers in the Direct Selling Field. We were the first to market extinguishers (Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories) direct to user through our appointed representatives. Fyr-Fyters are sold only through our authorized salesmen. We give our men new and original selling plans and pave the way for their calls through advertising in nationally-known magazines, trade and fire prevention publications. A million pieces of direct mail go to prospective buyers every year.

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We have lately developed a new Fire Extinguisher which extinguishes fire in one-half less time than any other extinguisher. The demand for this new anti-freeze extinguisher has created a new field of prospects among Home Owners, Farmers and Business Concerns. In addition to this new Extinguisher, we have also added to our line a number of 20 and 40 gallon Extinguishers mounted on wheels for use in Airports, Warehouses, Schools, Factories, Country Estates, Country Clubs, Amusement Parks, etc.

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I want to fill these positions immediately. Send for information at once, giving full information about yourself. I will send complete details of the position. Your letter will be treated as a confidential matter.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY
Dept. 4-R, Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

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BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY, CHICAGO
Mfrs. of Radio, Ignition and Flashlight Batteries
Burgess SnapLite Sold in These Stores—Hardware, Drug, Electrical, Automotive, Department & Others

Who Travels Alone

Continued from page 24

Surmise is sometimes more intriguing when the truth can never be fully known. Loewenstein set a good many people guessing during his lifetime; he has left us a riddle to solve with his death. The briefest study of the man's character would lead us to the conviction that he is exactly of the type to have made that gloriously dramatic exit from the world sooner than face a horde of angry creditors, and the loss of his great place amongst the world's financiers. But, supposing there was no horde of angry creditors to face, supposing a large portion of his fortune is still intact, is it possible to reconcile the theory of suicide with what we know of the man himself? The close student of human nature will probably decide that it is.

His Name Had Lost Its Magic

Remember the facts. Money he may still have possessed when he stepped into his airplane at Croydon on that cloudy and windy evening, but power and prestige he had certainly lost. He had shown himself incapable of averting that terrible slump in his shares which was a feature of every money market all over the world, a slump which was diminishing his capital by millions each day. His name had lost its magic.

At the first sign of reverse, people remembered. They began to realize that many of his successes had been achieved through sheer audacity. The popular man in finance is the man who takes his friends along with him, and makes a genial business of money-getting. Loewenstein had worked too much alone to have friends and partisans. He must have felt himself forced, now that the tide of reverse had commenced, to face an unsympathetic and unhelpful world. He must have realized that any new enterprise which he might suggest would, for years to come, be but coldly received. There had not, as a matter of fact, been one money market in the world, where Loewenstein interests had really been popular. His three last efforts had met with failure. If he were indeed still possessed of great wealth on paper, it was unattainable. Where was he to look for the necessary help to launch fresh enterprises? Who would aid him to stem that tide of falling prices which sounded all the time like a knell in his ears? There was no one. He had fought alone in the prosperous days, and divided the spoils with no man. Now, in the days of disaster, he was still alone, with no one to help him bear his losses. *It* was the vindication of a law of nature that he should have felt his isolation during this last dramatic epoch of his life.

Existence without work, and the sort of work he loved, could never have appealed to Loewenstein. A day or two's holiday was the most he had ever been able to endure. How was he to mark time until markets had reached their bottom, until he knew the full extent of the disaster which had befallen him?

He was probably afflicted that night, as he took his place upon that fateful journey, with a sense of injustice, with a feeling that the world in which he had played so great a part was treating him hardly. He was going back to a city in which he had never been popular to be scowled at everywhere by crowds of investors, many of them so-called friends or dependents, whose savings were melting away day by day, in the terrible collapse of prices which his two great companies were experiencing. It was a bitter outlook, and a humiliating one.

In this brief study of the mentality of a man facing reverses for practically the first time in his life, one has to remember that financial ruin alone is not the only catastrophe which a money king has to face. Loewenstein is reputed to have been indifferent to money itself, except for its direct and visible purchasing power, as evidenced by his gifts to his wife and son, and his ability to surround himself with his amazing entourage. The ghost which haunted his brain that night mocked him with no empty money bags. It was the scowl in people's faces as he passed through the streets which he dreaded, the loss of prestige and power, the forced descent from the pinnacles to the lower heights. To reëstablish one's fortunes in an unsympathetic world is a heartbreaking task. . . . One can conceive this wave of depressing reflections sweeping into the brain of the man as he sat, a little removed from his myrmidons, in the cabin on that last tragic voyage. They knew, too. That was the poison of it.

He might remain an unbroken man, but they knew that disaster had challenged him, and that this must be his response—passivity, an attitude of waiting for the worst or the best. If he had been a man of ordinary temperament, he might have shrugged his shoulders, drunk a whisky and soda, smoked a choice cigar, and made plans for the passing over that bridge of time, on the other side of which must lay the knowledge of his actual position. Such a course could not have appealed to Alfred Loewenstein. He had never—doubtless for his own good—been able to appreciate the human solace of alcohol or tobacco. An unnatural concentration upon the hard and sordid things of life had left him without resources now that these had failed him.

Surmise again, concerning the things which we shall never know. Was it the recrudescence of an old idea, or was it a new impulse born in a moment of counter-exhilaration as he rose to his feet, and found himself staring down into the chaotic depths, over which the airship was tearing its way. He may have reflected that the best of his life had passed, that to rebuild in later years what one has created in the enthusiasm of youth is a hard and bitter task.

And, with it all, for his good or ill, the man had courage. Let no man say that it does not take courage to end one's life! That eternal severance of the body from the parent humanity can only be conceived and acted upon by a brave man, so awful, so inevitable, is the self-chosen doom. It may well have been an impulse ministered to by the amazing facility for a painless and instant effacement which led him to rise to his feet, which sent him wandering out toward that fateful door.

Last Respects to His Memory

The textbooks tell us that sin can never be justified, but the textbooks are, after all, only the Baedekers of life, and suicide can be no more than a relative sin. Reflect for one moment upon that unsavory procession whose names have looked large in the newspapers during the last few years, who, after robbing and deceiving their friends, and committing every turpitude, crept coward-like into the courts for their punishment, resigned themselves to the ignominy of prison life, earned many months remitted through smug be-

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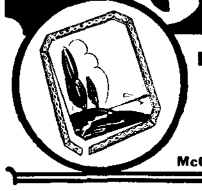

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havior, and crawled back to the world with the whine that they had paid the price of their misdeeds, and expected to be received again, washed clean.

In a sense there is no comparison between these men and Alfred Loewenstein who committed no crime, and remained, so far as the world knows, an honest man. Yet there is a certain parallel which justifies the comparison. Which chose the finer end—the men who sunk their pride, and clung to their humiliated life, or Alfred Loewenstein, if indeed, sooner than occupy a lower place in the world, he cast himself into the clouds, and, with magnificent courage, gave back his body to nature?

If indeed during his lifetime, Alfred Loewenstein had achieved a certain measure of unpopularity with his fellow citizens, all this was gloriously forgotten at his death. Men and women of every order of life, financiers and clerks, politicians, soldiers and working people, filed past that dramatically empty bier for half an hour in the Church of St. Michel and St. Gudule at the close of the requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the dead Belgian banker, Alfred Loewenstein. It may have been curiosity which brought many but there were no signs of any other than deep, religious feeling. Loewenstein himself had been an ardent Catholic, and his fellow-believers paid their last respects to his memory generously and reverently.

It was, after all, the passing of a man who had held a great place in the world. He may sometimes have been disliked, but he was never ignored. The tragic character of his death, too, had struck a sympathetic note in the hearts of the crowds who thronged to pay their last respects to a famous fellow-citizen. It was a hushed and awed little procession, led by the dead man's son, who paid their last tribute to the spirit of Alfred Loewenstein. His wife had already been helped from the church by two of the priests. The boy Loewenstein, however, held his place. More than one person there fancied that in the lad's sturdy struggle against emotion, his set face and grim bearing, they could trace some other than a purely physical likeness to the father whose loss he was mourning.

Inside and out of the church, the crowd numbered many thousands. The King was represented by the Chevalier de Patoul, the Royal Chancellor. Cabinet Ministers, generals, bankers, representatives of the Stock Exchange and merchants, those who had been his friends in life and those who had been his enemies, whispered their last prayer for the peace of his soul. The service was practically the same as that accorded to a great statesman or soldier. The walls and pillars of the church were draped in black. Hundreds of tall candles flickered around the lofty catafalque. It was like some strange oasis of gloom and majesty which had miraculously found itself placed in the midst of a throbbing, perhaps overeager world. There was no longer any bitterness or any rivalry in the hearts of this sorrowing multitude. Most conspicuous amongst the mourners were the directors of the bank to whom Loewenstein had made his last ill-fated proposition.

In the Embrace of the Sea

The service was conducted throughout as though the body of Loewenstein rested on the top of the catafalque. Grim and strange it would have been, if the eyes of the people could have traveled out to where the Calais sailing boat was bumping amongst the waves on her way toward that strange discovery, toward that weird, shapeless object, still in the embrace of the sea to which he had given himself, all that remained of the body of the man for the peace of whose soul these reverent crowds were praying.

The legal identification of the body having been completed, the death of Captain Alfred Loewenstein has been formally recorded by the registrar of births and deaths at Calais as follows:

"*Alfred Loewenstein, aged fifty-one years and four months, banker, Knight of the Legion of Honour, husband of Madeleine Misonne, rue du Port, Calais.*"

The rue du Port is the street in which the Calais Mortuary is situated.

THE END

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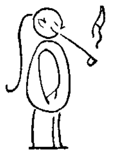

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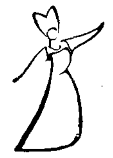

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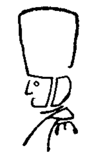

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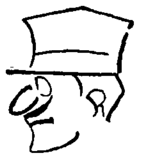

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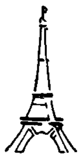

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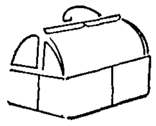

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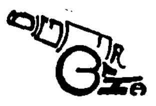

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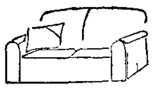

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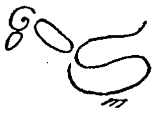

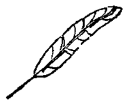

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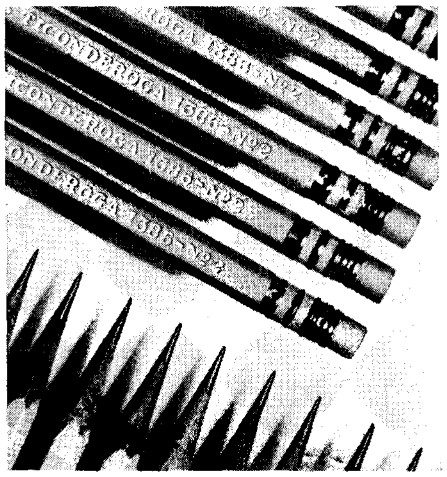

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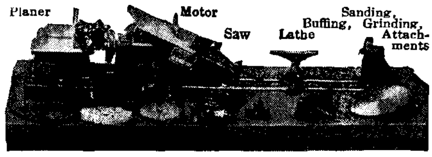

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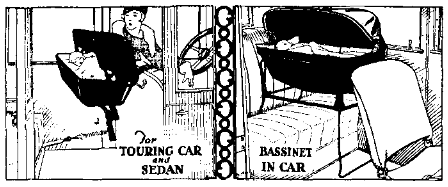

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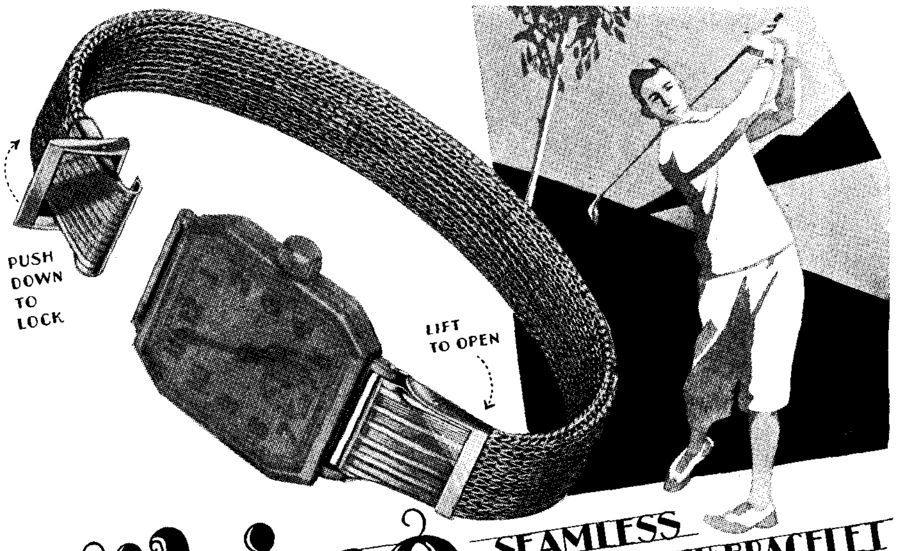

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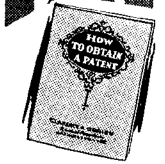
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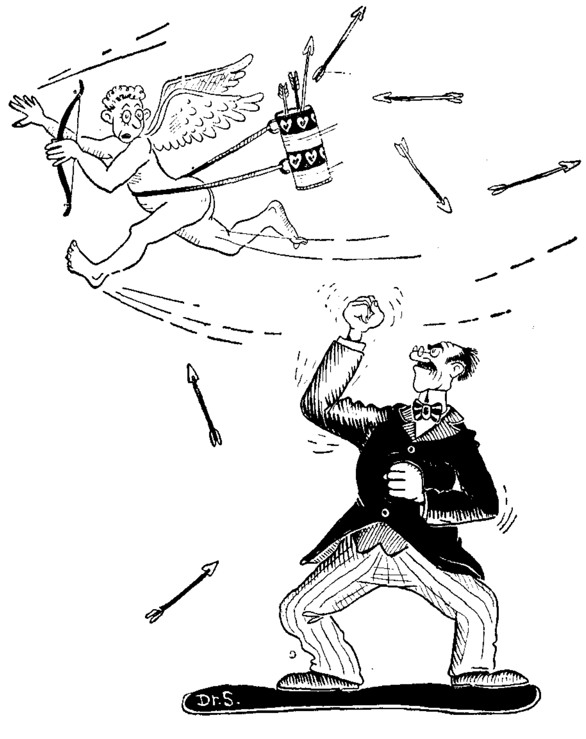


Confirmed Bachelor—And if you come buzzing around me any more, young man, I'm going to spray you with Flit! (Advertisement)

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 15

"When you get through with him, Dad, you should buy him a first-class passage to China and give him a letter of introduction to Chang-tso-lin. Chang could doubtless use him at a huge salary to murder missionaries."

"Is that so?" said the king. "Well, well, well. Notice that horse he was riding? That's the one you fall heir to after Burney's been killed."

"I shall not accept him. What are he and those three ruffians with him going to do now?"

"I should say, offhand, however, that he's going down to El Cajon Bonita to bump off Miguel Gallegos."

"Oh, Dad, this is dreadful."

"Interesting, at any rate."

"You *must* stop him."

The king dropped his chin on his breast and commenced to snore loudly.

"Then I'll stop him," the girl cried.

His Majesty opened one eye and gazed upon his progeny. "Why?"

"I don't want him to kill Miguel Gallegos."

"That the only reason?"

"I don't want Miguel Gallegos to kill him."

"Why?"

"Because—"

"Who cares?" he taunted her and commenced to snore again. Muriel commenced to weep. "Hey! Hey!" said the king. He was instantly distressed. "Very well, honey. You hop into your car and overtake Sir Knight and tell him your father says he is not to kill Miguel Gallegos today unless Miguel Gallegos kills him first; in which event I imagine those three rowdies with him will take care of Gallegos."

TEN minutes later Ken Burney and his riders pulled off to one side of the road to let a car go by. To Ken's amazement it stopped and Muriel Bardin was in it.

"My father says you're not to kill Miguel Gallegos today," she cried excitedly.

He touched two fingers to his forehead in the Oriental sign of fealty. "I hear and I obey. I hadn't intended killing him today, anyhow."

"And you are not to permit him to kill you, either, Mr. Burney."

He turned to his men. "Boys, you hear that? Guard me well. My respectful compliments to His Majesty and tell him, please, that I'll be back when I return."

He lifted his hat and rode on, but not before the girl had detected a mocking light in his black eyes and a shrewd little smile on his humorous mobile mouth. Furious, she returned to the king.

"Well," he greeted her, "what did he say?"

"He said he'd obey."

"Good. Did he say anything about laying off Martin Bruce?"

"No."

"Gosh, I forgot to tell you to tell him to lay off Martin. He's gone to Huachita and Martin and some of his braves are there, I hear. My, my, I'm afraid I'm liable to lose my new general manager before I've even had a chance to break him in. There's only one thing that will comfort me for his loss, however, and that's the death of Martin Bruce." He sighed and tucked in his napkin. "We will hope for the best," he added piously.

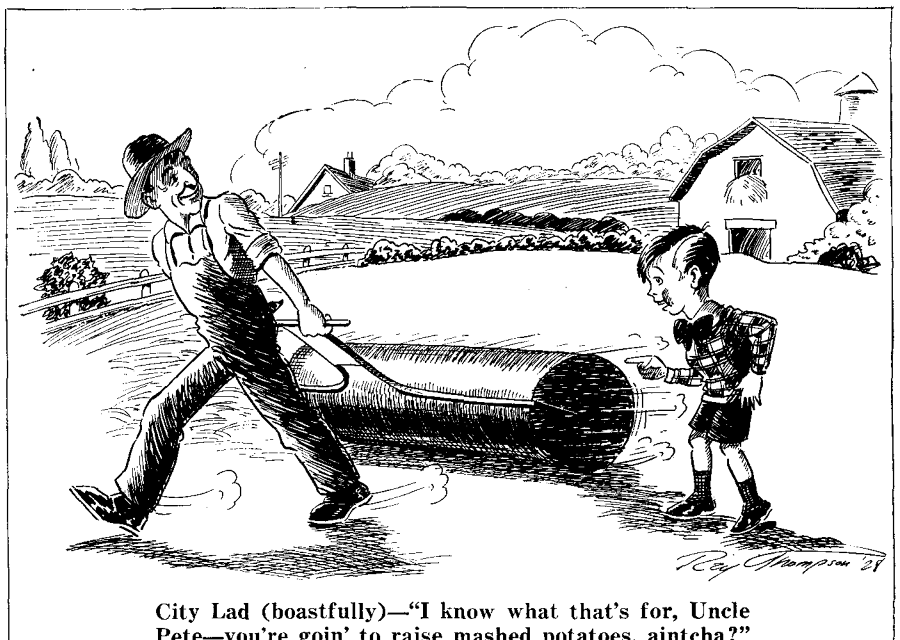
His daughter gazed at him in wide-eyed horror and left the room.

AT HUACHITA, about four o'clock, Ken Burney and his bodyguard put their horses up at the livery stable, and in single file walked up the middle of the street to the International Hotel. On the front porch Martin Bruce sat with two friends, discussing cattle and the weather. He eyed the approaching quartet, decided he was outnumbered and nodded affably to Ken Burney, who came up alongside him and said arrogantly:

"Mr. Bruce, you're leaving town at once. I can't feel comfortable in Huachita with you here, too, so take the next train west if you care to pull out under your own power."

"I was goin' to take the next train west anyhow, son," Bruce replied evenly, "but just for that I'm going to stay and see how you like it." His blue eyes bored upward at Burney from under his shaggy gray eyebrows; to the veriest tyro it would have been apparent he meant exactly what he said; that he preferred to stay and die, fighting an army, rather than leave town under compulsion.

"You four-flusher," he continued. "What dude ranch did you hail from? The idea of a half-baked desperado like you trying to drive Martin Bruce out of town? That for you and your bodyguard," and he directed a thin stream of tobacco juice down one leg of Ken Burney's white chaps. "Go home and tell your mother to wipe your nose."



City Lad (boastfully)—"I know what that's for, Uncle Pete—you're goin' to raise mashed potatoes, aintcha?"

Ken Burney stared at the terrible old man for a few seconds, then turned to his men. "Well, I guess I'll let him stay, boys," he announced, "seeing he's so set on having his own way."

Bruce laughed softly as Burney and his men entered the hotel. The bodyguard looked at the new general manager somewhat askance. It was plain that they did not think well of him, for in public he had warned an enemy to leave town or take the consequences, and when that enemy had replied with a contemptuous refusal, he had backed down. To their direct and primitive way of thinking, he did, indeed, require a bodyguard, nor were they at all pleased to have been appointed to that task. Plainly, here was a general manager who might, conceivably, embroil them in a footless fight. They stood aside, in low voices discussing Ken Burney while he registered their names and his; then he joined them.

"Come on up to my room," he ordered, and they followed sullenly. He herded them in before him and closed the door. "You are entitled to an explanation of my extraordinary conduct, boys," he began. "You heard me pull off a boob play—throw a monumental bluff on a man who wouldn't be bluffed. Well, I knew that in advance. Whatever that old coyote's faults, a lack of animal courage isn't one of them. He has a high pride; he has a reputation for courage and audacity to sustain, and his record both as a citizen and as a peace officer has earned him that reputation fairly. He spat on me and I backed water. I had to. I was the aggressor and if I had killed him I would have been tried for murder and, doubtless, convicted. Besides, he had two friends with him and one of them didn't look to me like a preacher; who was the big dark man on his left?"

"That was Miguel Gallegos," one of his bodyguard replied.

"I had a suspicion it might be. But no matter. Bruce would have fought if I had resented his spitting upon me; he would have taken a chance on beating me to the draw, knowing his friend, Gallegos, would help. And the other man, too, for all I know."

"WHY'D you crawfish, Mr. Burney? We'd have stood by you."

"I crawfished deliberately. It was part of my plan. I desire that Martin Bruce shall hold me cheap. I wanted to inculcate in his mind the thought that I am a cheap bully, and I think I succeeded. And I had more luck than I anticipated. I've inculcated the same idea in the mind of Miguel Gallegos."

"We don't get your strategy," another of his bodyguard growled.

"You will a little later. Meanwhile, don't be sulky. When there's shooting to be done I'll start it, but until I'm ready—until I can choose my own battleground—I shall proceed upon the principle that he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day. In other words, I am reserving you boys for a more important occasion."

"I wouldn't let no man spit on me, Mr. Burney," one of his men protested.

"You don't know what you'd do until the occasion arises. When it does, a wise man estimates the situation and plans accordingly. It just isn't possible for Martin Bruce to insult any gentleman."

"Somebody must have insulted him lately," another one of the bodyguard remarked. "He ain't quite over a black eye."

"I heard one of his riders man-handled him a week ago, Bill."

"I am the boy who did that," Ken Burney assured them. "I pulled him off his horse, took his gun away from him and slapped him around for five minutes; then I quit in a hurry and rode over to El Ranchito for a new job. I secured that job—and if any of you boys have an idea that the king doesn't know what he's doing, I'll give you your time right now. Remember, the king is more than nine years old."

There was less resentment in the eyes of the bodyguard now. Apparently, by mutual consent, the trio decided to accept the general manager's explanation.

"Huachita straddles the international boundary," Burney went on after a pause. "I'm going to call on the *jefe politico* across the line tonight. Can any of you boys lead me to his house?"

It appeared that one of them could.

THE *jefe politico*, as Burney saw at a glance, was plainly a pure-bred Spaniard, well dressed, courteous, affable. Burney introduced himself and Señor De Haro begged him politely to be seated and inform him in what manner he could be of service. Burney came abruptly to the point.

"Do you know a Señor Miguel Gallegos?"

Señor De Haro spread his facile hands eloquently. "To my sorrow, I do, Señor Burney. He is a Mexican citizen by naturalization only and his real name is Michael Gallegher, although he is half Italian. Sicilian, perhaps, would be the word. You know the Sicilians?"

"Bad people, señor."

"You have explained Miguel Gallegos. He is half bandit, with a following of imported desperadoes and some deluded Mexicans, who follow him blindly because he provides them plentifully with food, clothing, excitement and, occasionally, some money. If I had my way I would send a detachment of *rurales* against him, but the governor is loath to take any action until Gallegos behaves himself less peaceably than he has during the past two years."

"You are, perhaps, acquainted with Señor Bradley Bardin, the American cattleman?"

"Ah, yes. Bardin of El Ranchito. A fine fellow."

"Well, I am his general manager, and we strongly suspect Miguel Gallegos of branding our calves on that portion of El Ranchito that laps over into Mexico. It is known as El Cajon Bonita."

The *jefe politico* nodded.

"Whether he does this for his own profit or has an alliance with Señor Martin Bruce we do not know."

"He dines tonight with Señor Bruce at the International Hotel, señor. You observe, I am not without information. I keep my eye on that fine fellow."

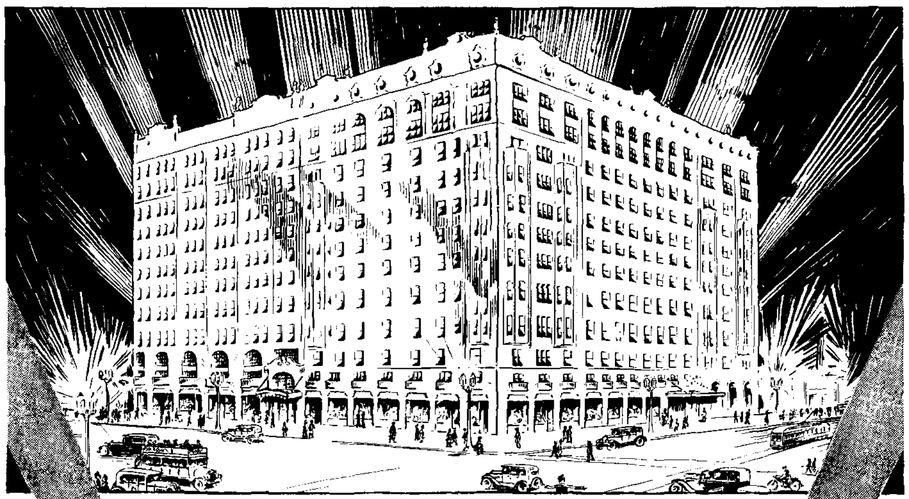
"Suppose, Señor De Haro," Ken Burney suggested, "that instead of involving your government in an annoying mêlée with Miguel Gallegos, you permit me to attend to the matter for you? Could that be arranged unofficially? If so, I will guarantee to relieve you of this foreign annoyance."

Señor De Haro gazed upon his visitor with new interest. "It is always desirable to avoid international complications, Señor Burney. You understand I am but a subordinate, yet I have a feeling that such a plan would be most agreeable to His Excellency, the governor."

"If you can give me his unofficial assurance of sympathy and silence, Señor De Haro, and through your own official influence, see to it that an armed party of thirty men, under my command, is permitted to cross the boundary without molestation—"

The *jefe politico* smiled. "It is often an official mistake to see too much, my friend. Your government maintains immigration and customs guards only at the ports of entry, of which Huachita is one. My government does the same. You can cross elsewhere at your pleasure and if, unfortunately, my people

(*Continued on page 68*)



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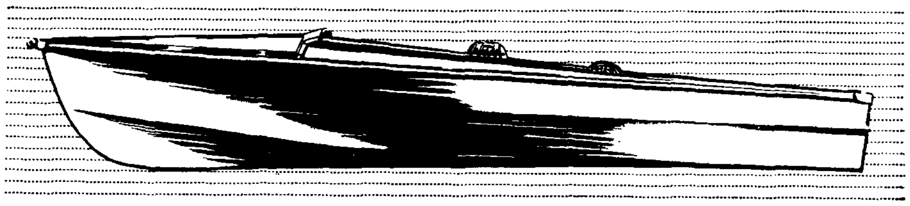

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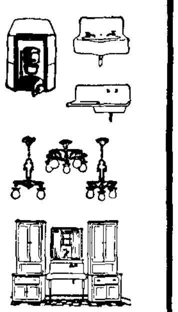

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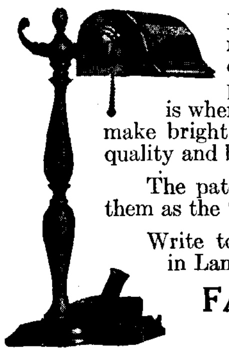

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VIBRAPHONES

(*Continued from page 67*)

should apprehend you, an explanation to me will satisfy."

"Thank you. Now, I am going to ask the same favor for Señor Martin Bruce and an armed party I have reason to suspect he will lead across the international boundary. It would be to our mutual interest if he should remain undisturbed on his journey."

"But why permission for Bruce? He is a bad egg, that old man."

"He will come to El Cajon Bonita to fight me."

"And you desire this fight?"

"I do not desire it but it is necessary, señor. If we fight on the soil of our own country there will be disagreeable results for those that survive, whereas, if we fight on foreign soil the survivors may return to their own country, which will ask no questions. And once we are out of Mexico your government will of course have no interest in making an investigation."

"True. Well, Señor Burney, I think the matter can be arranged. I will close my eyes to much, provided we get rid of this fellow Gallegos. And to get rid of him it is necessary, I suppose, to fight on Mexican soil. And it will be a private war?"

Burney nodded. "I have a plan for getting rid of Martin Bruce on American soil, provided he escapes the fight I am preparing for him in El Cajon Bonita."

"Provided he comes to the fight, señor?"

"He will come. I have laid my plans for that. While I live he is in danger. I am a menace to his enterprise, and must be disposed of. And he will prefer to dispose of me in Mexico, since, in the United States, he will be immune from punishment for the crime committed in Mexico. In the United States he is not so certain that I may not succeed in disposing of him. He is worried."

"But can you prove that this Señor Bruce brands the cattle of Señor Bardin?"

"I expect to prove it, Señor De Haro, within one week, and when the evidence is adduced it would please me to have Your Excellency and a number of competent Mexican witnesses present. There is still law and justice in Mexico and cattle thieves are as amenable to the law here as they are elsewhere."

Señor De Haro bowed. "I shall be happy to be present, señor."

"I will send you word in ample time. Meanwhile, may I hope that you will proceed immediately to confer with His Excellency, your governor? I should like to have his reaction to my plan before committing myself to it. I will return one month from today."

THEY shook hands and parted. Back at the Hotel International half an hour later Ken Burney and his bodyguard dined in the hotel grill, while across the room old Martin Bruce, Miguel Gallegos and the other man ate and eyed them coolly from time to time. After dinner Burney went to the hotel desk and asked for a telegraph blank. As he leaned across the counter writing on it, Martin Bruce came up alongside of him and stamped on the small toe of his left foot. Without a word Burney moved over to give him more room.

"Lemme have the key to my room," Bruce ordered the clerk, and drove his elbow into Burney's ribs.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Bruce," the latter saluted him politely.

"Sending a telegram for more help?" the old wolf queried harshly. "I would, if I was you. You'll need it."

"What a seer you are, Mr. Bruce. Are you, by any chance, the seventh son of a seventh son and born with a caul? You must be, for you have made a most astonishingly correct guess. Read that," and he handed Martin Bruce the telegram. It read:

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BARDIN LAND & CATTLE COMPANY
KENNETH BURNEY
GENERAL MANAGER

The old scoundrel was interested. "What you aim to do, sonny boy? Start a revolution across the Line?"

"I intend to make El Cajon Bonita a mighty good place for you and your men to keep away from; I intend to make the Bardin lands there safe for the Bardin cattle."

"WHY, our Willie's on the peck, ain't he?" Martin Bruce murmured sneeringly. He handed back the telegram which Burney gave to the clerk to file. "Well, thanks for the tip, son. I reckon I can pick up a couple of experienced machine gunners myself, an' if you can buy Springfield army rifles I reckon I can, too. Pleased to meet you some bright day over in El Cajon Bonita. Good night!" With the word he again dug viciously at the younger man's ribs with his right elbow. Instantly Burney's left arm slid under Bruce's crooked forearm; his fingers grasped the left lapel of Bruce's coat in a firm grip, while his right hand closed over Martin Bruce's right wrist. Then he pressed downward, bending Bruce's arm across the iron muscles of his own left arm, which acted as a fulcrum.

"Just try reaching for a gun with your left arm, old settler," he warned, "and I'll break your right arm. Then I'll take your guns away from you and this time I'll keep them. . . . Poor old Martin Bruce!"

He pursed his lips as if to spit in the snarling face, but refrained, while Miguel Gallegos and the other man stood helplessly by, for Burney had adroitly twisted his victim until Bruce's body presented a shield in the event the latter's friends should open fire. "Close in," Burney ordered his henchmen. "If they start anything you finish it."

He half squatted and presented his left knee as a seat for Martin Bruce; a violent downward pressure on the latter's arm caused Bruce to squat in pain on that left knee, whereupon Burney suddenly withdrew it and with a violent shove hurled Martin Bruce over backward. He struck the floor with a rib-cracking jolt; before he could scramble to his feet Burney had possessed himself of the small gun worn inside the trousers band on the right side. "Quiet," he warned, and helped himself to a forty-five worn under Bruce's left coat lapel.

"That's the third time I've disarmed you and the second time I've manhandled you within ten days, Mr. Bruce," he explained, as the latter got to his feet. "Each time you have been the aggressor. I tell you, you're too old to be picking on the young fellows."

Martin Bruce stood staring at him, ashen of face, the glint of murder in his cold blue eyes. Suddenly his lower lip commenced to tremble; then two big tears started across his sun-bitten face and he turned and walked out of the hotel.

"My friend," said Miguel Gallegos softly, "when men like Martin Bruce weep a man always dies. Only death can avenge that insult—and you have signed your own death warrant. I am truly sorry for you, my friend. Because you are very young, you have been very foolish."

Burney bowed to the speaker. "And wouldn't it be a bright idea, Señor Miguel Gallegos," he purred, "if you hopped across the Line to territory upon which you have a citizen's right to air your unimportant opinions regarding the antics of two foreigners? I think I'd go if I were you. Really I would. The atmosphere is a bit surcharged here. As you pass out will you kindly return these guns to your friend? I can only use two at a time myself."

"With pleasure, señor." Miguel Gallegos pocketed both guns, and, bowing again, smiled, showing a set of teeth that would have won him first prize as a dentifrice advertisement. "We shall, perhaps, meet again, Señor Burney?"

"Some day, over in El Cajon Bonita. I understand that's your stamping ground, Señor Gallegos. We'll be branding down there presently and if you should happen to be traveling past our chuck-wagon, drop in and have a bite with us."

"You are very kind, señor. I will make it a point to come by your chuck-wagon. I may have a few friends with me."

"Bring them too. The more the merrier."

"*Buenas noches, señor.*"

"*Buenas noches.*"

Burney turned to his bodyguard. "Well, I've cleaned up all of the business that brought us to Huachita, boys. We'll leave our saddle horses in the livery stable and pick them up next week when we pass through this way en route to El Cajon Bonita. Meanwhile, this town isn't the pleasantest place in the world for us, so we'll just hire an automobile and drive back to the ranch. And we'll stick the king for the bill."

(*To be continued next week*)

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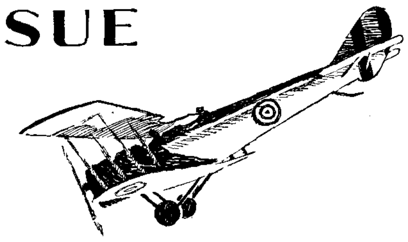

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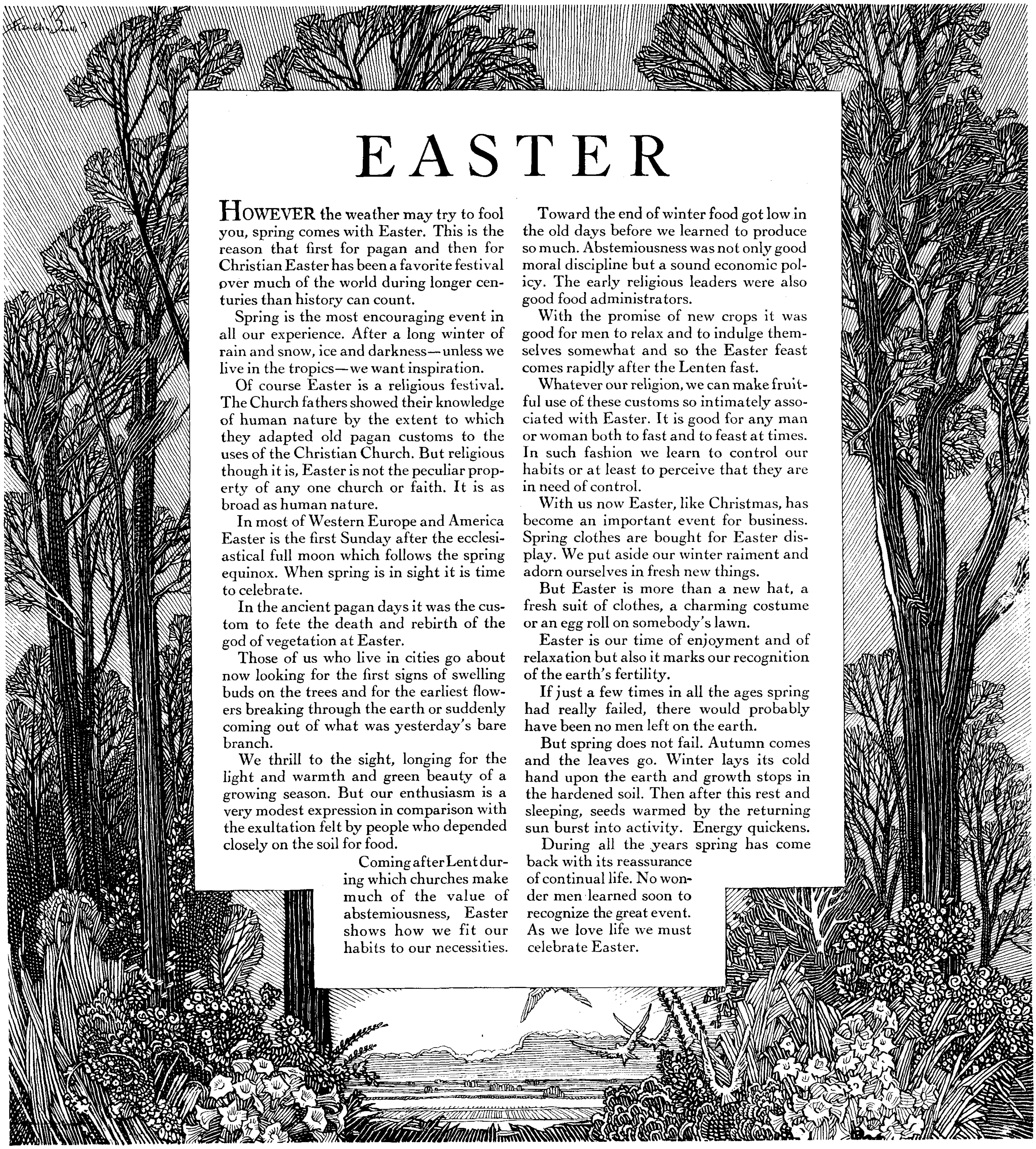


EASTER

HOWEVER the weather may try to fool you, spring comes with Easter. This is the reason that first for pagan and then for Christian Easter has been a favorite festival over much of the world during longer centuries than history can count.

Spring is the most encouraging event in all our experience. After a long winter of rain and snow, ice and darkness—unless we live in the tropics—we want inspiration.

Of course Easter is a religious festival. The Church fathers showed their knowledge of human nature by the extent to which they adapted old pagan customs to the uses of the Christian Church. But religious though it is, Easter is not the peculiar property of any one church or faith. It is as broad as human nature.

In most of Western Europe and America Easter is the first Sunday after the ecclesiastical full moon which follows the spring equinox. When spring is in sight it is time to celebrate.

In the ancient pagan days it was the custom to fete the death and rebirth of the god of vegetation at Easter.

Those of us who live in cities go about now looking for the first signs of swelling buds on the trees and for the earliest flowers breaking through the earth or suddenly coming out of what was yesterday's bare branch.

We thrill to the sight, longing for the light and warmth and green beauty of a growing season. But our enthusiasm is a very modest expression in comparison with the exultation felt by people who depended closely on the soil for food.

Coming after Lent during which churches make much of the value of abstemiousness, Easter shows how we fit our habits to our necessities.

Toward the end of winter food got low in the old days before we learned to produce so much. Abstemiousness was not only good moral discipline but a sound economic policy. The early religious leaders were also good food administrators.

With the promise of new crops it was good for men to relax and to indulge themselves somewhat and so the Easter feast comes rapidly after the Lenten fast.

Whatever our religion, we can make fruitful use of these customs so intimately associated with Easter. It is good for any man or woman both to fast and to feast at times. In such fashion we learn to control our habits or at least to perceive that they are in need of control.

With us now Easter, like Christmas, has become an important event for business. Spring clothes are bought for Easter display. We put aside our winter raiment and adorn ourselves in fresh new things.

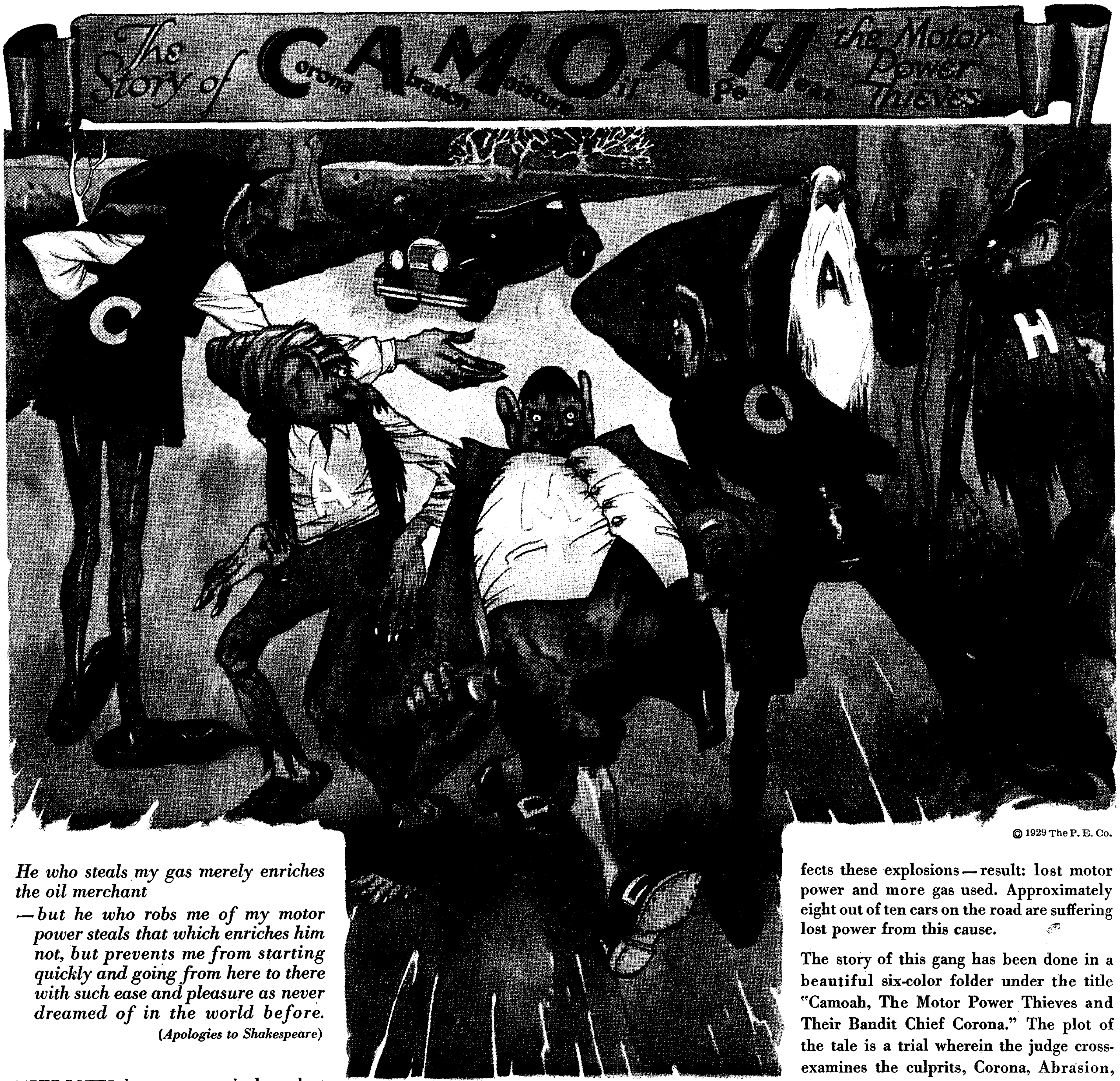
But Easter is more than a new hat, a fresh suit of clothes, a charming costume or an egg roll on somebody's lawn.

Easter is our time of enjoyment and of relaxation but also it marks our recognition of the earth's fertility.

If just a few times in all the ages spring had really failed, there would probably have been no men left on the earth.

But spring does not fail. Autumn comes and the leaves go. Winter lays its cold hand upon the earth and growth stops in the hardened soil. Then after this rest and sleeping, seeds warmed by the returning sun burst into activity. Energy quickens.

During all the years spring has come back with its reassurance of continual life. No wonder men learned soon to recognize the great event. As we love life we must celebrate Easter.



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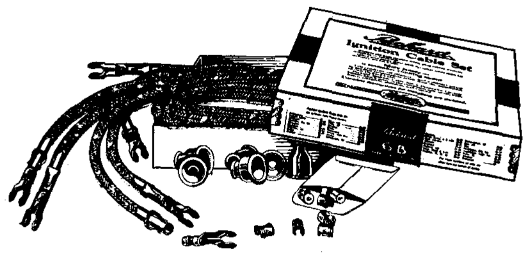

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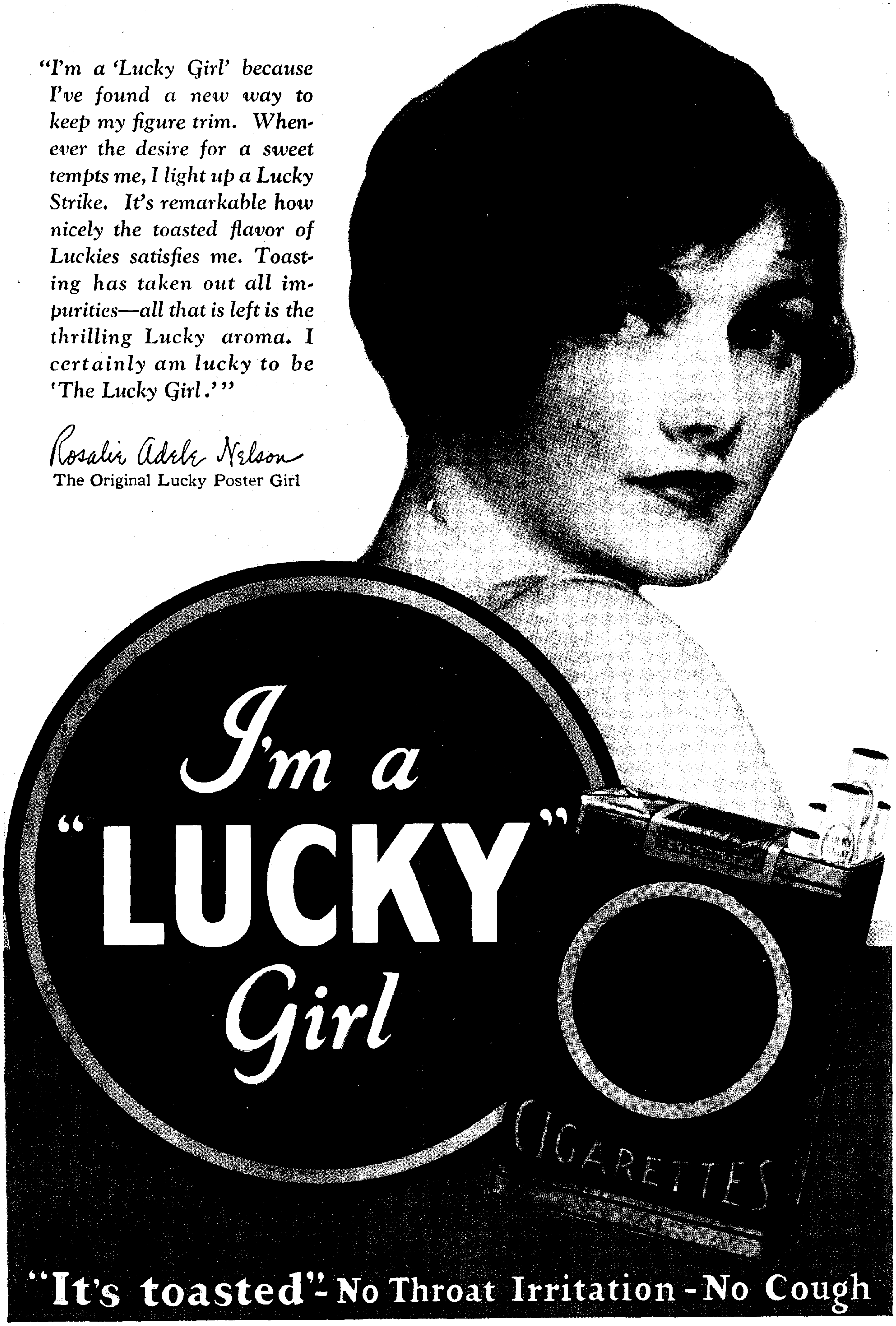
Rosalie Adele Nelson
The Original Lucky Poster Girl


I'm a
"LUCKY"
Girl
CIGARETTES
"It's toasted"- No Throat Irritation - No Cough